







Mino Kives.





STUDENT'S READER;

CONTAINING

BRIEF BUT COMPREHENSIVE INSTRUCTIONS AND SUGGESTIONS ON READING;

WITH A LARGE NUMBER OF

CHOICE SELECTIONS IN PROSE AND POETRY,

ILLUSTRATED AND EXPLAINED BY

NUMEROUS HISTORICAL, BIOGRAPHICAL AND CRITICAL NOTES.

CAREFULLY PREPARED.

BY RICHARD EDWARDS, LL.D.

Late President Illinois Normal University, and Author of Analytical Readers.

AND

HENRY L. BOLTWOOD, A.M.

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PREFACE.

In this book an attempt has been made to bring together as much, and as great a variety, of choice literature as a book of this size could contain. Great care has been taken to secure pieces of positive merit in all respects, and to admit only such.

The book is not designed as a treatise on English Literature, but is intended to furnish the higher classes in our schools with a pleasing variety of reading matter that is at once instructive, interesting, and in good taste. It is called the Student's Reader, from a desire to emphasize the idea that the Reading Lesson ought to be studied

In a few of the selections, exhibitions are given of provincial dialects. This has been done after mature consideration. The peculiar dialect of an extensive region of country is not slang. It is the honest, and sometimes very expressive, speech of thousands of people, and is therefore useful as an indication of some phases in that people's life. To insist upon changing the Lowland Scotch in The Heart of Mid-Lothian into good English, would be to rob the piece of much of its charm.

Attention is called to the list of words for pronunciation, with accompanying explanations, page 384.

It is assumed that the pupils have acquired the habit of a careful study of what they read. Great improvements have been made during the last ten years in the methods of teaching in this particular. Something of Thought Analysis is now very commonly required. In this book the compiler contents himself with a reiteration of the importance of that process as a preparation for the proper reading of any selection.

An important feature of the present book is exhibited in the copious Notes inserted near the end of the volume. They were very carefully prepared by H. L. Boltwood, A.M., Master of the High School at Princeton, Ill. The mention of his name is sufficient to vouch not alone for their accuracy, but also for the great extent of the ground they cover. They are not intended to convey information that can be got from an unabridged dictionary or a gazetteer. But they aim to clear up such points in the pieces selected as would be likely not to be understood by students of ordinary intelligence. Unusual expressions, or words used in unusual senses, are often explained, and such needed information is given as is likely to be out of the reach of the pupils in most schools.

Not only are the names of the authors whose works are used given in the Table of Contents, but in the Notes will be found the names of the particular peems, treatises, stories, etc., from which the selections are made. Thus the student is invited to further reading of the same works.

Attention is called to the General Principles and Practical Directions for Reading. Also to the suggestions made upon the reading of eleven selections, which are taken as illustrations. Both are recommended as furnishing all the help positively needed by the learner, without burdening his memory with a mass of rules, sure never to be learned or to be quickly forgotten.

The Notes are placed at the end of the volume, and not in connection with the pieces to which they refer, because it is not desirable that they should be under the pupil's eye when he is reading, or reciting the matter of the Notes.

The thanks of the compiler are due to numerous authors for their kindness in permitting the use of selections from their works. Selections from Lowell, Long-fellow Whittier and Bret Harte, are inserted by permission of Messrs. J. R. Osgood & Co. of Boston.



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GENERAL PRINCIPLES

AND

PRACTICAL DIRECTIONS FOR READING.

The object of reading aloud is two-fold. It is to express the thought contained in what is read, and also to express the feeling intended to be awakened. If either of these objects is missed, the reading is unsuccessful.

Both thought and feeling are expressed by the voice in reading. Modifications of thought are indicated chiefly by Emphasis, Pauses, and Inflections. Different Emotions or Feelings are expressed by different Qualities, different degrees of Force, Pitch and Volume of voice.

Of course, to express all possible varieties of thought and feeling, we must use a great variety of vocal tones.

These tones differ from each other in several ways, as in quality, force, speed, pitch, and volume.

We may make three degrees of each of these kinds of difference. Thus we may say that a tone, in respect to Quality, may be pure, mixed, or a whisper. In respect to Force, it may be loud, moderate, or soft. In respect to Volume, it may be full, moderate, or slight. In respect to Pitch, it may be high, moderate, or low. And in respect to the Speed with which they are uttered, tones may be fast, moderate, or slow.

QUALITY.

Pure tones are those that are uttered with a clear, smooth resonance. The resonance is caused by the vibration of the vocal cords and walls of the larynx. Mixed tones are produced by allowing some of the breath to escape in a whisper, while some of it has a resonance. They have a husky sound.

Impure sound is produced by avoiding all resonance,—that is by speaking in a whisper. A whisper may be somewhat loud.

Pure tones are used for pure ideas, and for expressing gentle and

agreeable emotions. Mixed or impure tones express harsh and disagreeable emotions, as fierce anger, fear, disgust, hatred.

FORCE.

Loud tones are uttered with much energy or intensity. We hear them in shouts, in angry talk, in joyous exclamations.

In common conversation, we use tones of moderate force.

In the expression of pity, or affection, or any gentle emotion, we use soft tones.

VOLUME.

Tones are of full volume when they are produced by the vibration of a large quantity of air. The sound of a cannon, or of thunder, has full volume. Grand and noble ideas ought to be uttered with full volume.

Moderate volume is used in ordinary conversation.

Slight volume implies thinness or sharpness of tone. The shrick of a small steam whistle is of this kind. Trivial thoughts are properly expressed with slight volume.

PITCH.

Pitch in reading is the same thing as pitch in music. High pitch is used in the expression of joy, surprise, lively description, hilarity, and sometimes fear.

Moderate pitch is used in ordinary talk.

Low pitch is required in uttering solemn thoughts, in sadness, and despair.

SPEED.

In expressing joy, or in animated conversation, or in boisterous anger, words are spoken rapidly.

In ordinary conversation they are spoken with moderate speed. Solemn, sad, dignified, noble thoughts, must be uttered slowly.

For illustration of what has been said thus far, let the student practice in reading the following selections:

For an example of pure tone, take the speech of Jeanie Deans to Queen Caroline, page 34, beginning at the words "O, madam, if ever ye kenned what it was to sorrow for and with," etc., and continuing to "the haill Porteous mob at the tail of ae tow." Study carefully the circumstances of the speech, and get a full impression of the purpose for which it was made. Learn also the pronunciation and meaning of the Scotch words and phrases. In this extract the pitch is high, the speed moderate, the tones are soft, that is, not loud. It

expresses strong affection and pity, is very gentle in its spirit, and the entreaty is intensely earnest.

For other examples of pure tone, but with greater force and lower pitch, take the selections on love of country, pages 28, 29, and 30: "Breathes there a man with soul so dead;" "O, strange New World;" "How sleep the brave who sink to rest." These last are also excellent illustrations of what is called "full volume." Let them be read somewhat slowly, with full, clear, resounding voice.

For great force, and somewhat impure tone, take the speeches of Queen Elizabeth, page 60, beginning with "Ho, sir," and ending with "I could tear out mine eyes for their blindness." These require great force, high pitch, rapid utterance, and an impure husky tone. Slight volume is here required. The tones need to be sharp and thin.

Byron's description of the scenes preceding the battle of Waterloo, page 213, furnishes a good illustration of many emotions, and consequently requires many changes in the voice. The first stanza opens with pure tone, full volume, high pitch, and continues the same until the last line. But here the pitch falls, the voice becomes impure and husky in order to set forth the intense fear expressed in the line. In the next stanza there is a variety of emotions, one succeeding the other. Let the student note them and vary his voice accordingly. Let the teacher point out to the pupil the characteristics of the remaining stanzas.

STRESS.

A little careful observation will enable any one to see that the style of reading is very much influenced by the amount of force applied to the different parts of the accented syllable of a word.

- 1. Speak the accented syllable with a full, sharp explosion of the voice at the very beginning of it. The stress thus placed on the beginning of the syllable is called the Radical Stress. Anger inclines to the Radical Stress. "And dar'st thou then to beard the lion in his den?" "No! by St. Bride of Bothwell, no!" Pronounce "dar'st," "beard," "lion," "No," "no," with a prompt, loud, sharp explosion of voice. Several stanzas of the Lay of the Laborer, page 85, requires the same stress on the words "rake," "spade," "hoe," "pickax," "bill," etc. The shouts and exclamations in the Death of Marmion, page 109, require the same stress. "By Heaven and all the Saints I swear!" etc. Also Elizabeth's speech to Tressilian, page 60, beginning "Nor shall any one," etc., through the paragraph.
- 2. Speak the accented syllables of words expressing patriotism, or any noble or dignified idea, with a flowing movement of the voice,

beginning with a slight degree of force, swelling in the midst of the syllable, and gradually diminishing towards the end. This is called the Median Stress, because it comes on the middle of the syllable. In the Impeachment of Verres, page 187, we have an illustration of it. "O name of Liberty! sweet to our ears! O right of citizenship," etc., to the words "restored to the people of Rome." Repeat these lines with a full median stress as directed.

All elevated composition should be spoken with this stress.

- 3. Sometimes the stress is placed on the last or vanishing part of the accented syllable, and called the Vanishing Stress. It is used in the expression of indignation, revenge, scorn, etc. Take Elizabeth's speech to Tressilian, page 60, beginning "You knew of this fair work," etc., as far as "our doing injustice." Take special pains to speak the words "you," with a lengthened contemptuous sound, ending with an explosion on the word. Also the speech of Achilles to Agamemnon, page 118; "Wine-bibber," etc., as far as "Craven fear of death."
- 4. Both the radical and vanishing stress are applied to words expressing irony or sarcasm. That is, the accented syllable begins and ends with a high degree of force. Read Achilles' speech to Agamemnon, page 118, "Better it suits thee," etc., as far as "devourer of thy people." Also Elizabeth's speech, page 64, "What, oh, my lords," etc., as far as "the honor of his left hand." Also, page 65, "A worm, my lord," etc., through the paragraph.
- 5. Sometimes the same degree of force is continued throughout the length of the accented syllable. This is necessary in calling to persons at a great distance, and sometimes in military command. Read the watchwords, on page 109, "A Home, a Gordon." Also page 111, "Marmion to the rescue." Also "Stanley," page 112. Also the last words of Marmion: "Victory," etc.
- 6. Feeble old age speaks in tremulous tones, or in a succession of somewhat feeble swells. Great grief, tenderness, pity, use similar tones.

EMPHASIS.

Emphasis in reading is that variation of voice by which special attention is called to an important word or phrase.

The fundamental idea in emphasis is *contrast*. A louder tone is contrasted with the ordinary level of the voice, or, in loud passages, contrast is sometimes secured by suddenly dropping the voice upon an important word.

The strongest contrast to a sound is a silence. Hence, as a general rule, an emphatic word should be followed by a pause, and the length of the pause should be proportioned to the degree of emphasis.

A pause made for emphasis is called a rhetorical pause.

The rhetorical pause often precedes as well as follows the emphatic word.

The correct use of the rhetorical pause is one of the most important qualities of good reading. The pause adds to the distinctness of articulation, and economizes force of voice by bringing a moderate degree of sound into contrast with a pause instead of straining the vocal organs to bring a loud tone into contrast with a moderate tone. Loud reading is not generally emphatic reading.

ILLUSTRATIONS.

(In the following, vertical lines indicate the rhetorical pause.)

Slight Force, with long rhetorical pause.

"Daily, | with souls that cringe | and plot | We Sinais || climb, and know it not."

"His scepter | shows the force of temporal power | , The attribute to $awe \mid$ and $majesty \mid$. But $mercy \mid\mid$ is $above \mid$ this sceptered sway."

Let the pupil read *Sinais* in the first passage, and *mercy* in the second with a loud tone, without any pause following, and compare the effect with reading as indicated above.

Strong Force, with slight rhetorical pause.

"Up | from the ground he sprang."
"Fire | on them, comrades!"

"Out | upon this half-faced fellowship."

"Charge | for the golden lilies | now! Upon | them with the lance."

Words which are intended in themselves to convey the idea of sharp, explosive sounds, should be given with strong force, radical stress and a slight pause following.

 $Crack \mid$ went the whip, $round \mid$ went the wheels. Far $flashed \mid$ the red artillery.

Emphasis by diminishing force.

"I will not call him || knave ||, for that would be unparliamentary. I will not call him || fool ||, because he happens to be Chancelor of the Exchequer."

(Compare the effect of dropping the voice upon "knave" and "fool," with a long rhetorical pause before and after each word, with giving them in a loud tone, with no pause before, and a slight pause after them.)

"While through the citizens with terror dumb | Or whispering with white lips 'The foe |! They come |! They come | !'
"Amid the clang of arms, and the tramp of warriors, the word ||

'Peace' || can scarcely be heard."

Emphasis may also be given by prolonging words, particularly such as in themselves express prolonged sound. Such words as buzz, whizz, growl, roar, boom, generally require to be prolonged, as do also words which express slow or prolonged motion; as, roll, drawl, creep, drag, pour.

Sometimes several successive words require each to be followed by the rhetorical pause, giving what is called in music a staccato movement to the passage.

> "Then the fierce | trumpet | flourish | From earth to heaven arose. The kites | know well | the long || stern || swell || That bids the Romans close."

"All shrank, like boys | , who, unaware, Ranging the wood to start a hare, Come to the mouth of a dark | lair ||, Where, | growling | low ||, a fierce | old | bear || Lies amid bones and blood."

Words or phrases are emphasized either on account of their absolute importance, or on account of their relation to other words or phrases. Example: "I have always given as my opinion that the war now carrying on against America is unjust." The last word, "unjust," is the most important word in the sentence, and should be pronounced with more force than the preceding. See Fox's Speech on the American War, page 27. "If they complain of one law, your answer to the complaint is to pass another more rigorous than the former." The words "one" and the phrase "another more rigorous" must be emphasized because they are contrasted with each other, and not because either of them expresses a thought of so much absolute importance. See same speech.

On the right use of emphasis depends the meaning and life of discourse. For example, take the lines, page 225:

> To purchase heaven has gold the power? Can gold remove the mortal hour? In life, can love be bought with gold? Are friendship's treasures to be sold?

If the lines are read with a rising inflection at the close of each, and the words "heaven," "mortal," "hour," "love," "friendship," are marked by emphasis, the true meaning will be given: viz. that heaven can not be purchased, etc. But if the words "has" in the first line, "can" in the second, "can" in the third, and "are" in the fourth, should be emphasized, the point is made doubtful. Again, page 230, "There shallow draughts intoxicate the brain." If the words "shallow draughts" are emphasized, and the word "intoxicate" is spoken lightly, the implied meaning will be that "drinking largely will intoxicate still more." In these cases, it will be seen that emphasis always suggests meanings beyond anything that the words express.

See what variety of meaning can be expressed by changing the emphasis in the following examples:

"Say things at first because they are pleasing," page 224. What meaning comes from strongly emphasizing the words at first?

"Want is a bitter and a hateful good, Because its virtues are not understood."

Instead of the words marked above, emphasize "good" in the first line, and what false meaning will be expressed?

"Darkness above, despair beneath, Around it flame, within it death." Page 226.

Instead of reading as above indicated, let the word "flame" be without emphasis. What meaning will be conveyed?

"There is a pleasure in the pathless woods,
There is a rapture on the lonely shore,
There is society where none intrudes." Page 234.

Emphasize strongly the words "pleasure," "rapture," and read the last words in the lines with a rising inflection, and with little emphasis; then afterwards read "woods," "shore," "intrudes," with a strong emphasis. What different meanings are expressed?

INFLECTIONS.

- Inflections are changes in the pitch of the voice, either upward or downward. Such changes are very useful in clearly expressing the meaning of what is read.
- 2. What the speaker has in his mind as positive truth, and desires to express as such, requires to be given with the falling inflection. Declaratory sentences, commands, and questions may all be of this character.

EXAMPLES.

Page 30: "Ay, tear' her tattered ensign down'!" This is a positive command.

Same page:

"Beneath it rang' the battle shout', And burst' the cannon's roar'."

Here are two very positive declarations.

Page 37: "What good does that do?" This is a positive question,—essentially positive because the questioner takes it for granted that *some* good is done by rail-roads. For example, they increase the population of a country.

All questions that do not admit of being answered by "yes" or "no" require the falling inflection, because they are essentially positive. The affirmation expressed in the main verb is always taken for granted, assumed to be true, and some condition only is in doubt, as in the case just given.

Page 47:

"A bearded man', Armed to the teeth art thou."

Positive declaration.

In any clause of a sentence requiring the falling inflection, it comes upon the emphatic word.

Clauses expressive of doubt, uncertainty, or direct inquiry, require the rising inflection.

- 1. Direct questions, that is questions that may be answered by "yes" or "no," require the rising inflection. In the extract on page 28, beginning "Breathes there, etc.," the rising inflection is required through each of the first six lines, and finally upon the word "strand." These lines constitute one question, which terminates with that word.
- 2. The beginning of the next line, "If such there breathe," also requires the rising inflection, because it has really the same effect in the sentence as the questions preceding it. It is a condition on which that which follows is made to depend. It therefore expresses an uncertain contingency. Such clauses must have the rising inflection.
- 3. When a denial is made in such a way as to imply an affirmation concerning some other thing, that denial requires the rising inflection. Examples:

Page 46.

"O freedom, thou art not, as poets dream, A fair young girl," etc.,

as far as the word "gyves." It is meant to be said here that Freedom is *not* a "girl'," etc., but that it *is* something else, viz., "A bearded man." All that is here said, to the end of the word "gyves," requires the rising inflection.

Again: "Thy birthright was not given by human' hands," implies that it was given by some other authority, and the clause requires the rising inflection.

4. The rule about the rising and falling inflections may be stated as follows: All clauses that add to the force or extent of the main thought in the sentence require the falling inflection; all clauses that take away from the force or extent of the main thought require the rising inflection.

Examples: Take the six lines on page 111, beginning "O Woman," etc. The main purpose of the sentence is to speak well of woman's kindness of heart. This is positively expressed in the last line, "A ministering angel thou!" This line, therefore, requires the falling inflection. But the words "uncertain, coy and hard to please," take away from the force of this main thought, and require the rising inflection.

- 5. When a direct question—one that can be answered by "yes" or "no"—is intended to show that some implied declaration is either false, or at best exceedingly doubtful, it is sometimes given with the falling inflection. "Meet me in Chicago to-morrow," says a man to his friend. The friend answers: "Will you be in Chicago to-morrow?" meaning that it is at least very doubtful whether the first speaker will be in the city at the time mentioned.
- 6. For the expression of irony, mockery, indignant contempt, double meaning, the circumflex is used. This is a combination of the rising and falling inflection. The circumflex beginning with the rising inflection and ending with the falling, is called the falling circumflex, and the oppositely arranged is called the rising. The falling circumflex is marked \wedge , and the rising \vee .

Examples: The word "you," in Elizabeth's anger at Leicester, page 60, which is three times repeated, requires the falling circumflex. It is an expression of intense contempt.

In the same selection, in the expression "Art dumb, sirrah," the word "dumb" requires the rising circumflex.

EXAMPLES FOR ELOCUTIONARY DRILL.

The principal object to be attained in learning to read is a simple, clear, expressive way of rendering ordinary unimpassioned composition. There is danger that in the ambitious efforts of the teacher, this part of the work will be overlooked, and the time chiefly given to selections requiring great vocal power, extreme degrees of pitch, force, etc. As an effect we have much stilted declamatory reading. But for such we have little use. Impassioned speech, though cor-

rect, and appropriate to the thought it expresses, is rarely demanded in actual life. A civilized community converses chiefly in a thoughtful, unexcited way, and the language of powerful passion is seldom needed, and seldom used.

The best direction to give to a student of reading, therefore, is to become skillful in reading sensible prose and meritorious poetry. Let him carefully study the meaning of what he reads; let him learn to pronounce accurately, by a study of some good dictionary; let him weigh well the sentences he utters, carefully determining the words that should be emphasized, and also the inflections required to express the sense; let him train his voice, making it as clear and agreeable as possible; let him carefully discriminate the elementary sounds of the language; let him acid all affectation, but give as simply and clearly as he can the real meaning of what he reads,—both the thought and the feeling intended to be expressed; let him learn to do all this, and he will have acquired an art far more valuable than that of expressing any kind or degree of passion.

Impassioned speech is often useful, however, in giving vocal practice and thus enlarging the power of the voice. As a drill, therefore, the reading of such selections is to be commended. The voice needs vigorous exercise in order to give it strength. Hence the expression of terrible anger, or heart-rending grief, or overwhelming despair, is very desirable in elocutionary drill, not because of the absolute value of frequent indulgence in such emotions, but because the voice is strengthened by the exercise they furnish.

For the purpose of aiding the student in acquiring practical skill in the reading of various kinds of composition, his attention is called to a number of the selections contained in this book, and the following suggestions are made concerning the rendering of them.

The Vision of Mirza, page 68.—This is an admirable specimen of clear, idiomatic English. What is required in reading it is, first, a thorough understanding of the situation and scenery, and of the allusions contained in it. Let the reader form a picture of the scene described. Let him understand something of the usages of the people among whom the scene is laid. Let him get a clear notion of the ideas meant to be conveyed by the allegory. Let him find for himself every point of resemblance between the scene described and the human life which it is intended to represent. By such a thorough study of this charming selection, written by one who, as a master of choice, simple English, has never been excelled, the understanding may be sharpened, the moral purpose strengthened, and the taste improved.

Next let the student make himself master of the pronunciation of all the words concerning which he has the least doubt, including the

foreign words, such as "Mirza" and "Bagdat," Let the utmost pains be taken to make the correct pronunciation natural,-to make it the one that first occurs on seeing the word. In each sentence, let the main thought be found—that about which all the others are grouped. and upon it let the emphasis fall. Take, for illustration, the first sentence. All parts of that, from the beginning to the word "devotion" inclusive, are introductory, explanatory. The main thought of the sentence comes afterwards. And because that thought is of a positive or affirmative character, the inflection it requires is the falling. Only by going through the piece thus, sentence by sentence, can one learn to read it. The degree of pitch used should be the medium - a little lower than the reader is accustomed to use in his common conversation. The degree of force required is moderate - that is, not very loud nor very soft. And the same is true of volume and speed that is, the voice should not be remarkably full nor remarkably thin: and the reading should not be very rapid nor very slow. All affectations and mere mannerisms, peculiar tones and favorite whines, must be energetically avoided. Avoid sleepiness, too. Let the reading be prompt, spirited, but not noisy.

For the author, see Notes at the end of the book.

The Story of Alnaschar, by the same author, is quite similar to the present selection, and the preparation required for reading it is much the same. Page 56.

House-Keeping of the Pinches, page 77.—This selection is full of genial, sprightly humor, and glows with the most cheerful kindness of heart. It exhibits the brother and sister as setting up house-keeping with very narrow means, but with so much of mutual affection and contentment, that their trials become a joy to them.

As always, the first thing to be done is to become fully alive to the thought and feeling expressed in the piece. It requires much variety in vocal expression. The lively dialogue requires abrupt changes in pitch, force and quality of voice. In the merry laugh and accompanying speeches, the pitch is high, and the utterance is rapid. In the gravity of Ruth's modest self-depreciation, the pitch is lowered and the words are uttered more slowly. The butcher's short speech ought to be given with a very low pitch and with an oracular look.

Mr. Traddles's Preparation for House-Keeping, page 207, by the same author, is very similar in its general characteristics to the selection just noticed.

For a sketch of the author see Notes.

Scene at Lanark, page 304.—This selection presents an excellent example of a simple, but well-told and affecting story. Here are several words to be understood and rightly pronounced. To read this naturally, with the needed variety of expression, and with the

requisite degree of animation, without mispronunciation, giving the correct emphases and inflections, is to accomplish a task worth all the labor it will cost. To give minute directions for it, however, is not easy. The best preparation is a thorough entering into the excellent spirit of the piece.

Jeanie Deans' Speech to the Queen, page 34.—In this selection we have a beautiful exhibition of sisterly love, and the speech of Jeanie, beginning with the words: "If it like you, Madam," etc., is one of the finest and most pathetic passages in English. It should be uttered very earnestly, but in soft and gentle tones. The pitch must be high, the voice pure, and the speed moderate. But the best preparation will be a thorough sympathizing with the sentiment. In the Notes will be found much help towards understanding the piece.

A State, page 223.—For reading this ode, there must be ringing sonorous tones, with full volume, great force, medium pitch, moderate speed, pure quality, and also what is called the median stress. By this last is meant the swelling of the tone in the middle of the accented syllable. See page 15. All roughness and huskiness must be carefully avoided. In reading, the body must stand erect, and the lungs must have the fullest play. The ode is a noble, powerful and dignified expression of a noble truth,—the worth of worthy men. The first question requires the falling inflection. It is essentially positive in its character, for it assumes that something "constitutes a state." But the succeeding sentences, as far as the word "pride" inclusive, being a series of denials, or negative expressions, require, each of them, the rising inflection. Again, the word "men," containing the positive answer to the question, must have an emphatic falling inflection.

In the remaining lines the same principles must be applied. The general character is throughout the same, and the same qualities of voice must therefore be used. Whatever sentence tends to take away from the force of the main thought, or is merely explanatory, requires the rising inflection; whatever sentence or clause affirms the main thought requires the falling inflection. This extract furnishes an excellent example for vocal drill.

Ocean, page 236.—This brief extract differs from the preceding in being more impressively solemn. It requires full volume and the median stress as that does, but it also requires lower pitch and slower utterance. The Ode on the Constitution of a State is calculated to stir the mind to action, to arouse the faculties,—but this Address to the Ocean has a contrary effect. By the awe it inspires the mind is rather subdued and overpowered. It is an admirable selection for drill.

L'Allegro, page 275.—Here we have a selection that beams with joy. It needs first to be understood, and then to be read with a high pitch, pure tone, and rapid utterance. It requires the radical or explosive stress, that is the opening of the accented syllable with an explosive force, and a greater degree of force at the opening than on any other part of the syllable. Let the reading be in a high degree lively. Anything approaching a drawl will be fatal to the spirit and meaning of the piece. Judicious drill upon it will be very useful in giving ease and flexibility to the voice.

The Bard, page 283.—This is an illustration of the intensely denunciatory style of speech. It is the expression of strong indignation or anger. Before reading it, the history of the event should be read. Enough for the purpose will be found in the Notes. The reading requires very great force, and in the intensest part, as the first eight lines, an impure husky quality. The explanatory parts require less intensity of utterance than the speeches of the Bard and of Mortimer, but even they demand a good vigorous rendering. The prevailing inflection is the falling. Drill upon it, conducted with great energy, but not so as to injure the vocal organs, will impart an increase of power to the voice.

Alexander's Feast, page 279.—It has been said of this poem that "no one ever qualified his admiration of it," that is, that it has appeared, to all intelligent readers, excellent without any drawbacks. It requires, at the beginning, full volume of voice in the reading, with pure tones and median stress. Parts of it, as the exclamation of the crowd, "A present deity," etc., call for very great force. But in the main it requires a sustained energy of expression, not the highest degree, but a continuous force. No roughness is admissible, except in the sixth paragraph, where revenge is demanded, and the ghastly forms of unburied Greeks are presented. In that paragraph an intense degree of force is demanded, with impure, husky tones and the vanishing stress, that is the stress by which the latter part of the accented syllable is spoken with an energetic burst of force.

The final paragraph, which speaks of St. Cecilia, must be uttered with smooth, sonorous and pure tones, the median stress and full volume.

Many of the selections in the book breathe forth a gentle spirit, and require a corresponding utterance. Among them are some of the short extracts, such as Night and Death, page 220. Let them be read with soft and pure tones, and median stress.

Other selections are of a descriptive character, and among these are The Coliseum by Moonlight and Roman Scenery, both by Nathaniel

Hawthorne. They need careful study, and the clear perceiving of the pictures they present. The main purpose of a word-picture is to bring to the mind of the reader a distinct view of the scene described. In the reading of such pieces, therefore, the forming of a mental image of the scene is absolutely essential. The two pieces mentioned are remarkable for the delicacy and skill with which the words are used and are on that account alone well worthy of being studied.

THE

STUDENT'S READER.

I.—SPEECH ON THE AMERICAN WAR.

CHARLES JAMES FOX.

- 1. I have always given it as my opinion that the war now carrying on against the Americans is unjust; but, admitting it to be a just war, admitting that it is practicable, I insist that the means made use of are not such as will obtain the end.
- 2. I shall confine myself simply to this ground, and show that this bill, like every other measure, proves the want of policy, the folly and madness, of the present ministers. I was in great hopes that they had seen their error, and had given over coërcion and the idea of carrying on war against America by means of acts of Parliament.
- 3. In order to induce the Americans to submit to your legislature, you pass laws against them, cruel and tyrannical in the extreme. If they complain of one law, your answer to their complaint is to pass another more rigorous than the former.
- 4. But they are in rebellion, you say; if so, treat them as rebels are wont to be treated. Send out your fleets and armies against them and subdue them, but let them have no reason to complain of your laws. Show them that your laws are mild, just, and equitable; that they therefore are in the wrong and deserve the punishment they meet with.
- 5. The very contrary of this has been your wretched policy. I have ever understood it as a first principle, that in rebellion you punish the individuals, but spare the

country; but in a war against the enemy, it is your policy to spare the individuals, and lay waste the country.

- 6. This last has been invariably your conduct against America; I suggested this to you when the Boston Port Bill passed; I advised you to find out the offending persons and to punish them; but what did you do instead of this? You laid the whole town of Boston under terrible contribution, punishing the innocent with the guilty.
- 7. You answer, that you could not come at the guilty. This very answer shows how unfit, how unable you are, to govern America. If you are forced to punish the innocent to come at the guilty, your government then is, and ought to be, at an end. But by the bill now before us, you not only punish those innocent persons who are unfortunately mixed with the guilty in North America, but you punish and starve whole islands of unoffending people, unconnected with, and separated from them.
- 8. Hitherto the Americans have separated the right of taxation from your legislative authority; although they have denied the former, they have acknowledged the latter. This bill will make them deny the one as well as the other.
- 9. "What signifies," say they, "your giving up the right of taxation, if you are to enforce your legislative authority in the manner you do? This legislative authority, so enforced, will at any time coërce taxation, and take from us whatever you think fit to demand." The present is a bill which should be entitled a Bill for Carrying More Effectually into Execution the Resolves of the Congress.

II.-LOVE OF COUNTRY.

PATRIOTISM.

Breathes there a man with soul so dead
 That never to himself hath said,
 This is my own, my native land?
 Whose heart hath ne'er within him burned,
 As home his footsteps he hath turned,
 From wandering on a foreign strand?

2. If such there breathe, go mark him well,
For him no minstrel raptures swell;
High though his titles, proud his name,
Boundless his wealth as wish can claim;
Despite those titles, power, and pelf,
The wretch, concentred all in self,
Living, shall forfeit fair renown,
And doubly dying, shall go down
To the vile dust, from whence he sprung,
Unwept, unhonored, and unsung.

WALTER SCOTT.

AMERICA'S MISSION.

- O strange New World, that yet wast never young,
 Whose youth from thee by griping need was wrung;
 Brown foundling of the woods, whose baby-bed
 Was prowled round by the Indian's crackling tread,
 And who grew'st strong through shifts, and wants, and pains,
 Nursed by stern men with empires in their brains,
 Who saw in vision their young Ishmael strain
 With each hard hand a vassal ocean's mane.
- 2. Thou, skilled by Freedom and by great events,
 To pitch new States as Old-World men pitch tents;
 Thou, taught by fate to know Jehovah's plan,
 That man's devices can't unmake a man,
 And whose free latch-string never was drawn in
 Against the poorest child of Adam's kin,—
 The grave's not dug where traitor hands shall lay,
 In fearful haste, thy murdered corse away!

J. R. LOWELL.

WASHINGTON.

Where may the wearied eye repose
When gazing on the great,
Where neither guilty glory glows,
Nor despicable state?
Yes, one—the first—the last—the best—
The Cincinnatus of the West,
Whom envy dared not hate—
Bequeathed the name of Washington,
To make men blush there was but one!

BYRON.

LEONIDAS AND WASHINGTON.

Leonidas and Washington,
Whose every battle-field is holy ground,
Which breathes of nations saved, not worlds undone;
How sweetly on the ear such echoes sound!
While the mere victors may appall or stun
The servile or the vain, such names will be
A watchword till the Future shall be free!

BYRON.

THE PATRIOT DEAD.

How sleep the brave, who sink to rest, By all their country's wishes blest!
When Spring, with dewy fingers cold, Returns to deck their hallowed mold, She there shall dress a sweeter sod
Than Fancy's feet have ever trod.
By fairy hands their knell is rung,
By forms unseen their dirge is sung;
Then Honor comes, a pilgrim gray,
To bless the turf that wraps their clay;
And Freedom shall a while repair,
To dwell, a weeping hermit there.

COLLINS

OLD IRONSIDES.

- Ay, tear her tattered ensign down!
 Long has it waved on high,
 And many an eye has danced to see
 That banner in the sky;
 Beneath it rang the battle-shout,
 And burst the cannon's roar;
 The meteor of the ocean air
 Shall sweep the clouds no more.
- 2. Her deck, once red with heroes' blood, Where knelt the vanquished foe, When winds were hurrying o'er the flood, And waves were white below, No more shall feel the victor's tread Or know the conquered knee; The harpies of the shore shall pluck The eagle of the sea,

3. O better that her shattered hulk
Should sink beneath the wave;
Her thunders shook the mighty deep,
And there should be her grave;
Nail to the mast her holy flag,
Set every threadbare sail,
And give her to the god of storms,
The lightning and the gale!

O. W. HOLMES.

III.—JEANIE DEANS IN THE PRESENCE OF THE QUEEN.

WALTER SCOTT.

- 1. With that precision and easy brevity which is only acquired by habitually conversing in the higher ranks of society, and which is the diametrical opposite of a protracted style of disquisition, the Duke explained the singular law under which Effie Deans had received sentence of death, and detailed the affectionate exertions which Jeanie had made in behalf of a sister, for whose sake she was willing to sacrifice all but truth and conscience.
- 2. Queen Caroline listened with attention; she was rather fond, it must be remembered, of an argument, and soon found matter, in what the Duke told her, for raising difficulties to his request.
- 3. "It appears to me, my lord," she replied, "that this is a severe law. But still it is adopted on good grounds, I am bound to suppose, as the law of the country, and the girl has been convicted under it. The very presumptions which the law construes into a positive proof of guilt, exist in her case; and all your Grace has said concerning the possibility of her innocence may be a very good argument for annulling the Act of Parliament, but can not, while it stands good, be admitted in favor of any individual convicted under the statute."
- 4. The Duke saw and avoided the snare; for he was conscious, that, by replying to the argument, he must

have been inevitably led to a discussion, in the course of which the Queen was likely to be hardened in her own opinion, until she became obliged, out of mere respect to consistency, to let the criminal suffer. "If your Majesty," he said, "would condescend to hear my poor countrywoman herself, perhaps she may find an advocate in your own heart, more able than I am, to combat the doubts suggested by your understanding."

5. The Queen seemed to acquiesce, and the Duke made a signal for Jeanie to advance from the spot where she had hitherto remained, watching countenances, which were too long accustomed to suppress all apparent signs of emotion,

to convey to her any interesting intelligence.

6. Her Majesty could not help smiling at the awestruck manner in which the quiet, demure figure of the little Scotchwoman advanced towards her, and yet more at the first sound of her broad northern accent. But Jeanie had a voice low and sweet-toned, an admirable thing in woman, and she besought "her Leddyship to have pity on a poor misguided young creature," in tones so affecting, that, as in the notes of some of her native songs, provincial vulgarity was lost in pathos.

7. "Stand up, young woman," said the Queen, but in a kind tone, "and tell me how you traveled up from Scot-

land."

"Upon my foot mostly, madam," was the reply.

"What, all that immense way upon foot?—How far can you walk in a day?"

"Five and twenty miles, and a bittock."

"And what?" said the Queen, looking towards the Duke of Argyle.

"And about five miles more," replied the Duke.

8. "I thought I was a good walker," said the Queen, "but this shames me sadly."

"May your Leddyship never hae sae weary a heart that ye canna be sensible of the weariness of the limbs!" said Jeanie.

"And I didna just a'thegither walk the haill way neither, for I had whiles the cast of a cart; and I had the cast of a horse from Ferrybridge—and divers other easements," said Jeanie, cutting short her story, for she observed the Duke made the sign he had fixed upon.

9. "With all these accommodations," answered the Queen, "you must have had a very fatiguing journey, and I fear to little purpose; since if the King should pardon your sister, in all probability it would do her little good, for I suppose your people of Edinburgh would hang her out of spite."

"She will sink herself now outright," thought the Duke.

10. But he was wrong. The shoals on which Jeanie had touched in this delicate conversation lay under ground, and were unknown to her; this rock was above water, and she avoided it.

"She was confident," she said, "that baith town and country wad rejoice to see his Majesty taking compassion on a poor unfriended creature."

11. "His Majesty has not found it so in a late instance," said the Queen; "but, I suppose, my Lord Duke would advise him to be guided by the votes of the rabble themselves, who should be hanged and who spared."

"No, madam," said the Duke; "but I would advise his Majesty to be guided by his own feelings, and those of his royal consort; and then I am sure, punishment will only attach itself to guilt, and even then with cautious reluctance."

12. "Well, my Lord," said her Majesty, "all these fine speeches do not convince me of the propriety of so soon showing any mark of favor to your — I suppose I must not say rebellious?—but at least, your very disaffected and intractable metropolis. Why, the whole nation is in a league to screen the savage and abominable murderers of that unhappy man; otherwise, how is it possible but that, of so many perpetrators, and engaged in so public an action for such a length of time, one at least must have

been recognized? Even this girl, for aught I can tell, may be a depositary of the secret. Hark you, young woman, had you any friends engaged in the Porteous mob?"

13. "No, madam," answered Jeanie, happy that the question was so framed that she could, with a good conscience, answer it in the negative.

"But I suppose," continued the Queen, "if you were possessed of such a secret, you would hold it matter of conscience to keep it to yourself?"

"I should pray to be directed and guided what was the line of duty," answered Jeanie.

"Yes, and take that which suited your own inclinations,"

replied her Majesty.

- 14. "If it like you, madam," said Jeanie, "I would hae gaen to the end of the earth to save the life of John Porteous, or any other unhappy man in his condition; but I might lawfully doubt how far I am called upon to be the avenger of his blood, though it may become the civil magistrate to do so. He is dead and gane to his place, and they that have slain him must answer for their ain act.
- "But my sister my puir sister Effie, still lives, though her days and hours are numbered! - She still lives, and a word of the King's mouth might restore her to a broken-hearted auld man, that never, in his daily and nightly exercises, forgot to pray that his Majesty might be blessed with a long and a prosperous reign, and that his throne, and the throne of his posterity, might be established in righteousness.
- 16. "O, madam, if ever ye kenned what it was to sorrow for and with a sinning and a suffering creature, whose mind is sae tossed that she can be neither ca'd fit to live or die, have some compassion on our misery! - Save an honest house from dishonor, and an unhappy girl, not eighteen years of age, from an early and dreadful death!
- 17. "Alas! it is not when we sleep soft and wake merrily ourselves, that we think on other people's sufferings. Our hearts are waxed light within us then, and we are for

righting our ain wrongs and fighting our ain battles. But when the hour of trouble comes to the mind or to the body—and seldom may it visit your Leddyship—and when the hour of death comes, that comes to high and low—lang and late may it be yours—O, my Leddy, then it isna what we hae dune for oursells, but what we hae dune for others, that we think on maist pleasantly. And the thoughts that ye hae intervened to spare the puir thing's life will be sweeter in that hour, come when it may, than if a word of your mouth could hang the haill Porteous mob at the tail of ae tow."

18. Tear followed tear down Jeanie's cheeks, as, her features glowing and quivering with emotion, she pleaded her sister's cause with a pathos which was at once simple and solemn.

"This is eloquence," said her Majesty to the Duke of Argyle, "Young woman," she continued, addressing herself to Jeanie, "I cannot grant a pardon to your sister—but you shall not want my warm intercession with his Majesty. Take this housewife-case," she continued, putting a small embroidered needle-case into Jeanie's hands; "do not open it now, but at your leisure you will find something in it which will remind you that you have had an interview with Queen Caroline."

19. Jeanie, having her suspicions thus confirmed, dropped on her knees, and would have expanded herself in gratitude; but the Duke, who was upon thorns lest she should say more or less than just enough, touched his chin once more.

"Our business is, I think, ended for the present, my Lord Duke," said the Queen, "and, I trust, to your satisfaction. Hereafter I hope to see your Grace more frequently, both at Richmond and St. James's. Come, Lady Suffolk, we must wish his Grace good morning."

20. They exchanged their parting reverences, and the Duke, as soon as the ladies had turned their backs, assisted Jeanie to rise from the ground, and conducted her back

through the avenue, which she trod with the feeling of one who walks in her sleep.

IV.—THE USE OF BUNKER HILL MONUMENT.

EDWARD EVERETT.

- 1. But I am met with the great objection, What good will the monument do? I beg leave, sir, to exercise my birthright as a Yankee, and answer this question by asking two or three more, to which I believe it will be quite as difficult to furnish a satisfactory reply. I am asked, what good will the monument do? And I ask, what good does anything do? What is good? Does anything do any good?
- 2. The persons who suggest this objection of course think that there are some projects and undertakings that do good; and I should therefore like to have the idea of good explained, and analyzed, and run out to its elements. When this is done, if I do not demonstrate, in about two minutes, that the monument does the same kind of good that anything else does, I will consent that the huge blocks of granite, already laid, should be reduced to gravel, and carted off to fill up the mill-pond; for that, I suppose, is one of the good things.
- 3. Does a railroad or a canal do good? Answer, yes. And how? It facilitates intercourse, opens markets, and increases the wealth of the country. But what is this good for? Why, individuals prosper and get rich. And what good does that do? Is mere wealth, as an ultimate end,—gold and silver, without an inquiry as to their use,—are these a good?
- 4. Certainly not. I should insult this audience by attempting to prove that a rich man, as such, is neither better nor happier than a poor one. But as men grow rich, they live better. Is there any good in this, stopping here? Is mere animal life—feeding, working, and sleeping like an ox—entitled to be called good? Certainly not.

- 5. But these improvements increase the population. And what good does that do? Where is the good in counting twelve millions, instead of six, of mere feeding, working, sleeping animals? There is, then, no good in the mere animal life, except that it is the physical basis of that higher moral existence, which resides in the soul, the heart, the mind, the conscience; in good principles, good feelings, and the good actions (and the more disinterested, the more entitled to be called good) which flow from them.
- 6. Now, sir, I say that generous and patriotic sentiments, sentiments which prepare us to serve our country, to live for our country, to die for our country,—feelings like those which carried Prescott, and Warren, and Putnam to the battle-field, are good,—good, humanly speaking, of the highest order. It is good to have them, good to honor them, good to commemorate them; and whatever tends to animate and strengthen such feelings does as much right down practical good as filling up low grounds and building railroads.
- 7. This is my demonstration. I wish, sir, not to be misunderstood. I admit the connection between enterprises which promote the physical prosperity of the country and its intellectual and moral improvement; but I maintain that it is only this connection that gives these enterprises all their value; and that the same connection gives a like value to everything else which, through the channel of the senses, the taste, or the imagination, warms and elevates the heart.

V. - PATRIOTISM.

JOSEPH ADDISON.

1. There is no greater sign of a general decay of virtue in a nation, than a want of zeal in its inhabitants for the good of their country. It may not, therefore, be unreasonable to recommend to this present generation the practice

of that virtue, for which their ancestors were particularly famous, and which is called "the love of one's country."

- 2. This love of our country, as a moral virtue, is a fixed disposition of mind to promote the safety, welfare, and reputation of the community in which we are born, and of the constitution under which we are protected. Our obligation to this great duty may appear to us from several considerations.
- 3. In the first place, we may observe, that we are directed to it by one of those secret suggestions of nature, which go under the name of Instinct, and which are never given in vain. As self-love is an instinct planted in us for the good and safety of each particular person, the love of our country is impressed on our minds for the happiness and preservation of the community.
- 4. This instinct is so remarkable that we find examples of it in those who are born in the most uncomfortable climates, or under the worst of governments. We read of an inhabitant of Nova Zembla, who, after having lived some time in Denmark, where he was clothed and treated with the utmost indulgence, took the first opportunity of making his escape, though at the peril of his life, into his native regions of cold, poverty and nakedness.
- 5. We have an instance of the same nature among the very Hottentots. One of these savages was brought to England, taught our language, and, in a great measure, polished out of his natural barbarity; but, upon being carried back to the Cape of Good Hope (where it was thought he might have been of advantage to our English traders), he mixed in a kind of transport with his native countrymen, brutalized with them in their habits and manners, and would never again return to his foreign acquaintance.
- 6. I need not mention the common opinion of the negroes in our plantations, who have no other notion of a future state of happiness, than that, after death, they shall be conveyed back to their native country.
 - 7. The Swiss are so remarkable for this passion, that it

often turns to a disease among them, for which there is a particular name in the German language, and which the French call "the distemper of the country;" for nothing is more usual than for several of their common soldiers, who are listed into a foreign service, to have such violent hankerings after their home as to pine away even to death, unless they have a permission to return; which, on such an occasion, is generally granted them.

- 8. I shall only add, under this head, that, since the love of one's country is natural to every man, any particular nation, who by false politics, shall endeavor to stifle or restrain it, will not be upon a level with others.
- 9. As this love of our country is natural to every man, so it is likewise very reasonable; and that, in the first place, because it inclines us to be beneficial to those who are, and ought to be, dearer to us than any others. It takes in our families, relations, friends and acquaintances, and, in short, all whose welfare and security we are obliged to consult, more than that of those who are strangers to us.
- 10. For this reason it is the most sublime and extensive of all social virtues; especially if we consider that it does not only promote the well-being of those who are our contemporaries, but likewise of their children and their posterity. Hence it is that all casuists are unanimous in determining that, when the good of the country interferes, even with the life of the most beloved relation, dearest friend, or greatest benefactor, it is to be preferred without exception.
- 11. Farther, though there is a benevolence due to all mankind, none can question but a superior degree of it is to be paid to a father, a wife or a child. In the same manner, though our love should reach to the whole species, a greater proportion of it should exert itself towards that community in which Providence has placed us. This is our proper sphere of action, the province allotted to us for the exercise of all our civil virtues, and in which alone we have opportunities of expressing our good-will to mankind.

- 12. I could not but be pleased, in the accounts of the late Persian embassy into France, with a particular ceremony of the ambassador; who, every morning before he went abroad, religiously saluted a tuft of earth dug out of his own native soil, to remind him that, in all the transactions of the day, he was to think of his country, and pursue its advantages.
- 13. If, in the several districts and divisions of the world, men would thus study the welfare of those respective communities to which their power of doing good is limited, the whole race of reasonable creatures would be happy, as far as the benefits of society can make them so. At least, we find so many blessings naturally flowing from this noble principle, that, in proportion as it prevails, every nation becomes a prosperous and flourishing people.

VI.—THE EXPULSION OF THE ACADIANS.

H. W. LONGFELLOW.

 So passed the morning away. And lo! with a summons sonorous Sounded the bell from its tower, and over the meadows a drum beat.

Thronged ere long was the church with men. Without, in the church-yard,

Waited the women. They stood by the graves, and hung on the head-stones

Garlands of autumn leaves and evergreens fresh from the forest.

2. Then came the guard from the ships, and, marching proudly among them,

Entered the sacred portal. With loud and dissonant clangor

Echoed the sound of their brazen drums from ceiling and casement,—

Echoed a moment only, and slowly the ponderous portal

Closed, and in silence the crowd awaited the will of the soldiers. Then uprose their commander, and spoke from the steps of the

Then uprose their commander, and spoke from the steps of the altar,

Holding aloft in his hands, with its seals, the royal commission.

"You are convened this day," he said, "by his Majesty's orders; Clement and kind has he been; but how you have answered his kindness,

Let your own hearts reply! To my natural make and my temper Painful the task is I do, which to you I know must be grievous. Yet must I bow and obey, and deliver the will of our monarch;

 Namely, that all your lands, and dwellings, and cattle of all kinds, Forfeited be to the crown; and that you yourselves from this province

Be transported to other lands. God grant you may dwell there Ever as faithful subjects, a happy and peaceable people! Prisoners now I declare you, for such is his Majesty's pleasure!"

5. As, when the air is serene in the sultry solstice of Summer, Suddenly gathers a storm, and the deadly sling of the hailstones Beats down the farmer's corn in the field and shatters his windows, Hiding the sun, and strewing the ground with thatch from the house-roofs.

Bellowing fly the herds, and seek to break their enclosures;

- 6. So on the hearts of the people descended the words of the speaker. Silent a moment they stood in speechless wonder, and then rose Louder and ever louder a wail of sorrow and anger, And, by one impulse moved, they madly rushed to the door-way.
- Vain was the hope of escape; and cries and fierce imprecations Rang through the house of prayer; and high o'er the heads of the others

Rose, with his arms uplifted, the figure of \underline{Basil} , the blacksmith, As, on a stormy sea, a spar is tossed by the billows.

- 8. Flushed was his face and distorted with passion; and wildly he shouted,—
 - "Down with the tyrants of England! we never have sworn them allegiance!

Death to these foreign soldiers, who seize on our homes and our harvests!"

More he <u>fain</u> would have said, but the merciless hand of a soldier Smote him upon the mouth, and dragged him down to the pavement.

49. In the midst of the strife and tumult of angry contention, Lo! the door of the chancel opened, and Father Felician Entered with serious mien, and ascended the steps of the altar. Raising his reverend hand, with a gesture he awed into silence All that clamorous throng; and thus he spoke to his people; Deep were his tones and solemn; in accents measured and

mournful

Spake he, as, after the tocsin's alarum, distinctly the clock strikes.

10. "What is this that ye do, my children? what madness has seized you?

Forty years of my life have I labored among you, and taught you, Not in word alone, but in deed, to love one another!

Is this the fruit of my toils, of my vigils, and prayers, and privations?

Have you so soon forgotten all lessons of love and forgiveness? This is the house of the Prince of Peace, and would you profane it Thus with violent deeds, and hearts overflowing with hatred?

11. Lo! where the crucified Christ from his cross is gazing upon you! See! in those sorrowful eyes what meekness and holy compassion! Hark! how those lips still repeat the prayer, 'O Father, forgive them!'

Let us repeat that prayer in the hour when the wicked assail us, Let us repeat it now, and say, 'O Father, forgive them!'

Few were his words of rebuke, but deep in the hearts of his people

Sank they, and sobs of contrition succeeded the passionate outbreak,

While they repeated his prayer, and said, "O Father, forgive them!"

Then came the evening service. The tapers gleamed from the altar.
 Fervent and deep was the voice of the priest, and the people responded,

Not with their lips alone, but their hearts; and the Ave Maria Sang they, and fell on their knees, and their souls, with devotion translated,

Rose on the ardor of prayer, like Elijah ascending to heaven.

 Meanwhile had spread in the village the tidings of ill, and on all sides

Wandered, wailing, from house to house the women and children.

Long at her father's door Evangeline stood, with her right hand

Shielding her eyes from the level rays of the sun, that, descending,

Lighted the village street with mysterious splendor, and roofed
each

Peasant's cottage with golden thatch, and emblazoned its windows.

14. Long within had been spread the snow-white cloth on the table;
There stood the wheaten loaf, and the honey fragrant with wild flowers;

There stood the tankard of ale, and the cheese fresh brought from the dairy;

And, at the head of the board, the great arm-chair of the farmer.

15. Thus did Evangeline wait at her father's door, as the sunset Threw the long shadows of trees o'er the broad ambrosial meadows.

Ah! on her spirit within a deeper shadow had fallen, And from the fields of her soul a fragrance celestial ascended,— Charity, meekness, love, and hope, and forgiveness, and patience!

16. Then, all forgetful of self, she wandered into the village, Cheering with looks and words the mournful hearts of the women, As o'er the darkening fields with lingering steps they departed, Urged by their household cares, and the weary feet of their children.

Down sank the great red sun, and in golden, glimmering vapors Veiled the light of his face, like the Prophet descending from Sinai.

Sweetly over the village the bell of the Angelus sounded.

VII.—THE SOMNAMBULIST PILOT.

SAMUEL L. CLEMENS.

- 1. There used to be an excellent pilot on the river, a Mr. X., who was a somnambulist. It was said that if his mind was troubled about a bad piece of river, he was pretty sure to get up and walk in his sleep and do strange things. He was once fellow-pilot for a trip or two with George E., on a great New Orleans passenger packet.
- 2. During a considerable part of the first trip George was uneasy, but got over it by and by, as X. seemed content to stay in his bed when asleep. Late one night the boat was approaching Helena, Arkansas; the water was low, and the crossing above the town in a very blind and tangled condition. X. had seen the crossing since E. had, and as the night was particularly drizzly, sullen and dark,

E. was considering whether he had not better have X. called to assist in running the place, when the door opened and X. walked in.

- 3. Now on very dark nights, light is a deadly enemy of piloting; you are aware that if you stand in a lighted room, on such a night, you can not see things in the street to any purpose; but if you put out the lights and stand in the gloom, you can make out objects in the street pretty well.
- 4. So, on very dark nights, pilots do not smoke; they allow no fire in the pilot-house stove, if there is a crack which can allow the least ray to escape; they order the furnaces to be curtained with huge tarpaulins, and the sky-lights to be closely blinded. Then no light whatever issues from the boat.
- 5. The undefinable shape that now entered the pilothouse had Mr. X.'s voice. This said,—

"Let me take her, Mr. E.; I've seen this place since you have, and it is so crooked that I reckon I can run it myself easier than I could tell you how to do it."

- 6. "It is kind of you, and I declare I am willing. I haven't got another drop of perspiration left in me. I have been spinning around and around the wheel like a squirrel. It is so dark I can't tell which way she is swinging till she is coming around like a whirligig."
- 7. So E. took a seat on the bench, panting and breathless. The black phantom assumed the wheel without saying anything, steadied the waltzing steamer with a turn or two, and then stood at ease, coaxing her a little to this side and then to that, as gently and as sweetly as if the time had been noonday. When E. observed this marvel of steering, he wished he had not confessed! He stared and wondered, and finally said,—
- "Well, I thought I knew how to steer a steamboat, but that was another mistake of mine."
- 8. X. said nothing, but went serenely on with his work. He rang for the leads; he rang to slow down the steam; he worked the boat carefully and neatly into invisible marks,

then stood at the center of the wheel and peered blandly out into the blackness, fore and aft, to verify his position; as the leads shoaled more and more, he stopped the engines entirely, and the dead silence and suspense of "drifting" followed; when the shoalest water was struck, he cracked on the steam, carried her handsomely over, and then began to work her warily into the next system of shoal marks.

- 9. The same patient, heedful use of leads and engines followed, the boat slipped through without touching bottom, and entered upon the third and last intricacy of the crossing; imperceptibly she moved through the gloom, crept by inches into her marks, drifted tediously till the shoalest water was cried, and then, under a tremendous head of steam, went swinging over the reef and away into deep water and safety!
- 10. E. let his long-pent breath pour out in a great, relieving sigh, and said,—

"That's the sweetest piece of piloting that was ever done on the Mississippi River! I wouldn't have believed it could be done, if I hadn't seen it."

There was no reply, and he added,-

"Just hold her five minutes longer, partner, and let me run down and get a cup of coffee."

11. A minute later E. was biting into a pie, down in the "texas," and comforting himself with coffee. Just then the night watchman happened in, and was about to happen out again, when he noticed E., and exclaimed,—

"Who is at the wheel, sir?"

"X."

"Dart for the pilot - house, quicker than lightning!"

12. The next moment both men were flying up the pilot-house companion-way, three steps at a jump! Nobody there! The great steamer was whistling down the middle of the river at her own sweet will. The watchman shot out of the place again; E. seized the wheel, set an engine back with power, and held his breath while the boat reluctantly swung away from a "towhead" which

she was about to knock into the middle of the Gulf of Mexico!

- 13. By and by the watchman came back and said,—
- "Didn't that lunatic tell you he was asleep, when he first came up here?"
 - "No."
- "Well, he was. I found him walking along on top of the railings, just as unconcerned as another man would walk a pavement; and I put him to bed; now just this minute there he was again, away astern, going through that sort of tight-rope deviltry the same as before."
- 14. "Well, I think I'll stay by, the next time he has one of those fits. But I hope he'll have them often. You just ought to have seen him take this boat through Helena crossing. I never saw anything so fine before. And if he can do such gold-leaf, kid-glove, diamond-breast-pin piloting when he is sound asleep, what couldn't he do if he was dead?"

VIII.—THE ANTIQUITY OF FREEDOM.

WILLIAM CULLEN BRYANT.

- Here are old trees, tall oaks and gnarled pines,
 That stream with gray-green mosses; here the ground
 Was never trenched by spade, and flowers spring up
 Unsown, and die ungathered. It is sweet
 To linger here, among the flitting birds
 And leaping squirrels, wandering brooks, and winds
 That shake the leaves, and scatter as they pass,
 A fragrance from the cedars, thickly set
 With pale blue berries. In these peaceful shades—
 Peaceful, unpruned, immeasurably old—
 My thoughts go up the long dim path of years,
 Back to the earliest days of liberty.
- O FREEDOM! thou art not, as poets dream,
 A fair young girl, with light and delicate limbs,
 And wavy tresses gushing from the cap
 With which the Roman master crowned his slave

When he took off the gyves. A bearded man, Armed to the teeth, art thou; one mailéd hand Grasps the broad shield, and one the sword; thy brow, Glorious in beauty though it be, is scarred With tokens of old wars; thy massive limbs Are strong with struggling. Power at thee has launched His bolts, and with his lightnings smitten thee; They could not quench the life thou hast from heaven.

- 3. Merciless power has dug thy dungeon deep,
 And his swart armorers, by a thousand fires,
 Have forged thy chain; yet, while he deems thee bound,
 The links are shivered, and the prison walls
 Fall outward; terribly thou springest forth,
 As springs the flame above a burning pile,
 And shoutest to the nations, who return
 Thy shoutings, while the pale oppressor flies.
- 4. Thy birthright was not given by human hands: Thou wert twin-born with man. In pleasant fields, While yet our race was few, thou sat'st with him, To tend the quiet flock and watch the stars, And teach the reed to utter simple airs.
- 5. Thou by his side, amid the tangled wood, Didst war upon the panther and the wolf, His only foes; and thou with him didst draw The earliest furrow on the mountain side, Soft with the deluge. Tyranny himself, Thy enemy, although of reverend look; Hoary with many years, and far obeyed, Is later born than thou; and as he meets The grave defiance of thine elder eye, The usurper trembles in his fastnesses.
- 6. Thou shalt wax stronger with the lapse of years, But he shall fade into a feebler age; Feebler, yet subtler. He shall weave his snares, And spring them on thy careless steps, and clap His withered hands, and from their ambush call His hordes to fall upon thee. He shall send Quaint maskers, wearing fair and gallant forms, To catch thy gaze, and uttering graceful words To charm thy ear; while his sly imps, by stealth,

Twine round thee threads of steel, light thread on thread, That grow to fetters, or bind down thy arms With chains concealed in chaplets.

Mayst thou unbrace thy corslet, nor lay by
Thy sword, nor yet, O Freedom! close thy lids
In slumber; for thine enemy never sleeps,
And thou must watch and combat till the day
Of the new earth and Heaven. But would'st thou rest
Awhile from tumult and the frauds of men,
These old and friendly solitudes invite
Thy visit. They, while yet the forest trees
Were young upon the unviolated earth,
And yet the moss stains on the rock were new,
Beheld thy glorious childhood, and rejoiced.

IX.—THE MAN WITHOUT A COUNTRY.

EDWARD EVERETT HALE.

- 1. What Burr meant to do I know no more than you, dear reader. It is none of our business just now. Only, when the grand catastrophe came, one and another of the Colonels and Majors were tried, and, to fill out the list, little Nolan, against whom, Heaven knows, there was evidence enough,—that he was sick of the service, had been willing to be false to it, and would have obeyed any order to march any-whither with any one who would follow him, had the order only been signed, "By command of His Exc. A. Burr." The courts dragged on.
- 2. The big flies escaped—rightly, for all I know. Nolan was proved guilty enough, as I say; yet you and I would never have heard of him, reader, but that, when the President of the Court asked him at the close whether he wished to say anything to show that he had always been faithful to the United States, he cried out, with a tremendous oath,—
 - "I wish I may never hear of the United States again!"
 - 3. I suppose he did not know how the words shocked

old Colonel Morgan, who was holding the court. Half the officers who sat in it had served through the Revolution, and their lives, not to say their necks, had been risked for the very idea which he so cavalierly cursed in his madness.

He never did hear her name but once again. From that moment, September 23, 1807, till the day he died, May 11, 1863, he never heard her name again. For that half-century and more he was a man without a country.

- 4. Old Morgan, as I said, was terribly shocked. If Nolan had compared George Washington to Benedict Arnold, or had cried, "God save King George," Morgan would not have felt worse. He called the court into his private room, and returned in fifteen minutes, with a face like a sheet, to say,—
- "Prisoner, hear the sentence of the Court! The Court decides, subject to the approval of the President, that you never hear the name of the United States again."
- 5. Nolan laughed. But nobody else laughed. Old Morgan was too solemn, and the whole room was hushed dead as night for a minute. Even Nolan lost his swagger in a moment. Then Morgan added,—
- "Mr. Marshal, take the prisoner to New Orleans in an armed boat, and deliver him to the naval commander there."
- 6. The plan then adopted was substantially the same which was necessarily followed ever after. Perhaps it was suggested by the necessity of sending him by water from Fort Adams and Orleans. The Secretary of the Navy—it must have been the first Crowninshield, though he is a man I do not remember—was requested to put Nolan on board a government vessel bound on a long cruise, and to direct that he should be only so far confined there as to make it certain that he never saw or heard of the country.
- 7. He was not permitted to talk with the men unless an officer was by. With officers he had unrestrained intercourse, as far as they and he chose. But he grew shy, though he had favorites. I was one. Then the Captain

always asked him to dinner on Monday. Every mess in succession took up the invitation in its turn. According to the size of the ship, you had him at your mess more or less often at dinner.

- 8. His breakfast he ate in his own state-room—he always had a state-room—which was where a sentinel or somebody on the watch could see the door. And whatever else he ate or drank, he ate or drank alone. Sometimes, when the marines or sailors had any special jollification, they were permitted to invite "Plain-Buttons," as they called him. Then Nolan was sent with some officer, and the men were forbidden to speak of home while he was there.
- 9. I believe the theory was that the sight of his punishment did them good. They called him "Plain-Buttons," because, while he always chose to wear a regulation armyuniform, he was not permitted to wear the army-button, for the reason that it bore either the initials or the insignia of the country he had disowned.
- 10. I remember, soon after I joined the navy, I was on shore with some of the older officers from our ship and from the Brandywine, which we had met at Alexandria. We had leave to make a party and go up to Cairo and the Pyramids. As we jogged along (you went on donkeys then), some of the gentlemen (we boys called them "Dons," but the phrase has long since changed) fell to talking about Nolan, and some one told the system which was adopted from the first about his books and other reading.
- 11. As he was almost never permitted to go on shore, even though the vessel lay in port for months, his time, at the best, hung heavy; and everybody was permitted to lend him books if they were not published in America and made no allusion to it. These were common enough in the old days, when people in the other hemisphere talked of the United States as little as we do of Paraguay.
- 12. He had almost all the foreign papers that came into the ship, sooner or later; only somebody must go over

them first, and cut out any advertisement or stray paragraph that alluded to America. This was a little cruel sometimes, when the back of what was cut out might be as innocent as Hesiod. Right in the midst of one of Napoleon's battles, or one of Canning's speeches, poor Nolan would find a great hole, because on the back of the page of that paper there had been an advertisement of a packet for New York, or a scrap from the President's message.

- 13. I say this was the first time I ever heard of this plan, which afterwards I had enough, and more than enough, to do with. I remember it, because poor Phillips, who was of the party, as soon as the allusion to reading was made, told a story of something which happened at the Cape of Good Hope on Nolan's first voyage; and it is the only thing I ever knew of that voyage.
- 14. They had touched at the Cape, and had done the civil thing with the English Admiral and the fleet, and then, leaving for a long cruise up the Indian Ocean, Phillips had borrowed a lot of English books from an officer, which, in those days, as indeed in these, was quite a windfall. Among them, as ill luck would have it, was the "Lay of the Last Minstrel," which they had all of them heard of, but which most of them had never seen.
- Well, nobody thought there could be any risk of anything national in that, though Phillips declared old Shaw had cut out the "Tempest" from Shakespeare before he let Nolan have it, because he said "the Bermudas ought to be ours, and should be one day." So Nolan was permitted to join the circle one afternoon when a lot of them sat on deck smoking and reading aloud. People don't do such things so often now; but when I was young we got rid of a great deal of time so.
 - 16. Well, so it happened that in his turn Nolan took the book and read to the others; and he read very well, as I know. Nobody in the circle knew a line of the poem, only it was all magic and Border chivalry, and was ten

thousand years ago. Poor Nolan read steadily through the fifth canto, stopped a minute and drank something, and then began, without a thought of what was coming,—

"Breathes there the man, with soul so dead, Who never to himself hath said—"

17. It seems impossible to us that anybody ever heard this for the first time; but all these fellows did then, and poor Nolan himself went on, still unconsciously or mechanically,—

"This is my own, my native land!"

Then they all saw something was to pay; but he expected to get through, I suppose, turned a little pale, but plunged on,—

"Whose heart hath ne'er within him burned,
As home his footsteps he hath turned
From wandering on a foreign strand?—
If such there breathe, go, mark him well—"

18. By this time the men were all beside themselves, wishing there was any way to make him turn over two pages; but he had not quite presence of mind for that; he gagged a little, colored crimson, and staggered on,—

"For him no minstrel raptures swell;
High though his titles, proud his name,
Boundless his wealth as wish can claim,
Despite those titles, power and pelf,
The wretch, concentred all in self—"

and here the poor fellow choked, could not go on, but started up, swung the book into the sea, vanished into his state-room, "And," said Phillips, "we did not see him for two months again. And I had to make up some beggarly story to that English surgeon why I did not return his Walter Scott to him."

19. It may have been on that second cruise—it was once when he was up the Mediterranean—that Mrs. Graff, the celebrated Southern beauty of those days, danced with

him. They had been lying a long time in the Bay of Naples, and the officers were very intimate in the English fleet, and there had been great festivities, and our men thought they must give a great ball on board the ship.

- 20. As the dancing went on, Nolan and our fellows all got at ease—so much so, that it seemed quite natural for him to bow to that splendid Mrs. Graff, and say,—
- "I hope you have not forgotten me, Miss Rutledge. Shall I have the honor of dancing?"
- 21. He did it so quickly, that Fellows, who was by him, could not hinder him. She laughed, and said,—
- "I am not Miss Rutledge any longer, Mr. Nolan, but I will dance all the same," just nodded to Fellows, as if to say he must leave Mr. Nolan to her, and led him off to the place where the dance was forming.
- 22. Nolan thought he had got his chance. He had known her at Philadelphia, and at other places had met her, and this was a godsend. You could not talk in contradances, as you do in cotillons, or even in the pauses of waltzing; but there were chances for tongues and sounds, as well as for eyes and blushes. He began with her travels, and Europe, and Vesuvius, and the French; and then, when they had worked down, and had that long talking-time at the bottom of the set, he said boldly—a little pale, she said, as she told me the story, years after,—
- 23. "And what do you hear from home, Mrs. Graff?"
 And that splendid creature looked through him. How
 she must have looked through him!
- "Home! Mr. Nolan! I thought you were the man who never wanted to hear of home again!"—And she walked directly up the deck to her husband, and left poor Nolan alone, as he always was. He did not dance again.

X.—WASHINGTON.

JAMES RUSSELL LOWELL.

- O, for a drop of that terse Roman's ink
 Who gave Agricola dateless length of days,
 To celebrate him fitly, neither swerve
 To phrase unkempt, nor pass discretion's brink,
 With him so statuelike in sad reserve,
 So diffident to claim, so forward to deserve!
 Nor need I shun due influence of his fame
 Who, mortal among mortals, seemed as now
 The equestrian shape with unimpassioned brow,
 That paces silent on through vistas of acclaim.
- 2. What figure more immovably august
 Than that grave strength so patient and so pure,
 Calm in good fortune, when it wavered, sure,
 That soul serene, impenetrably just,
 Modeled on classic lines so simple they endure?
 That soul so softly radiant and so white
 The track it left seems less of fire than light,
 Cold but to such as love distemperature?
- 3. And if pure light, as some deem, be the force
 That drives rejoicing planets on their course,
 Why for his power benign seek an impurer source?
 His was the true enthusiasm that burns long,
 Domestically bright,
 Fed from itself and shy of human sight,
 The hidden force that makes a lifetime strong,
 And not the shortlived fuel of a song.
- 4. Passionless, say you? What is passion for But to sublime our natures and control To front heroic toils with late return, Or none, or such as shames the conqueror? That fire was fed with substance of the soul And not with holiday stubble, that could burn Through seven slow years of unadvancing war, Equal when fields were lost or fields were won, With breath of popular applause or blame, Nor fanned nor damped, unquenchably the same, Too inward to be reached by flaws of idle fame,

- 5. Soldier and statesman, rarest unison, High-poised example of great duties done Simply as breathing, a world's honors worn As life's indifferent gifts to all men born; Dumb for himself, unless it were to God, But for his barefoot soldiers eloquent, Tramping the snows to coral where they trod, Held by his awe in hollow-eyed content;
- 6. Modest, yet firm as Nature's self; unblamed Save by the men his nobler temper shamed; Not honored then or now because he wooed The popular voice, but that he still withstood; Broad-minded, higher souled, there is but one Who was all this and ours, and all men's,— Washington.
- 7. Minds strong by fits, irregularly great,
 That flash and darken like revolving lights,
 Catch more the vulgar eye unschooled to wait
 On the long curve of patient days and nights,
 Rounding a whole life to the circle fair
 Of orbed completeness; and this balanced soul,
 So simple in its grandeur, coldly bare
 Of draperies theatric, standing there
 In perfect symmetry of self-control,
 Seems not so great at first, but greater grows
 Still as we look, and by experience learn
 How grand this quiet is, how nobly stern
 The discipline that wrought through lifelong throes
 This energetic passion of repose.
- 8. A nature too decorous and severe,
 Too self-respectful in its griefs and joys,
 For ardent girls and boys
 Who find no genius in a mind so clear
 That its grave depths seem obvious and near,
 Nor a soul great that made so little noise.
 They feel no force in that calm cadenced phrase,
 The habitual full dress of his well-bred mind,
 That seems to pace the minuet's courtly maze
 And tell of ampler leisure, roomier length of days.
- 9. His broad-built brain, to self so little kind That no tumultuary blood could blind,

Formed to control men, not amaze, Looms not like those that borrow height of haze: It was a world of statelier movement then Than this we fret in, he a denizen Of that ideal Rome that made a man for men.

XI.—STORY OF ALNASCHAR.—THE VANITY OF UNREASONABLE HOPES.

JOSEPH ADDISON.

- 1. Alnaschar, says the fable, was a very idle fellow, that would never set his hand to any business during his father's life. When his father died, he left him to the value of a hundred drachmas in Persian money. Alnaschar, in order to make the best of it, laid it out in glasses, bottles, and the finest earthenware. These he piled in a large open basket, and, having made choice of a very little shop, placed the basket at his feet, and leaned his back upon the wall, in expectation of customers.
- 2. As he sat in this posture, with his eyes upon the basket, he fell into a most amusing train of thought, and was overheard by one of his neighbors, as he talked to himself in the following manner:

"This basket," says he, "cost me at the wholesale merchant's a hundred drachmas, which is all I have in the world. I shall quickly make two hundred of it, by selling it in retail.

- 3. "These two hundred drachmas will in a very little while rise to four hundred, which of course, will amount in time to four thousand. Four thousand drachmas can not fail of making eight thousand. As soon as by these means I am master of ten thousand, I will lay aside my trade of a glassman, and turn jeweler. I shall then deal in diamonds, pearls, and all sorts of rich stones.
- 4. "When I have got together as much wealth as I well can desire, I will make a purchase of the finest house

I can find, with lands, slaves, and horses. I shall then begin to enjoy myself and make a noise in the world. I will not, however, stop here, but still continue my traffic, until I have got together a hundred thousand drachmas.

- 5. "When I have thus made myself master of a hundred thousand drachmas, I shall naturally set myself on the footing of a prince, and will demand the grand vizier's daughter in marriage, after having represented to that minister the information which I have received of the beauty, wit, discretion, and other high qualities which his daughter possesses. I will let him know at the same time, that it is my intention to make him a present of a thousand pieces of gold on our marriage night.
- 6. "As soon as I have married the grand vizier's daughter, I will buy her ten black slaves, the youngest and the best that can be got for money. I must afterwards make my father-in-law a visit, with a great train and equipage. And when I am placed at his right hand, which he will do of course, if it be only to honor his daughter, I will give him the thousand pieces of gold which I promised him; and afterwards, to his great surprise, will present him with another purse of the same value, with some short speech, as, 'Sir, you see I am a man of my word; I always give more than I promise.'
- 7. "When I have brought the princess to my house, I shall take particular care to train her to a due respect for me. To this end I shall confine her to her own apartment, make her a short visit, and talk but little to her. Her women will represent to me that she is inconsolable by reason of my unkindness, and beg me with tears to love her, and let her sit down by me; but I shall still remain inexorable.
- 8. "Her mother will then come and bring her daughter to me, as I am seated upon my sofa. The daughter, with tears in her eyes, will fling herself at my feet, and beg of me to receive her into my favor. Then will I, to imprint in her a thorough veneration for my person, draw up my

legs and spurn her from me with my foot, in such a manner that she shall fall down several paces from the sofa."

9. Alnaschar was entirely swallowed up in this chimerical vision, and could not forbear acting with his foot what he had in his thoughts; so that unluckily striking his basket of brittle ware, which was the foundation of all his grandeur, he kicked his glasses to a great distance from him into the street, and broke them into ten thousand pieces.

XII.—THE UNIVERSAL PRAYER.

ALEXANDER POPE.

- Father of all! in every age,
 In every clime adored,
 By saint, by savage, and by sage,
 Jehovah, Jove, or Lord!
- Thou Great First Cause, least understood; Who all my sense confined
 To know but this, that thou art good, And that myself am blind;
- Yet gave me, in this dark estate,
 To see the good from ill;
 And, binding Nature fast in Fate,
 Left free the human will;
- What conscience dictates to be done,
 Or warns me not to do,
 This, teach me more than hell to shun,
 That, more than heaven pursue.
- 5. What blessings thy free bounty gives, Let me not cast away; For God is paid when man receives: To enjoy is to obey.
- Yet not to earth's contracted span
 Thy goodness let me bound,
 Or think thee Lord alone of man,
 When thousand worlds are round.

- Let not this weak, unknowing hand Presume thy bolts to throw,
 And deal damnation round the land,
 On each I judge thy foe.
- If I am right, thy grace impart, Still in the right to stay:
 If I am wrong, O teach my heart To find that better way.
- Save me alike from foolish pride, Or impious discontent, At aught Thy wisdom has denied, Or aught Thy goodness lent.
- Teach me to feel another's woe,
 To hide the fault I see:
 That mercy I to others show,
 That mercy show to me.
- Mean though I am, not wholly so, Since quicken'd by thy breath;
 O lead me, wheresoe'er I go, Through this day's life or death.
- 12. This day, be bread and peace my lot; All else beneath the sun, Thou know'st if best bestowed or not, And let Thy will be done.
- 13. To Thee, whose temple is all space, Whose altar, earth, sea, skies! One chorus let all beings raise! All Nature's incense rise!

XIII.—QUEEN ELIZABETH'S ANGER AT LEICESTER.

WALTER SCOTT.

1. Upon entrance, Tressilian found himself, not without a strong palpitation of heart, in the presence of Elizabeth, who was walking to and fro in a violent agitation, which she seemed to scorn to conceal, while two or three of her most sage and confidential counselors exchanged

anxious looks with one another, but delayed speaking till her wrath had abated.

- 2. Before the empty chair of state, in which she had been seated, and which was half pushed aside by the violence with which she had started from it, knelt Leicester, his arms crossed, and his brows bent on the ground, still and motionless as the effigies upon a sepulcher. Beside him stood the Lord Shrewsbury, then Earl Marshal of England, holding his baton of office. The Earl's sword was unbuckled, and lay before him on the floor.
- 3. "Ho, sir," said the Queen, coming close up to Tressilian, and stamping on the floor with the action and manner of Henry himself; "you knew of this fair work—you are an accomplice in this deception which has been practiced on us—you have been a main cause of our doing injustice?" Tressilian dropped on his knee before the Queen, his good sense showing him the risk of attempting any defense at that moment of irritation.
- 4. "Art dumb, sirrah!" she continued; "thou know'st of this affair dost thou not?"
- "Not, gracious madam, that this poor lady was Countess of Leicester."
- "Nor shall any one know her for such," said Elizabeth.

 "Death of my life! Countess of Leicester! I say Dame
 Amy Dudley—and well if she have not cause to write herself widow of the traitor Robert Dudley."
- 5. "Madam," said Leicester, "do with me what it may be your will to do, but work no injury on this gentleman; he hath in no way deserved it."
- "And will he be the better for thy intercession?" said the Queen, leaving Tressilian, who slowly arose, and rushing to Leicester, who continued kneeling, "the better for thy intercession, thou doubly false, thou doubly forsworn?—of thy intercession, whose villainy hath made me ridiculous to my subjects, and odious to myself? I could tear out mine eyes for their blindness."
 - 6. Burleigh here ventured to interpose.

"Madam," he said, "remember that you are a Queen — Queen of England; mother of your people. Give not way to this wild storm of passion."

Elizabeth turned round to him, while a tear actually twinkled in her proud and angry eye. "Burleigh," she said, "thou art a statesman; thou dost not, thou canst not, comprehend half the scorn, half the misery, that man has poured on me!"

- 7. With the utmost caution, with the deepest reverence, Burleigh took her hand at the moment he saw her heart was at the fullest, and led her aside to an oriel window, apart from the others.
- "Madam," he said, "I am a statesman, but I am also a man—a man already grown old in your councils, who have not, and can not have, a wish on earth but your glory and happiness. I pray you to be composed."
- 8. "Ah, Burleigh," said Elizabeth, "thou little knowest"—here her tears fell over her cheek in despite of her.
- "I do, I do know, my honored sovereign. O beware that you lead not others to guess that which they know not!"
- 9. "Ha!" said Elizabeth, pausing as if a new train of thought had suddenly shot across her brain. "Burleigh, thou art right; thou art right. Anything but disgrace; anything but a confession of weakness—anything rather than seem the cheated, slighted,—'s death! to think on it is distraction!"
- "Be but yourself, my Queen," said Burleigh; "and soar far above a weakness which no Englishman will ever believe his Elizabeth could have entertained, unless the violence of her disappointment carries a sad conviction to his bosom."
- 10. "What weakness, my Lord?" said Elizabeth, haughtily; "would you too insinuate that the favor in which I held yonder proud traitor, derived its source from aught—" But here she could no longer sustain the proud tone which she had assumed, and again softened as she

said, "But why should I strive to deceive even thee, my good and wise servant?"

Burleigh stooped to kiss her hand with affection, and — rare in the annals of courts—a tear of true sympathy dropped from the eye of the minister on the hand of his sovereign.

- 11. It is probable that the consciousness of possessing this sympathy, aided Elizabeth in supporting her mortification, and suppressing her extreme resentment; but she was still more moved by fear that her passion should betray to the public the affront and the disappointment, which, alike as a woman and a Queen, she was so anxious to conceal. She turned from Burleigh, and sternly paced the hall till her features had recovered their usual dignity, and her mien its wonted stateliness of regular motion.
- 12. "Our sovereign is her noble self once more," whispered Burleigh to Walsingham; "mark what she does, and take heed you thwart her not."

She then approached Leicester, and said, with calmness, "My Lord Shrewsbury, we discharge you of your prisoner. My Lord of Leicester, rise and take up your sword—a quarter of an hour's restraint, under the custody of our Marshal, my lord, is, we think, no high penance for months of falsehood practiced upon us. We will now hear the progress of this affair." She then seated herself in her chair, and said, "You, Tressilian, step forward, and say what you know."

- 13. Tressilian told his story, generously suppressing as much as he could what affected Leicester, and saying nothing of their having twice actually fought together. It is very probable that, in doing so, he did the Earl good service; for had the Queen at that instant found anything on account of which she might vent her wrath upon him, without laying open sentiments of which she was ashamed, it might have fared hard with him. She paused when Tressilian had finished his tale.
- 14. "We will take that Wayland," she said, "into our

own service, and place the boy in our Secretary-office for instruction, that he may in future use discretion towards letters. For you, Tressilian, you did wrong in not communicating the whole truth to us, and your promise not to do so was both imprudent and undutiful. Yet, having given your word to this unhappy lady, it was the part of a man and a gentleman to keep it; and on the whole, we esteem you for the character you have sustained in this matter. My Lord of Leicester, it is now your turn to tell us the truth, an exercise to which you seem of late to have been too much a stranger."

- 15. Accordingly she extorted, by successive questions, the whole history of his first acquaintance with Amy Robsart; their marriage; his jealousy; the causes on which it was founded, and many particulars besides. Leicester's confession, for such it might be called, was wrenched from him piece-meal, yet was, upon the whole, accurate, excepting that he totally omitted to mention that he had, by implication, or otherwise, assented to Varney's designs upon the life of his Countess.
- 16. Yet the consciousness of this was what at that moment lay nearest his heart; and although he trusted in great measure to the very positive counter-orders which he had sent by Lambourne, it was his purpose to set out for Cumnor-Place, in person, as soon as he should be dismissed from the presence of the Queen, who, he concluded, would presently leave Kenilworth.
- 17. But the Earl reckoned without his host. It is true, his presence and his communications were gall and wormwood to his once partial mistress. But, barred from every other and more direct mode of revenge, the Queen perceived that she gave her false suitor torture by these inquiries, and dwelt on them for that reason, no more regarding the pain which she herself experienced, than the savage cares for the searing of his own hands by grasping the hot pincers with which he tears the flesh of his captive enemy.

- 18. At length, however, the haughty lord, like a deer that turns to bay, gave intimation that his patience was failing. "Madam," he said, "I have been much to blame more than even your just resentment has expressed. Yet, madam, let me say, that my guilt, if it be unpardonable, was not unprovoked; and that, if beauty and condescending dignity could seduce the frail heart of a human being, I might plead both, as the cause of my concealing this secret from your Majesty."
- 19. The Queen was so much struck by this reply, which Leicester took care should be heard by no one but herself, that she was for the moment silenced, and the Earl had the temerity to pursue his advantage. "Your Grace, who has pardoned so much, will excuse my throwing myself upon your royal mercy for those expressions, which were yestermorning accounted but a light offense."
- 20. The Queen fixed her eyes upon him while she replied, "Now, by Heaven, my lord, thy effrontery passes the bounds of belief as well as patience! But it shall avail thee nothing. What, ho! my lords, come all and hear the news. My Lord of Leicester's stolen marriage has cost me a husband and England a King. His lordship is patriarchal in his tastes—one wife at a time was insufficient, and he designed us the honor of his left hand.
- 21. "Now, is not this too insolent,—that I could not grace him with a few marks of court-favor, but he must presume to think my hand and crown at his disposal? You, however, think better of me, and I can pity this ambitious man as I could a child, whose bubble of soap has burst between his hands. We go to the presence-chamber. My Lord of Leicester, we command your close attendance on us."
- 22. All was eager expectation in the hall, and what was the universal astonishment, when the Queen said to those next her, "The revels of Kenilworth are not yet exhausted, my lords and ladies—we are to solemnize the noble owner's marriage."

There was a universal expression of surprise.

- 23. "It is true, on our royal word," said the Queen; "he hath kept this a secret even from us, that he might surprise us with it at this very place and time. I see you are dying of curiosity to know the happy bride—it is Amy Robsart, the same who, to make up the May-game yesterday, figured in the pageant as the wife of his servant Varney."
- 24. "For God's sake, madam," said the Earl, approaching her with a mixture of humility, vexation, and shame in his countenance, and speaking so low as to be heard by no one else, "take my head, as you threatened in your anger, and spare me these taunts! Urge not a falling man—tread not on a crushed worm."
- "A worm, my lord?" said the Queen, in the same tone; "nay, a snake is the nobler reptile, and the more exact similitude the frozen snake you wot of, which was warmed in a certain bosom —"
- 25. "For your own sake, for mine, madam," said the Earl, "while there is yet some reason left in me—"
- "Speak aloud, my lord," said Elizabeth, "and at farther distance, so please you—your breath thaws our ruff. What have you to ask of us?"
- "Permission," said the unfortunate Earl, humbly, "to travel to Cumnor-Place."
- 26. "To fetch home your bride belike? Why, ay, that is but right; for, as we have heard, she is indifferently cared for there. But, my lord, you go not in person we have counted on passing certain days in this castle of Kenilworth, and it were slight courtesy to leave us without a landlord during our residence here. Under your favor, we can not think to incur such a disgrace in the eyes of our subjects.
- 27. "Tressilian shall go to Cumnor-Place instead of you, and with him some gentleman who hath been sworn of our chamber, lest my Lord of Leicester should be again

jealous of his old rival. Whom wouldst thou have to be in commission with thee, Tressilian?"

Tressilian, with humble deference, suggested the name of Raleigh.

28. "Why, ay," said the Queen; "so God ha' me, thou hast made a good choice. He is a young knight besides, and to deliver a lady from prison is an appropriate first adventure. Cumnor-Place is little better than a prison, you are to know, my lords and ladies. Besides, there are certain traitors there whom we would willingly have in fast keeping. You will furnish them, Master Secretary, with the warrant necessary to secure the bodies of Richard Varney and the foreign Alasco, dead or alive. Take a sufficient force with you, gentlemen — bring the lady here in all honor,—lose no time, and God be with you!"

29. They bowed and left the presence.

Who shall describe how the rest of that day was spent at Kenilworth? The Queen, who seemed to have remained there for the sole purpose of mortifying and taunting the Earl of Leicester, showed herself as skillful in that female art of vengeance, as she was in the science of wisely governing her people.

30. The train of state soon caught the signal, and, as he walked among his own splendid preparations, the Lord of Kenilworth, in his own castle, already experienced the lot of a disgraced courtier, in the slight regard and cold manners of alienated friends, and the ill-concealed triumph of avowed and open enemies. Sussex, from his natural military frankness of disposition, Burleigh and Walsingham, from their penetrating and prospective sagacity, and some of the ladies, from the compassion of their sex, were the only ones in the crowded court who retained towards him the countenance they had borne in the morning.

XIV.—REAL ESTATE.

J. T. TROWBRIDGE.

- The pleasant grounds are greenly turfed and graded,
 A sturdy porter waiteth at the gate;
 The graceful avenues, serenely shaded,
 And curving paths, are interlaced and braided
 In many a maze around my fair estate.
- Here blooms the early hyacinth, and clover
 And amaranth and myrtle wreathe the ground;
 The pensive lily leans her pale cheek over;
 And hither comes the bee, light-hearted rover,
 Wooing the sweet-breathed flowers with soothing sound.
- Intwining, in their manifold digressions,
 Lands of my neighbors, wind these peaceful ways.
 The masters, coming to their calm possessions,
 Followed in solemn state by long processions,
 Make quiet journeys, these still Summer days.
- 4. This is my freehold! Elms and fringy larches, Maples and pines, and stately firs of Norway, Build round me their green pyramids and arches; Sweetly the robin sings, while slowly marches The owner's escort to his open doorway.
- O, sweetly sing the robin and the sparrow!
 But the pale tenant very silent rides.
 A low green roof receiveth him,—so narrow
 His hollowed tenement, a school-boy's arrow
 Might span the space betwixt its grassy sides.
- 6. The flowers around him ring their wind-swung chalices, A great bell tolls the pageant's slow advance. The poor alike, and lords of parks and palaces, From all their busy schemes, their fears and fallacies, Find here their rest and sure inheritance.
- 7. No more hath Cæsar or Sardanapalus!
 Of all our wide dominions, soon or late,
 Only a fathom's space can aught avail us;
 This is the heritage that shall not fail us:
 Here man at last comes to his Real Estate.

- 8. Secure to him and to his heirs forever!

 Nor wealth nor want shall vex his spirit more.

 Treasures of hope and love and high endeavor
 Follow their blest proprietor; but never

 Could pomp or riches pass this little door.
- Flatterers attend him, but alone he enters,—
 Shakes off the dust of earth, no more to roam.
 His trial ended, sealed his soul's indentures,
 The wanderer, weary from his long adventures,
 Beholds the peace of his eternal home.
- 10. Lo, more than life Man's great Estate comprises! While for the earthly corner of his mansion A little nook in shady Time suffices, The rainbow-pillared heavenly roof arises Ethereal in limitless expansion!

XV.—THE VISION OF MIRZA.—THE PICTURE OF HUMAN LIFE.

JOSEPH ADDISON.

- 1. On the fifth day of the moon, which, according to the custom of my forefathers, I always keep holy, after having washed myself, and offered up my morning devotions, I ascended the high hills of Bagdat, in order to pass the rest of the day in meditation and prayer. As I was here airing myself on the tops of the mountains, I fell into a profound contemplation on the vanity of human life; and passing from one thought to another, "Surely," said I, "man is but a shadow, and life a dream."
- 2. Whilst I was thus musing, I cast my eyes towards the summit of a rock that was not far from me, where I discovered one in the habit of a shepherd, with a little musical instrument in his hand. As I looked upon him he applied it to his lips, and began to play upon it.
- 3. The sound of it was exceeding sweet, and wrought into a variety of tunes that were inexpressibly melodious, and altogether different from anything I had ever heard.

They put me in mind of those heavenly airs that are played to the departed souls of good men upon their first arrival in Paradise, to wear out the impressions of the last agonies, and qualify them for the pleasures of that happy place. My heart melted away in secret raptures.

- 4. I had often been told that the rock before me was the haunt of a Genius; and that several had been entertained with music who had passed by it, but never heard that the musician had before made himself visible.
- 5. When he had raised my thoughts by those transporting airs which he played, to taste the pleasures of his conversation, as I looked upon him like one astonished, he beckoned to me, and by the waving of his hand directed me to approach the place where he sat.
- 6. I drew near with that reverence which is due to a superior nature; and as my heart was entirely subdued by the captivating strains I had heard, I fell down at his feet and wept. The Genius smiled upon me with a look of compassion and affability that familiarized him to my imagination, and at once dispelled all the fears and apprehensions with which I approached him. He lifted me from the ground, and taking me by the hand, "Mirza," said he, "I have heard thee in thy soliloquies; follow me."
- 7. He then led me to the highest pinnacle of the rock, and placing me on the top of it, "Cast thy eyes eastward," said he, "and tell me what thou seest." "I see," said I, "a huge valley, and a prodigious tide of water rolling through it." "The valley that thou seest," said he, "is the Vale of Misery, and the tide of water that thou seest is a part of the great tide of eternity."
- 8. "What is the reason," said I, "that the tide I see rises out of a thick mist at one end, and again loses itself in a thick mist at the other?" "What thou seest," said he, "is that portion of eternity which is called time, measured out by the sun, and reaching from the beginning of the world to its consummation."
 - 9. "Examine now," said he, "this sea, that is bounded

with darkness at both ends, and tell me what thou discoverest in it." "I see a bridge," said I, "standing in the midst of the tide." "The bridge thou seest," said he, "is human life; consider it attentively." Upon a more leisurely survey of it, I found that it consisted of three score and ten entire arches, with several broken arches, which, added to those that were entire, made up the number to about a hundred.

- 10. As I was counting the arches, the Genius told me that this bridge consisted at first of a thousand arches; but that a great flood swept away the rest, and left the bridge in the ruinous condition I now beheld it. "But tell me farther," said he, "what thou discoverest on it." "I see multitudes of people passing over it," said I, "and a black cloud hanging on each end of it."
- 11. As I looked more attentively, I saw several of the passengers dropping through the bridge into the great tide that flowed underneath it; and upon farther examination, perceived there were innumerable trap-doors that lay concealed in the bridge, which the passengers no sooner trod upon, but they fell through them into the tide, and immediately disappeared.
- 12. These hidden pit-falls were set very thick at the entrance of the bridge, so that throngs of people no sooner broke through the cloud, but many of them fell into them. They grew thinner towards the middle, but multiplied and lay closer together towards the end of the arches that were entire.
- 13. There were indeed some persons, but their number was very small, that continued a kind of hobbling march on the broken arches, but fell through one after another, being quite tired and spent with so long a walk.
- 14. I passed some time in the contemplation of this wonderful structure, and the great variety of objects which it presented. My heart was filled with a deep melancholy to see several dropping unexpectedly in the midst of mirth and jollity, and catching at everything that stood by them

to save themselves. Some were looking up towards the heavens in a thoughtful posture, and in the midst of a speculation tumbled and fell out of sight.

- 15. Multitudes were very busy in the pursuit of bubbles that glittered in their eyes and danced before them; but often when they thought themselves within the reach of them, their footing failed and down they sunk. In this confusion of objects, I observed some with scimitars in their hands, who ran to and fro upon the bridge, thrusting several persons on trap-doors which did not seem to lie in their way, and which they might have escaped had they not been thus forced upon them.
- 16. The Genius seeing me indulge myself on this melancholy prospect, told me I had dwelt long enough upon it. "Take thine eyes off the bridge," said he, "and tell me if thou seest anything thou dost not comprehend." Upon looking up, "What mean," said I, "those great flights of birds that are perpetually hovering about the bridge, and settling upon it from time to time?
- 17. "I see vultures, harpies, ravens, cormorants, and among many other feathered creatures several little winged boys, that perch in great numbers upon the middle arches." "These," said the Genius, "are Envy, Avarice, Superstition, Despair, Love, with the like cares and passions that infest human life."
- 18. I here fetched a deep sigh. "Alas," said I, "man was made in vain! how is he given away to misery and mortality! tortured in life and swallowed up in death!" The Genius being moved with compassion towards me, bid me quit so uncomfortable a prospect. "Look no more," said he, "on man in the first stage of his existence, in his setting out for eternity; but cast thine eye upon that thick mist into which the tide bears the several generations of mortals that fall into it."
- 19. I directed my sight as I was ordered, and (whether or no the good Genius strengthened it with any supernatural force, or dissipated part of the mist that was before too

thick for the eye to penetrate,) I saw the valley opening at the farther end, and spreading forth into an immense ocean, that had a huge rock of adamant running through the midst of it, and dividing it into two equal parts.

20. The clouds still rested on one half of it, insomuch that I could discover nothing in it; but the other appeared to me a vast ocean planted with innumerable islands, that were covered with fruits and flowers, and interwoven with a thousand little shining seas that ran among them.

- 21. I could see persons dressed in glorious habits with garlands upon their heads; passing among the trees, lying down by the sides of fountains, or resting on beds of flowers; and could hear a confused harmony of singing birds, falling waters, human voices and musical instruments.
- 22. Gladness grew in me upon the discovery of so delightful a scene. I wished for the wings of an eagle, that I might fly away to those happy seats; but the Genius told me there was no passage to them except through the gates of death that I saw opening every moment upon the bridge.
- 23. "The islands," said he, "that lie so fresh and green before thee, and with which the whole face of the ocean appears spotted as far as thou canst see, are more in number than the sands on the sea-shore; there are myriads of islands behind those that thou discoverest, reaching farther than thine eye, or even thine imagination, can extend itself.
- 24. "These are the mansions of good men after death, who, according to the degree and kinds of virtue in which they excelled, are distributed among these several islands, which abound with pleasures of different kinds and degrees, suitable to the relishes and perfections of those who are settled in them; every island is a Paradise accommodated to its respective inhabitants.
- 25. "Are not these, O Mirza, habitations worth contending for? Does life appear miserable, that gives the opportunity of earning such a reward? Is death to be feared, that will convey thee to so happy an existence?

Think not man was made in vain who has such an eternity reserved for him."

- 26. I gazed with inexpressible pleasure on these happy islands. At length, said I, "Show me now, I beseech thee, the secrets that lie hid under those dark clouds which cover the ocean on the other side of the rock of adamant."
- 27. The Genius making me no answer, I turned me about to address myself to him a second time, but found that he had left me. I then turned again to the vision which I had been so long contemplating; but, instead of the rolling tide, the arched bridge, and the happy islands, I saw nothing but the long, hollow valley of Bagdat, with oxen, sheep, and camels, grazing upon the sides of it.

XVI. - THE BRIDGE OF SIGHS.

THOMAS HOOD.

- One more unfortunate, Weary of breath, Rashly importunate, Gone to her death.
- Take her up tenderly, Lift her with care; Fashioned so slenderly, Young, and so fair!
- 3. Look at her garments
 Clinging like cerements;
 Whilst the wave constantly
 Drips from her clothing;
 Take her up instantly;
 Loving, not loathing.
- Touch her not scornfully;
 Think of her mournfully,
 Gently and humanly;
 Not of the stains of her,
 All that remains of her
 Now is pure womanly.

- Make no deep scrutiny
 Into her mutiny
 Rash and undutiful:
 Past all dishonor,
 Death has left on her
 Only the beautiful.
- Still, for all slips of hers,
 One of Eve's family —
 Wipe those poor lips of hers
 Oozing so clammily.
- 7. Loop up her tresses

 Escaped from the comb,

 Her fair auburn tresses;

 Whilst wonderment guesses

 Where was her home?
- 8. Who was her father?
 Who was her mother?
 Had she a sister?
 Had she a brother?
 Or was there a dearer one
 Still, and a nearer one
 Yet, than all other?
- Alas for the rarity
 Of Christian charity
 Under the sun!
 Oh! it was pitiful!
 Near a whole city full,
 Home she had none.
- Sisterly, brotherly,
 Fatherly, motherly
 Feelings had changed:
 Love, by harsh evidence,
 Thrown from its eminence;
 Even God's providence
 Seeming estranged.
- Where the lamps quiver So far in the river, With many a light

From window and casement, From garret to basement, She stood, with amazement, Houseless by night.

- 12. The bleak wind of March
 Made her tremble and shiver;
 But not the dark arch,
 Or the black flowing river:
 Mad from life's history,
 Glad to death's mystery
 Swift to be hurled —
 Anywhere, anywhere
 Out of the world!
- 13. In she plunged boldly,
 No matter how coldly
 The rough river ran,—
 Over the brink of it,
 Picture it—think of it,
 Dissolute Man!
 Lave in it, drink of it,
 Then, if you can!
- 14. Take her up tenderly, Lift her with care; Fashioned so slenderly, Young, and so fair!
- 15. Ere her limbs frigidly Stiffen too rigidly; Decently,— kindly,— Smooth, and compose them; And her eyes, close them, Staring so blindly!
- 16. Dreadfully staring Through muddy impurity, As when with the daring Last look of despairing Fixed on futurity.
- 17. Perishing gloomily, Spurred by contumely

Cold inhumanity,
Burning insanity,
Into her rest.—
Cross her hands humbly,
As if praying dumbly,
Over her breast!

18. Owning her weakness, Her evil behavior, And leaving, with meekness, Her sins to her Savior!

XVII.—THE MAN OF ROSS.—A DIALOGUE BETWEEN THE POET AND HIS FRIEND.

ALEXANDER POPE.

- 1. POET. But all our praises why should lords engross?
 Rise, honest muse! and sing the Man of Ross:
 Pleased Vaga echoes through her winding bounds,
 And rapid Severn hoarse applause resounds.
 Who hung with woods you mountain's sultry brow?
 From the dry rock who bade the waters flow?
 Not to the skies in useless columns toss'd,
 Or in proud falls magnificently lost,
 But clear and artless pouring through the plain,
 Health to the sick, and solace to the swain.
- Whose causeway parts the vale with shady rows?
 Whose seats the weary traveler repose?
 Who taught that heaven-directed spire to rise?
 "The Man of Ross," each lisping babe replies.
 Behold the market-place with poor o'erspread!
 The Man of Ross divides the weekly bread:
 He feeds yon alms-house, neat, but void of state,
 Where age and want sit smiling at the gate:
 Him portioned maids, apprenticed orphans bless'd,
 The young who labor, and the old who rest.
- 3. Is any sick? The Man of Ross relieves, Prescribes, attends, the medicine makes and gives. Is there a variance? enter but his door, Balked are the courts, and contest is no more. Despairing quacks with curses fled the place, And vile attorneys, now a useless race.

- 4. FRIEND. Thrice happy man! enabled to pursue What all so wish, but want the power to do! Say, O what sums that generous hand supply; What mines to swell that boundless charity?
- 5. P. Of debts and taxes, wife and children clear, This man possessed — five hundred pounds a year! Blush, grandeur, blush! proud courts, withdraw your blaze! Ye little stars! hide your diminish'd rays.
- 6. F. And what! no monument, inscription, stone? His race, his form, his name almost unknown?
- 7. P. Who builds a church to God, and not to fame, Will never mark the marble with his name:
 Go, search it there, where to be born and die,
 Of rich and poor makes all the history;
 Enough that virtue filled the space between,
 Proved by the ends of being to have been.

XVIII.—HOUSEKEEPING OF THE PINCHES.

CHAS. DICKENS.

- 1. Pleasant little Ruth! cheerful, tidy, bustling, quiet little Ruth! No doll's house ever yielded greater delight to its young mistress than little Ruth derived from her glorious dominion over the triangular parlor and the two small bedrooms.
- 2. To be Tom's housekeeper,—what dignity! Housekeeping, upon the commonest terms, associates itself with elevated responsibilities of all sorts and kinds; but housekeeping for Tom implied the utmost complication of grave trusts and mighty charges. Well might she take the keys out of the little chiffonier which held the tea and sugar; and out of the two little damp cupboards down by the fireplace, where the very black beetles got moldy, and had the shine taken out of their backs by envious mildew; and jingle them upon a ring before Tom's eyes when he came down to breakfast!
 - 3. Well might she, laughing musically, put them up in

that blessed little pocket of hers with a merry pride! For it was such a grand novelty to be mistress of anything, that if she had been the most relentless and despotic of all little housekeepers, she might have pleaded just that much for her excuse, and have been honorably acquitted.

- 4. So far from being despotic, however, there was a coyness about her very way of pouring out the tea, which Tom quite reveled in. And when she asked him what he would like to have for dinner, and faltered out "chops" as a reasonably good suggestion after their last night's successful supper, Tom grew quite facetious and rallied her desperately.
- 5. "I don't know, Tom," said his sister, blushing, "I am not quite confident, but I think I could make a beefsteak pudding, if I tried, Tom."

"In the whole catalogue of cookery, there is nothing I should like so much as a beefsteak pudding," cried Tom, slapping his leg to give the greater force to this reply.

6. "Yes, dear, that's excellent! But if it should happen not to come quite right the first time," his sister faltered,—"if it should happen not to be a pudding exactly, but should turn out a stew, or a soup, or something of that sort, you'll not be vexed, Tom, will you?"

The serious way in which she looked at Tom, the way in which Tom looked at her, and the way in which she gradually broke into a merry laugh at her own expense, would have enchanted you.

- 7. "Why," said Tom, "this is capital. It gives us a new and quite an uncommon interest in the dinner. We put into a lottery for a beefsteak pudding, and it is impossible to say what we may get. We may make some wonderful discovery, perhaps, and produce such a dish as never was known before."
- 8. "I shall not be at all surprised if we do, Tom," returned his sister, still laughing merrily, "or if it should prove to be such a dish as we shall not feel very anxious to produce again; but the meat must come out of the sauce-

pan at last, somehow or other, you know. We can't cook it into nothing at all; that's a great comfort. So if you like to venture, I will."

- 9. "I have not the least doubt," rejoined Tom, "that it will come out an excellent pudding; or at all events, I am sure that I shall think so. There is naturally something so handy and brisk about you, Ruth, that if you said you could make a bowl of faultless turtle-soup, I should believe you."
- 10. And Tom was right. She was precisely that sort of person. Nobody ought to have been able to resist her coaxing manner; and nobody had any business to try. Yet she never seemed to know it was her manner at all. That was the best of it.
- 11. Well! she washed up the breakfast cups, chatting away the whole time, and telling Tom all sorts of anecdotes about the brass-and-copper foundry; put everything in its place; made the room as neat as herself,—you must not suppose its shape was half as neat as hers, though, or anything like it,—and brushed Tom's old hat round and round and round again, until it was as sleek as Mr. Pecksniff.
- 12. Then she discovered, all in a moment, that Tom's shirt-collar was frayed at the edge; and flying up stairs for a needle and thread, came flying down again with her thimble on, and set it right with wonderful expertness; never once sticking the needle into his face, although she was humming his pet tune from first to last, and beating time with the fingers of her left hand upon his neckcloth.
- 13. She had no sooner done this, than off she was again; and there she stood once more, as brisk and busy as a bee, tying that compact little chin of hers into an equally compact little bonnet; intent on bustling out to the butcher's without a minute's loss of time; and inviting Tom to come and see the steak cut, with his own eyes. As to Tom, he was ready to go anywhere; so off they trotted, arm-in-arm, as nimbly as you please; saying to each other what a quiet

street it was to lodge in, and how very cheap, and what an airy situation.

- 14. To see the butcher slap the steak before he laid it on the block, and give his knife a sharpening, was to forget breakfast instantly. It was agreeable, too,—it really was,—to see him cut it off so smooth and juicy. There was nothing savage in the act, although the knife was large and keen; it was a piece of art, high art; there was delicacy of touch, clearness of tone, skillful handling of the subject, fine shading. It was the triumph of mind over matter, quite.
- 15. Perhaps the greenest cabbage-leaf ever grown in a garden was wrapped about this steak, before it was delivered over to Tom. But the butcher had a sentiment for his business, and knew how to refine upon it. When he saw Tom putting the cabbage-leaf into his pocket awkwardly, he begged to be allowed to do it for him; "for meat," he said, with some emotion, "must be humored, not drove."
- 16. Back they went to the lodgings again, after they had bought some eggs and flour, and such small matters; and I'om sat gravely down to write at one end of the parlor table, while Ruth prepared to make the pudding at the other end; for there was nobody in the house but an old woman (the landlord being a mysterious sort of a man, who went out early in the morning, and was scarcely ever seen); and, saving in mere household drudgery, they waited on themselves.

XIX.—SCENE FROM HENRY THE FOURTH. — HOTSPUR'S RAGE.

Enter Northumberland, Hotspur and Worcester.

Hot. Speak of Mortimer!
Zounds, I will speak of him; and let my soul
Want mercy, if I do not join with him:
Yea, on his part I'll empty all these veins,
And shed my dear blood drop by drop i' the dust,

But I will lift the down-trod Mortimer As high i' the air as this unthankful King, As this ingrate and cankered Bolingbroke.

North. (To Wer.) Brother, the King hath made your nephew mad,

Wor. Who struck this heat up after I was gone?

Hot. He will, forsooth, have all my prisoners;

And when I urged the ransom once again

Of my wife's brother, then his cheek looked pale,

And on my face he turned an eye of death,

Trembling even at the name of Mortimer.

Wor. I can not blame him. Was he not proclaimed,

By Richard that is dead, the next of blood?

North. He was; I heard the proclamation: And then it was, when the unhappy King —

Whose wrongs in us God pardon!—did set forth

Upon his Irish expedition;

From whence he intercepted did return

To be deposed and shortly murderéd.

Wor. And for whose death we in the world's wide mouth Live scandalized and foully spoken of.

Hot. But soft! I pray you; did King Richard then Proclaim my brother Edmund Mortimer Heir to the crown?

North. He did; myself did hear it. Hot. Nay, then I can not blame his cousin King, That wished him on the barren mountains starved. But shall it be, that you, that set the crown Upon the head of this forgetful man, And for his sake wear the detested blot Of murderous subornation, - shall it be, That you a world of curses undergo, Being the agents, or base second means, The cords, the ladder, or the hangman rather? O, pardon me, that I descend so low, To show the line and the predicament Wherein you range under this subtle King! Shall it for shame be spoken in these days, Or fill up chronicles in time to come, That men of your nobility and power Did gage them both in an unjust behalf,-

As both of you, God pardon it! have done,—
To put down Richard, that sweet levely rose,
And plant this thorn, this canker, Bolingbroke?

And shall it in more shame be further spoken, That you are fooled, discarded, and shook off By him for whom these shames ye underwent? No; yet time serves, wherein ye may redeem Your banished honors, and restore yourselves Into the good thoughts of the world again; Revenge the jeering and disdained contempt Of this proud King, who studies day and night To answer all the debt he owes to you, Even with the bloody payment of your deaths. Therefore, I say,——

Wor. Peace, cousin! say no more.

And now will I unclasp a secret book,
And to your quick-conceiving discontents
I'll read you matter deep and dangerous;
As full of peril and adventurous spirit
As to o'erwalk a current roaring loud
On the unsteadfast footing of a spear.

Hot. If he fall in, good night, or sink or swim!—Send danger from the East unto the West, So honor cross it from the North to South, And let them grapple. O, the blood more stirs To rouse a lion than to start a hare!

North. Imagination of some great exploit Drives him beyond the bounds of patience.

Hot. By Heaven, methinks it were an easy leap To pluck bright honor from the pale-faced moon; Or dive into the bottom of the deep, Where fathom-line could never touch the ground, And pluck up drownéd honor by the locks, So he that doth redeem her thence might wear Without corrival all her dignities:

But out upon this half-faced fellowship!

Wor. He apprehends a world of figures here, But not the form of what he should attend.—Good cousin, give me audience for a while.

Hot. I cry you mercy.

Wor. Those same noble Scots

That are your prisoners,—

Hot. I'll keep them all:
By Heaven, he shall not have a Scot of them;

No, if a Scot would save his soul, he shall not; I'll keep them, by this hand.

Wor. You start away,

And lend no ear unto my purposes.

Those prisoners you shall keep;— *Hot.* Nay, I will; that's flat.

He said he would not ransom Mortimer; Forbade my tongue to speak of Mortimer;

But I will find him when he lies asleep, And in his ear I'll holla Mortimer!

Nay,

I'll have a starling shall be taught to speak Nothing but Mortimer, and give it him, To keep his anger still in motion.

Wor. Hear you, cousin; a word.

Hot. All studies here I solemnly defy, Save how to gall and pinch this Bolingbroke:

And that same sword and buckler Prince of Wales,

But that I think his father loves him not,

And would be glad he met with some mischance,

I'd have him poisoned with a pot of ale.

Wor. Farewell, kinsman: I will talk to you

When you are better tempered to attend.

North. Why what a wasp-stung and impatient fool Art thou, to break into this woman's mood,

Tying thine ear to no tongue but thine own!

Hot. Why, look you, I am whipped and scourged with rods, Nettled, and stung with pismires, when I hear

Of this vile politician, Bolingbroke.

In Richard's time, — what do you call the place?

A plague upon 't! it is in Glostershire; -

'Twas where the madcap duke his uncle kept,

His uncle York; — where I first bowed my knee

Unto this King of smiles, this Bolingbroke, When you and he came back from Ravenspurg.

North. At Berkley - castle.

Hot. You say true.—

Why, what a candy deal of courtesy

This fawning greyhound then did proffer me! Look, When his infant fortune came to age,

And, Gentle Harry Percy, and, Kind cousin,—

And, Gentle Harry Percy, and, Kind cousin,—
O, the Devil take such cozeners!—God forgive me!—

Good uncle, tell your tale, for I have done.

Wor. Nay, if you have not, to 't again; We'll stay your leisure.

Hot. I have done, i' faith.

Wor. Then once more to your Scottish prisoners,

Deliver them up without their ransom straight, And make the Douglas' son your only mean For powers in Scotland; which, for divers reasons, Which I shall send you written, be assured, Will easily be granted.—[To North.] You, my lord, Your son in Scotland being thus employed, Shall secretly into the bosom creep Of that same noble prelate, well-beloved, Th' Archbishop.

Hot. Of York, is't not?
Wor. True; who bears hard
His brother's death at Bristol, the Lord Scroop.
I speak not this in estimation,
As what I think might be, but what I know
Is ruminated, plotted, and set down;
And only stays but to behold the face
Of that occasion that shall bring it on.

Hot. I smell 't: upon my life, it will do well.

North. Before the game's afoot, thou still lett'st slip.

Hot. Why, it can not choose but be a noble plot,—

And then the power of Scotland and of York,

To join with Mortimer, ha?

Wor. And so they shall.

Hot. In faith, it is exceedingly well aimed.Wor. And 'tis no little reason bids us speed,To save our heads by raising of a head;

For, bear ourselves as even as we can, The King will always think him in our debt; And think we think ourselves unsatisfied, Till he hath found a time to pay us home.

And see already how he doth begin

To make us strangers to his looks of love.

Hot. He does, he does; we'll be revenged on him.Wor. Cousin, farewell. No further go in thisThan I by letters shall direct your course.

When time is ripe, (which will be suddenly,)
I'll steal to Glendower and Lord Mortimer;
Where you and Douglas and our powers at once,
As I will fashion it, shall happily meet,
To bear our fortunes in our own strong arms,

To bear our fortunes in our own strong arms, Which now we hold at much uncertainty.

North. Farewell, good brother: we shall thrive, I trust. Hot. Uncle, adieu. — O, let the hours be short, Till fields and blows and groans applaud our sport!

XX.—THE LAY OF THE LABORER.

THOMAS HOOD.

- A spade! a rake! a hoe!
 A pickaxe, or a bill!
 A hook to reap, or a scythe to mow,
 A flail, or what ye will —
 And here's a ready hand
 To ply the needful tool,
 And skilled enough, by lessons rough,
 In Labor's rugged school.
- To hedge, or dig the ditch,
 To lop or fell the tree,
 To lay the swath on the sultry field,
 Or plough the stubborn lea;
 The harvest stack to bind,
 The wheaten rick to thatch,
 And never fear in my pouch to find
 The tinder or the match.
- To a flaming barn or farm
 My fancies never roam;
 The fire I yearn to kindle and burn
 Is on the hearth of Home;
 Where children huddle and crouch
 Through dark long winter days,
 Where starving children huddle and crouch,
 To see the cheerful rays,
 A-glowing on the haggard cheek,
 And not in the haggard's blaze!
- 4. To Him who sends a drought
 To parch the fields forlorn,
 The rain to flood the meadows with mud,
 The blight to blast the corn,
 To Him I leave to guide
 The bolt in its crooked path,
 To strike the miser's rick, and show
 The skies blood-red with wrath.

- 5. A spade! a rake! a hoe!
 A pickaxe, or a bill!
 A hook to reap, or a scythe to mow,
 A flail, or what ye will —
 The corn to thrash, or the hedge to plash,
 The market team to drive,
 Or mend the fence by the cover side,
 And leave the game alive.
- 6. Aye, only give me work, And then thou need not fear That I shall snare his worship's hare, Or kill his grace's deer; Break into his lordship's house, To steal the plate so rich; Or leave the yeoman that had a purse To welter in a ditch.
- 7. Wherever Nature needs,
 Wherever Labor calls,
 No job I'll shirk of the hardest work,
 To shun the work-house walls;
 Where savage laws begrudge
 The pauper babe its breath,
 And doom a wife to a widow's life,
 Before her partner's death.
- My only claim is this,
 With labor stiff and stark,
 By lawful turn my living to earn,
 Between the light and dark;
 My daily bread, and nightly bed,
 My bacon, and drop of beer —
 But all from the hand that holds the land,
 And none from the overseer!
- No parish money, or loaf,
 No pauper badge for me,
 A son of the soil, by right of toil
 Entitled to my fee.
 No alms I ask, give me my task:
 Here are the arm, the leg,
 The strength, the sinews of a Man,
 To work, and not to beg.

- 10. Still one of Adam's heirs,
 Though doomed by chance of birth,
 To dress so mean, and to eat the lean,
 Instead of the fat of the earth;
 To make such humble meals
 As honest labor can,
 A bone and a crust, with a grace to God,
 And little thanks to man!
- 11. A spade! a rake! a hoe!
 A pickaxe, or a bill!
 A hook to reap, or a scythe to mow,
 A flail, or what ye will —
 Whatever the tool to ply,
 Here is a willing drudge,
 With muscle and limb, and woe to him
 Who does their pay begrudge!
- 12. Who every weekly score
 Docks labor's little mite,
 Bestows on the poor at the temple door,
 But robs them over night.
 The very shilling he hoped to save,
 As health and morals fail,
 Shall visit me in the New Bastile,
 The Spital, or the Gaol!

XXI.—THE HUMBLED KING.

H. W. LONGFELLOW.

- Almost three years were ended; when there came Ambassadors of great repute and name From Valmond, Emperor of Allemaine, Unto King Robert, saying that Pope Urbane By letter summoned them to come On Holy Thursday to his city of Rome.
- 2. The Angel with great joy received his guests, And gave them presents of embroidered vests, And velvet mantles with rich ermine lined, And rings and jewels of the rarest kind. Then he departed with them o'er the sea

Into the lovely land of Italy,
Whose loveliness was more resplendent made
By the mere passing of that cavalcade,
With plumes and cloaks, and housings, and the stir
Of jeweled bridle and of golden spur.

- And lo! among the menials, in mock state,
 Upon a piebald steed, with shambling gait,
 His cloak of foxtails flapping in the wind,
 The solemn ape demurely perched behind,
 King Robert rode, making huge merriment,
 In all the country towns through which they went.
- 4. The Pope received them with great pomp, and blare Of bannered trumpets, on Saint Peter's square, Giving his benediction and embrace, Fervent and full of apostolic grace. While with congratulations and with prayers He entertained the Angel unawares, Robert, the Jester, bursting through the crowd, Into their presence rushed and cried aloud, "I am the King! Look, and behold in me Robert, your brother, King of Sicily!
- 5. This man, who wears my semblance to your eyes, Is an impostor in a king's disguise. Do you not know me? does no voice within Answer my cry, and say we are akin?" The Pope in silence, but with troubled mien, Gazed at the Angel's countenance serene; The Emperor, laughing, said, "It is strange sport To keep a madman for thy Fool at court!" And the poor, baffled Jester in disgrace Was hustled back among the populace.
- 6. In solemn state the Holy Week went by, And Easter Sunday gleamed upon the sky; The presence of the Angel, with its light, Before the sun rose, made the city bright, And with new fervor filled the hearts of men, Who felt that Christ indeed had risen again. Even the Jester, on his bed of straw, With haggard eyes the unwonted splendor saw, He felt within a power unfelt before, And kneeling humbly on his chamber floor,

He heard the rushing garments of the Lord Sweep through the silent air, ascending heavenward,

- 7. And now the visit ended, and once more Valmond returning to the Danube's shore, Homeward the Angel journeyed, and again The land was made resplendent with his train, Flashing along the towns of Italy, Unto Salerno, and from there by sea.
- 8. And when once more within Palermo's wall,
 And seated on the throne in his great hall,
 He heard the Angelus from convent towers,
 As if the better world conversed with ours,
 He beckoned to King Robert to draw nigher,
 And with a gesture bade the rest retire;
 And when they were alone, the Angel said,
 "Art thou the King?"
- 9. Then bowing down his head,
 King Robert crossed both hands upon his breast,
 And meekly answered him: "Thou knowest best!
 My sins as scarlet are; let me go hence,
 And in some cloister's school of penitence,
 Across those stones, that pave the way to heaven,
 Walk barefoot, till my guilty soul is shriven!"
- 10. The Angel smiled, and from his radiant face A holy light illumined all the place, And through the open window, loud and clear, They heard the monks chant in the chapel near, Above the stir and tumult of the street:
 - "He has put down the mighty from their seat;
 And has exalted them of low degree!"
 And through the chant a second melody
 Rose like the throbbing of a single string:
 - "I am an Angel, and thou art the King!"
- 11. King Robert who was standing near the throne Lifted his eyes, and lo! he was alone! But all appareled as in days of old, With ermined mantle and with cloth of gold; And when his courtiers came, they found him there Kneeling upon the floor, absorbed in silent prayer.

XXII.—THE REMNANT OF THE ARMADA.

JAMES A. FROUDE.

- 1. But the tale of misery was still incomplete, and those who seemed to have escaped were attended to the last by the same strange fatality. The ships which remained with Sidonia, and succeeded in weathering Kerry, made all sail for Spain, and the wind still hanging to the south of west, they were still obliged to keep as close to it as possible, and dragged on but slowly. They passed Cape Clear in company on the 4th-14th of September, after which each vessel shifted for itself with general directions to make if possible for Coruña.
- 2. Calderon held his course till the 12th-22d, when his last drop of water was consumed. The wind and sea showed no signs of abatement, and the remains of his crew, wearied and worn out, could no longer work the vessel. He had lost his reckoning, and only knew that he was somewhere in the Bay of Biscay.
- 3. He had made up his mind to run before the wind, and take his chance of the land to which it would carry him, when towards evening he saw a ship crawling along, having lost her top-masts. She fired a gun, to which Calderon replied. She proved to be one of the finest of the galleons, although so shattered that he had not recognized her.
- 4. He learned, however, from her captain that the coast of Spain was but a few leagues distant, and that Santander lay directly under their lee. They both reached the harbor there the next evening. Sidonia had arrived the day before, and one after another the survivors dropped in throughout the following week. Recalde only, with the other vessel which was with him in Dingle, succeeded in fetching Coruña; some were as far to leeward as St. Sebastian.
 - 5. Fifty-four vessels in all came back, and between

nine and ten thousand still living men. So wretched was their state, that an officer sent from Madrid said it was piteous to see them. Foul and stinking as the ships were, the crews were obliged, at Santander, to remain in their berths at the risk of pestilence, for there was no hospital large enough to receive so many, and the owners of private houses feared infection. Sidonia abandoned himself to misery, shut himself up in his room, refusing to attend to business, and as soon as he could move, fled and hid himself in his country-house.

- 6. The cry that went up from the Peninsula was as the cry of the Egyptians when the destroying angel had passed over the land. There was not a house where there was not one dead, and that the best and the bravest. When the Armada first reached the channel, rumor, at its common work, had spread news of a glorious victory. The English corsairs had fallen under the wrath of Don Alonzo's sword; the usurping Queen had stooped her dishonored head before the legions of Parma and Sidonia.
- 7. Don Bernardino at Paris, when he heard that Sidomia had reached Calais, assumed that he had engaged and conquered the English fleet; for one day the criers were shouting along the quays of the Seine the fondly-credited tale of triumph, while couriers galloped south to carry to Spain the fame of her sons. An English merchant at St. Sebastian describes the joy of the people when the first false news came in.
- 8. A few days dispelled the pleasant dream. The true story came of the scene at Calais, the fireships, the action, and the flight of the Armada; and then for some weeks there was the prolonged agony of uncertainty, till the remnant of the shattered ships re-appeared, bringing "testimonial on their sides from what banquet they came, with loss of half their men in fight, famine and sickness, crying out on Sir Francis Drake, saying he was a devil and no man."
 - 9. Drake's was the name in every mouth. Drake,

against whom saints and angels had no more power than mortals; an incarnated spirit of evil let loose to afflict the Spanish race throughout the globe.

"I would," said a man at St. Sebastian, snatching a harquebus, which he did not know to be loaded, and leveling it at a passer-by, "I would you man were Francis Drake. How I would hit him!" "and so drew up the snaphance and leveled at the man, and down fell the cock, and off went the piece and killed the man, who spake not one word."

- 10. On Philip himself the news broke slowly. Pictures have been drawn of him sitting in his study in the Escurial, and hearing with Castilian composure that his fleet was destroyed. Such a scene was in the nature of things impossible. Line by line and incident by incident the story reached him. He heard from Parma of the arrival of the fleet at Calais, of the forwardness of his own preparations, and of plans proposed by Sidonia to make the landing rather in the Isle of Wight than in Thanet.
- 11. Next came the account of the midnight panic, the engagement, the Armada's retreat, and of rumored injury to more than one of the galleons. The Prince of Ascoli, said falsely to be Philip's bastard son, who had accompanied the fleet, and had gone on shore at Calais, sent a diary of his own adventures, and Juan de Manrique, the officer whom Sidonia had sent to Dunkirk, filled sheets with complaints of Parma, to whose unreadiness he attributed the threatened failure of the enterprise.
- 12. At the end of August Parma reported further that the Armada had passed the north of Scotland, and was gone he knew not whither, perhaps to Norway. He did not conceal the magnitude of the disaster so far as it was known to him, and Philip's anxious side-notes may be read upon his letter, counting and commenting on the various losses. The English, Parma said, had won a great victory, and so far as he could learn, bore their success with modesty. Their ships were reported to have suffered, but none had

been sunk or taken. The honor belonged to Drake. The Admiral was supposed to have been backward.

- 13. The next installment of the truth was the return of Sidonia, with a third of the fleet. It affected Philip so much that "he shut himself up in the Escurial, and no one dared to speak to him." Still there were hopes of the rest. More than sixty ships remained yet unaccounted for, besides those whose fate Sidonia could tell.
- 14. Reports came dropping in of disasters in Ireland, but with them accounts of Spaniards landed and safe among the Irish chiefs. Months passed away before the calamity was realized in its appalling extent, and then it seemed for a moment as if the scepter of the monarchy was broken, and its scattered empire was laid open as a prey to the corsairs. The famous mariners of the Peninsula were wholly destroyed.
- 15. The great officers on whom Philip most relied were dead or taken. De Valdez, Recalde, Monçada, Oquendo, Da Leyva—all were gone. "There was not one man left in all Spain," wrote Parma, "whom the king might put in place for matters on the sea, for those whom his trust was in were dead or drowned." "Great lamentation" especially "was made for Don Alonzo da Leyva, with whom were all the nobles that went."

XXIII.—HOW THEY BROUGHT THE GOOD NEWS FROM GHENT TO AIX.

ROBERT BROWNING.

- I sprang to the stirrup, and Joris, and he;
 I galloped, Dirck galloped, we galloped all three;
 - "Good speed!" cried the watch, as the gate-bolts undrew;
 - "Speed!" echoed the wall to us galloping through;
 Behind shut the postern, the lights sank to rest,
 And into the midnight we galloped abreast.
- Not a word to each other; we kept the great pace Neck by neck, stride by stride, never changing our place;

I turned in my saddle and made its girths tight, Then shortened each stirrup, and set the pique right, Rebuckled the check-strap, chained slacker the bit, Nor galloped less steadily Roland a whit.

- 3. 'T was moonset at starting; but while we drew near Lokeren, the cocks crew and twilight dawned clear, At Boom, a great yellow star came out to see; At Düffeld, 'twas morning as plain as could be; And from Mecheln church-steeple we heard the half chime, So Joris broke silence with, "Yet there is time!"
- 4. At Aerschot, up leaped of a sudden the sun, And against him the cattle stood black every one, To stare through the mist at us galloping past, And I saw my stout galloper Roland at last, With resolute shoulders, each butting away The haze, as some bluff river headland its spray.
- 5. And his long head and crest, just one sharp ear bent back For my voice, and the other pricked out on his track; And one eye's black intelligence,—ever that glance O'er its white edge at me, his own master, askance! And the thick heavy spume-flakes which aye and anon His fierce lips shook upwards in galloping on.
- 6. By Hasselt, Dirck groaned; and cried Joris, "Stay spur! Your Roos galloped bravely, the fault's not in her; We'll remember at Aix,"—for one heard the quick wheeze Of her chest, saw the stretched neck and staggering knees, And sunk tail, and horrible heave of the flank, As down on her haunches she shuddered and sank.
- 7. So we were left galloping, Joris and I, Past Looz and past Tongres, no cloud in the sky; The broad sun above laughed a pitiless laugh, 'Neath our feet broke the bright brittle stubble like chaff; Till over by Dalhem a dome-spire sprang white, And "Gallop," gasped Joris, "for Aix is in sight!"
- 8. "How they'll greet us!"—and all in a moment his roan Rolled neck and croup over, lay dead as a stone; And there was my Roland to bear the whole weight Of the news which alone could save Aix from her fate, With his nostrils like pits full of blood to the brim, And with circles of red for his eye-sockets' rim.

- 9.* Then I cast loose my buff coat, each holster let fall, Shook off both my jack - boots, let go belt and all, Stood up in the stirrup, leaned, patted his ear, Called my Roland his pet-name, my horse without peer; Clapped my hands, laughed and sang, any noise, bad or good, Till at length into Aix Roland galloped and stood.
- 10. And all I remember is, friends flocking round As I sat with his head 'twixt my knees on the ground, And no voice but was praising this Roland of mine, As I poured down his throat our last measure of wine, Which (the burgesses voted by common consent)
 Was no more than his due who brought good news from Ghent.

XXIV.—HIAWATHA'S SAILING.

H. W. LONGFELLOW.

- 1. "Give me of your bark, O Birch Tree!
 Of your yellow bark, O Birch Tree!
 Growing by the rushing river,
 Tall and stately in the valley!
 I a light canoe will build me,
 Build a swift Cheemaun for sailing,
 That shall float upon the river,
 Like a yellow leaf in Autumn,
 Like a yellow water-lily!
- 2. "Lay aside your cloak, O Birch Tree!
 Lay aside your white skin wrapper,
 For the Summer-time is coming,
 And the sun is warm in heaven,
 And you need no white skin wrapper!"
 Thus aloud cried Hiawatha
 In the solitary forest
 By the rushing Taquamenaw,
 When the birds were singing gayly,
 In the Moon of Leaves were singing,
 And the sun, from sleep awaking,
 Started up and said, "Behold me!
 Geezis, the great Sun, behold me!"

- 3. And the tree with all its branches
 Rustled in the breeze of morning,
 Saying, with a sigh of patience,
 "Take my cloak, O Hiawatha!"
 With his knife the tree he girdled,
 Just beneath its lowest branches,
 Just above the roots, he cut it,
 Till the sap came oozing outward;
 Down the trunk, from top to bottom,
 Sheer he cleft the bark asunder,
 With a wooden wedge he raised it,
 Stripped it from the trunk unbroken.
- 4. "Give me of your boughs, O Cedar!
 Of your strong and pliant branches,
 My canoe to make more steady,
 Make more strong and firm beneath me!"
 Through the summit of the Cedar
 Went a sound, a cry of horror,
 Went a murmur of resistance;
 But it whispered, bending downward,
 "Take my boughs, O Hiawatha!"
 Down he hewed the boughs of cedar,
 Shaped them straightway to a frame-work,
 Like two bows he formed and shaped them,
 Like two bended bows together.
- 5. "Give me of your roots, O Tamarack! Of your fibrous roots, O Larch Tree! My canoe to bind together, So to bind the ends together That the water may not enter, That the river may not wet me!" And the Larch, with all its fibers, Shivered in the air of morning, Touched his forehead with its tassels. Said, with one long sigh of sorrow, "Take them all, O Hiawatha!" From the earth he tore the fibers. Tore the tough roots of the Larch Tree, Closely sewed the bark together, Bound it closely to the frame-work.

- 6. "Give me of your balm, O Fir Tree!
 Of your balsam and your resin,
 So to close the seams together
 That the water may not enter,
 That the river may not wet me!"
 And the Fir Tree, tall and somber,
 Sobbed through all its robes of darkness,
 Rattled like a shore with pebbles,
 Answered wailing, answered weeping,
 "Take my balm, O Hiawatha!"
 And he took the tears of balsam,
 Took the resin of the Fir Tree,
 Smeared therewith each seam and fissure,
 Made each crevice safe from water.
- 7. "Give me of your quills, O Hedgehog All your quills, O Kagh, the Hedgehog! I will make a necklace of them,
 Make a girdle for my beauty,
 And two stars to deck her bosom!"
 From a hollow tree the Hedgehog
 With his sleepy eyes looked at him,
 Shot his shining quills, like arrows,
 Saying, with a drowsy murmur,
 Through the tangle of his whiskers,
 "Take my quills, O Hiawatha!"
- 8. From the ground the quills he gathered,
 All the little shining arrows,
 Stained them red and blue and yellow.
 With the juice of roots and berries;
 Into his canoe he brought them,
 Round its waist a shining girdle,
 Round its bows a gleaming necklace,
 On its breast two stars resplendent.
- Thus the Birch Canoe was builded
 In the valley, by the river,
 In the bosom of the forest;
 And the forest's life was in it,
 All its mystery and its magic,
 All the lightness of the birch tree,

All the toughness of the cedar, All the larch's supple sinews; And it floated on the river Like a yellow leaf in Autumn, Like a yellow water-lily.

- 10. Paddles none had Hiawatha,
 Paddles none he had or needed,
 For his thoughts as paddles served him,
 And his wishes served to guide him;
 Swift or slow at will he glided,
 Veered to right or left at pleasure.
 Then he called aloud to Kwasind,
 To his friend, the strong man, Kwasind,
 Saying, "Help me clear this river
 Of its sunken logs and sand-bars."
- 11. Straight into the river Kwasind
 Plunged as if he were an otter,
 Dived as if he were a beaver,
 Stood up to his waist in water,
 To his armpits in the river,
 Swam and shouted in the river,
 Tugged at sunken logs and branches,
 With his hands he scooped the sand-bars,
 With his feet the ooze and tangle.
- 12. And thus sailed my Hiawatha Down the rushing Taquamenaw, Sailed through all its bends and windings, Sailed through all its deeps and shallows, While his friend, the strong man, Kwasind, Swam the deeps, the shallows waded.
- 13. Up and down the river went they,
 In and out among its islands,
 Cleared its bed of root and sand-bar,
 Dragged the dead trees from its channel,
 Made its passage safe and certain,
 Made a pathway for the people,
 From its springs among the mountains,
 To the waters of Pauwating,
 To the bay of Taquamenaw.

XXV.—HIAWATHA PRODUCES THE MAIZE.

H. W. LONGFELLOW.

- 1. Homeward weeping went Nokomis,
 Sorrowing for her Hiawatha,
 Fearing lest his strength should fail him,
 Lest his fasting should be fatal.
 He meanwhile sat weary waiting
 For the coming of Mondamin,
 Till the shadows, pointing eastward,
 Lengthened over field and forest,
 Till the sun dropped from the heaven,
 Floating on the waters westward,
 As a red leaf in the Autumn
 Falls and floats upon the water,
 Falls and sinks into its bosom.
- 2. And behold! the young Mondamin, With his soft and shining tresses, With his garments green and yellow, With his long and glossy plumage, Stood and beckoned at the door way. And as one in slumber walking, Pale and haggard, but undaunted, From the wigwam Hiawatha Came and wrestled with Mondamin.
- 3. Round about him spun the landscape,
 Sky and forest reeled together,
 And his strong heart leaped within him,
 As the sturgeon leaps and struggles
 In a net to break its meshes.
 Like a ring of fire around him
 Blazed and flared the red horizon,
 And a hundred suns seemed looking
 At the combat of the wrestlers.
- Suddenly upon the green sward All alone stood Hiawatha, Panting with his wild exertion, Palpitating with the struggle;

And before him, breathless, lifeless, Lay the youth, with hair disheveled, Plumage torn, and garments tattered, Dead he lay there in the sunset.

- 5. And victorious Hiawatha
 Made the grave as he commanded,
 Stripped the garments from Mondamin,
 Stripped his tattered plumage from him,
 Laid him in the earth, and made it
 Soft and loose and light above him;
 And the heron, the Shuh-shuh-gah,
 From the melancholy moorlands,
 Gave a cry of lamentation,
 Gave a cry of pain and anguish!
- 6. Homeward then went Hiawatha
 To the lodge of old Nokomis,
 And the seven days of his fasting
 Were accomplished and completed.
 But the place was not forgotten
 Where he wrestled with Mondamin;
 Nor forgotten, nor neglected
 Was the grave where lay Mondamin,
 Sleeping in the rain and sunshine,
 Where his scattered plumes and garments
 Faded in the rain and sunshine.
- Day by day did Hiawatha
 Go to wait and watch beside it;
 Kept the dark mould soft above it,
 Kept it clean from weeds and insects,
 Drove away, with scoffs and shoutings,
 Kahgahgee, the king of ravens.
- 8. Till at length a small green feather From the earth shot slowly upward, Then another and another, And before the summer ended Stood the maize in all its beauty, With its shining robes about it, And its long, soft, yellow tresses; And in rapture Hiawatha Cried aloud, "It is Mondamin! Yes, the friend of man, Mondamin!"

- 9. Then he called to old Nokomis And Iagoo, the great boaster, Showed them where the maize was growing, Told them of his wondrous vision, Of his wrestling and his triumph, Of his new gift to the nations, Which should be their food forever.
- 10. And still later, when the Autumn Changed the long green leaves to yellow, And the soft and juicy kernels Grew like wampum hard and yellow, Then the ripened ears he gathered, Stripped the withered husks from off them, As he once had stripped the wrestler, Gave the first Feast of Mondamin, And made known unto the people This new gift of the Great Spirit.

XXVI.-LAY OF THE LAST MINSTREL.

WALTER SCOTT.

- The way was long, the wind was cold,
 The minstrel was infirm and old;
 His withered cheek and tresses gray,
 Seemed to have known a better day;
 The harp, his sole remaining joy,
 Was carried by an orphan boy.
- 2. The last of all the bards was he,
 Who sung of Border chiyalry;
 For, well-a-day! their date was fled,
 His tuneful brethren all were dead;
 And he, neglected and oppressed,
 Wished to be with them, and at rest.
 No more on prancing palfrey borne,
 He caroled, light as lark at morn;
 No longer courted and caressed,
 High placed in halls, a welcome guest,
 He poured to lord and lady gay,
 The unpremeditated lay.

- Old times were changed, old manners gone;
 A stranger filled the Stuart's throne;
 The bigots of the iron time
 Had called his harmless art a crime.
 A wandering Harper, scorned and poor,
 He begged his bread from door to door,
 And tuned, to please a peasant's ear,
 The harp a king had loved to hear.
- 4. He passed where Newark's stately tower Looks out from Yarrow's birchen bower; The Minstrel gazed with wishful eye—No humbler resting place was nigh. With hesitating step at last, The embattled portal arch he passed, Whose ponderous gate and massy bar Had oft rolled back the tide of war, But never closed the iron door Against the desolate and poor.
- 5. The Duchess marked his weary pace, His timid mien and reverend face, And bade her page the menials tell That they should tend the old man well; For she had known adversity, Though born in such a high degree; In pride of power, in beauty's bloom, Had wept o'er Monmouth's bloody tomb!
- 6. When kindness had his wants supplied, And the old man was gratified, Began to rise his minstrel pride: And he began to talk anon, Of good Earl Francis, dead and gone, And of Earl Walter, rest him, God! A braver ne'er to battle rode; And how full many a tale he knew, Of the old warriors of Buccleuch:
- And would the noble Duchess deign
 To listen to an old man's strain,
 Though stiff his hand, his voice though weak,
 He thought even yet, the sooth to speak,

That if she loved the harp to hear, He could make music to her ear.

- 8. The humble boon was soon obtained,
 The aged Minstrel audience gained.
 But when he reached the room of state,
 Where she, with all her ladies, sate,
 Perchance he wished his boon denied;
 For when to tune his harp he tried,
 His trembling hand had lost the ease,
 Which marks security to please;
 And scenes, long past, of joy and pain,
 Came wildering o'er his aged brain—
 He tried to tune his harp in vain!
- The pitying Duchess praised its chime, And gave him heart and gave him time, Till every string's according glee
 Was blended into harmony.
 And then, he said, he would full fain He could recall an ancient strain He never thought to sing again.
 And much he wished, yet feared, to try The long-forgotten melody.
- 10. Amid the strings his fingers strayed, And an uncertain warpling made, And oft he shook his hoary head. But when he caught the measure wild, The old man raised his head and smiled; And lighted up his faded eye, With all a poet's egstasy!
- 11. In varying cadence, soft or strong,
 He swept the sounding chords along:
 The present scene, the future lot,
 His toils, his wants, were all forgot:
 Cold diffidence and age's frost,
 In the full tide of song were lost;
 Each blank in faithless memory void,
 The poet's glowing thought supplied;
 And, while his harp responsive rung,
 'Twas thus the Latest Minstrel sung.

XXVII.—EULOGY ON ADAMS AND JEFFERSON.

EDWARD EVERETT.

- 1. But it is the great and closing scene, which appears to crown their long and exalted career with a consummation almost miraculous. Having done so much and so happily for themselves, so much and so beneficially for their country, at that last moment, when man can no more do anything for his country or for himself, it pleased a kind Providence to do that for both of them, which, to the end of time, will cause them to be deemed not more happy in the renown of their lives, than in the opportunity of their deaths.
- 2. I could give neither force nor interest to the account of these sublime and touching scenes, by anything beyond the simple recital of the facts already familiar to the public. Their deaths were nearly simultaneous. For several weeks the strength of Mr. Jefferson had been gradually failing, though the vigor of his mind remained unimpaired.
- 3. As he drew nearer to the last, and no expectation remained that his term could be much prolonged, he expressed no other wish than that he might live to breathe the air of the fiftieth anniversary of Independence. This he was graciously permitted to do.
- 4. But it was evident, on the morning of the fourth, that Providence intended that this day, consecrated by his deed, should be solemnized by his death. On some momentary revival of his wasting strength, the friends around him would have soothed him with the hope of continuing; but he answered their encouragements only by saying he did not fear to die.
- 5. Once, as he drew nearer to his close, he lifted up his head, and murmured with a smile, "It is the fourth of July;" while his repeated exclamation, on the last great day, was, *Nunc dimittis*, *Domine*—"Lord, now lettest thou

thy servant depart in peace." He departed in peace a little before one o'clock of this memorable day; unconscious that his compatriot, who, fifty years before had shared his efforts and perils, was now the partner of his glory.

6. Mr. Adams's mind had also wandered back, over the long line of great things, with which his life was filled, and found rest on the thought of Independence. When the discharges of artillery proclaimed the triumphant anniversary, he pronounced it "a great and a good day."

- 7. The thrilling word of Independence, which, fifty years before, in the ardor of his manly strength, he had sounded out to the nations from the hall of the Revolutionary Congress, was now among the last that dwelt on his lips; and when, towards the hour of noon, he felt his noble heart growing cold within him, the last emotion that warmed it was, that "Jefferson still survives." But he survives not; he is gone. They are gone together!
- 8. Friends, fellow-citizens, free, prosperous, happy Americans! The men who did so much to make you so are no more. The men who gave nothing to pleasure in youth, nothing to repose in age, but all to their country, whose beloved name filled their hearts, as it does ours, with joy, can now do no more for us, nor we for them. But their memory remains, we will cherish it; their bright example remains, we will strive to imitate it; the fruit of their wise counsels and noble acts remains, we will gratefully enjoy it.
- 9. The faithful marble may preserve their image; the engraven brass may proclaim their worth; but the humblest sod of Independent America, with nothing but the dewdrops of the morning to gild it, is a prouder mausoleum than kings or conquerors can boast. The country is their monument. Its independence is their epitaph. But not to their country is their praise limited. The whole earth is the monument of illustrious men.
 - 10. Wherever an agonizing people shall perish, in a

generous convulsion, for want of a valiant man and a fearless heart, they will cry, in the last accents of despair, O for a Washington, an Adams, a Jefferson! Wherever a regenerated nation, starting up in its might, shall burst the links of steel that enchain it, the praise of our venerated fathers shall be remembered in their triumphal song!

- 11. The contemporary and successive generations of men will disappear, and in the long lapse of ages, the races of America, like those of Greece and Rome, may pass away. The fabric of American freedom, like all things human, however firm and fair, may crumble into dust.
- 12. But the cause in which these our fathers shone is immortal. They did that to which no age, no people of civilized men, can be indifferent. Their eulogy will be uttered in other languages, when those we speak, like us who speak them, shall be all forgotten. And when the great account of humanity shall be closed, in the bright list of those who have best adorned and served it shall be found the names of our Adams and our Jefferson!

XXVIII. - DEFENSE OF JOHN CUTHELL.

LORD ERSKINE.

- 1. I confess, for one, that, amidst all the crimes and horrors which I certainly feel mankind have to commiserate at this moment, perhaps beyond the example of any former period, crimes and horrors which, I trust, my humanity revolts at as much as any other man's, I see nothing to fear for our country or its government, not only from what I anticipate as their future consequences, but from what they have produced already; I see nothing to fear for England from the destruction of the monarchy and priesthood of France; and I see much to be thankful for in the destruction of tyranny and superstition.
- 2. There has been a dreadful scene of misfortune and of crime, but good has, through all times, been brought out of evil. I think I see something that is rapidly advancing

the world to a higher state of civilization and happiness, by the destruction of systems which retarded both; the means have been, and will be terrible; but they have been, and will continue to be, in the hand of God. I think I see the awful arm of Providence, not stopping short here, but stretched out to the destruction of other tyranny and superstition also.

- 3. I think I see the freedom of the whole world maturing through it: and so far from the evils anticipated by many men, acting for the best, but groping in the dark, and running against one another, I think I see future peace and happiness arising out of the disorder and confusion that now exists, as the sun emerges from the clouds; nor can I possibly conceive how all this ruin, falling upon tyrannous and blasphemous establishments, has the remotest bearing against the noble and enlightened system of our beloved country.
- 4. On the contrary, she has been the day-star of the world, purifying herself from age to age, as the earliest light of heaven shone in upon her; and spreading, with her triumphant sails, the influence of a reformed religion and a well-balanced liberty throughout the world. If England, then, is only true to the principles of her own excellent constitution, the revolt of other nations against their own systems can not disturb her government.
- 5. But what, after all, is my opinion, or the judgment of the court, or the collective judgment of all human beings upon the scenes now before us? We are like a swarm of ants upon an ant-hill, looking only at the surface we stand on; yet affecting to dispose of the universe, and to prescribe its course, when we can not see an inch beyond the little compass of our transient existence. I can not, therefore, bring myself to comprehend how the author's opinion, that Providence will bring, in the end, all the evils which afflict surrounding nations, to a happy and glorious consummation, can be tortured into a wish to subvert the government of his country.

XXIX.—FLODDEN FIELD.—DEATH OF MARMION.

WALTER SCOTT.

- Blount and Fitz-Eustace rested still
 With Lady Clare upon the hill;
 On which (for far the day was spent)
 The western sunbeams now were bent;
 The cry they heard, its meaning knew,
 Could plain their distant comrades view;
 Sadly to Blount did Eustace say,
 "Unworthy office here to stay!
 No hope of gilded spurs to-day,—
 But see! look up—on Flodden bent,
 The Scottish foe has fired his tent."
- And sudden, as he spoke,
 From the sharp ridges of the hill,
 All downward to the banks of Till,
 Was wreathed in sable smoke.
 Volumed and vast, and rolling far,
 The cloud enveloped Scotland's war,
 As down the hill they broke;
 Nor martial shout, nor minstrel tone,
 Announced their march; their tread alone,
 At times one warning trumpet blown,
 At times a stifled hum
 Told England, from his mountain throne,
 King James did rushing come.
- Scarce could they hear, or see their foes,
 Until at weapon point they close.—
 They close, in clouds of smoke and dust,
 With sword sway and with lance's thrust;
 And such a yell was there,
 Of sudden and portentous birth,
 As if men fought upon the earth,
 And fiends in upper air;
 O, life and death were in the shout,
 Recoil and rally, charge and rout,
 And triumph and despair.
 Long looked the anxious squires; their eye
 Could in the darkness naught descry.

- 4. At length the freshening western blast Aside the shroud of battle cast; And, first the ridge of mingled spears] Above the brightening cloud appears; And in the smoke the pennons flew, As in the storm the white sea-mew.
- 5. Then marked they, dashing broad and far, The broken billows of the war, And pluméd crest of chieftains brave, Floating like foam upon the wave; But naught distinct they see; Wide raged the battle on the plain; Spears shook and falchions flashed amain; Fell England's arrow-flight like rain; Crests rose and stooped and rose again Wild and disorderly.
- 6. Yet still Lord Marmion's falcon flew With wavering flight, while fiercer grew Around the battle yell. The border slogan rent the sky! A Home! a Gordon! was the cry; Loud were the clanging blows; Advanced,—forced back,—now low, now high The pennon sunk and rose; As bends the bark's mast in the gale, When rent are rigging, shrouds, and sail, It wavered 'mid the foes.
- 7. No longer Blount the view could bear:
 "By heaven, and all the saints! I swear I will not see it lost!
 Fitz-Eustace, you with Lady Clare May bid your beads, and patter prayer, I gallop to the host!"
 And to the fray he rode amain, Followed by all the archer train.
 The fiery youth, with desperate charge, Made for a space, an opening large,—
 The rescued banner rose,—
 But darkly closed the war around, Like pine tree, rooted from the ground, It sunk among the foes.

- 8. Then Eustace mounted too: yet staid,
 As loath to leave the helpless maid,
 When, fast as shaft can fly,
 Blood-shot his eyes, his nostrils spread,
 The loose rein dangling from his head,
 Housing and saddle bloody red,
 Lord Marmion's steed rushed by;
 And Eustace, maddening at the sight,
 A look and sign to Clara cast,
 To mark he would return in haste,
 Then plunged into the fight.
- 9. Ask me not what the maiden feels, Left in that dreadful hour alone: Perchance her reason stoops or reels; Perchance a courage, not her own, Braces her mind to desperate tone. The scattered van of England wheels;— She only said, as loud in air The tumult roared, "Is Wilton there?" They fly, or, maddened by despair, Fight but to die,—"Is Wilton there?"
- 10. With that, straight up the hill there rode, Two horsemen drenched with gore, And in their arms, a helpless load, A wounded knight they bore. His hand still strained the broken brand; His arms were smeared with blood and sand: Dragged from among the horses' feet, With dinted shield, and helmet beat, The falcon-crest and plumage gone, Can that be haughty Marmion!
- 11. Young Blount his armor did unlace, And gazing on his ghastly face, Said—"By Saint George, he's gone! That spear-wound has our master sped, And see the deep cut on his head! Good night to Marmion."— "Unnurtured Blount! thy brawling cease: He opes his eyes," said Eustace; "peace!"
- When, doffed his casque, he felt free air, Around 'gan Marmion wildly stare:—

"Where's Harry Blount? Fitz-Eustace where? Linger ye here, ye hearts of hare! Redeem my pennon,—charge again! Cry—'Marmion to the rescue!'—Vain! Last of my race, on battle-plain That shout shall ne'er be heard again! Yet my last thought is England's—fly, To Dacre bear my signet-ring—Tell him his squadrons up to bring.

- 13. Fitz-Eustace, to Lord Surrey hie; Tunstall lies dead upon the field, His life-blood stains the spotless shield: Edmund is down:—my life is reft:— The Admiral alone is left. Let Stanley charge with spur of fire,— With Chester charge, and Lancashire, Full upon Scotland's central host, Or victory and England's lost. Must I bid twice?—hence, varlets, fly! Leave Marmion here alone—to die."
- 14. They parted, and alone he lay; Clare drew her from the sight away, Till pain wrung forth a lowly moan, And half he murmured,—"Is there none, Of all my halls have nurst, Page, squire, or groom, one cup to bring Of blessed water from the spring; To slake my dying thirst!"
- 15. O, Woman! in our hours of ease, Uncertain, coy, and hard to please, And variable as the shade By the light quivering aspen made: When pain and anguish wring the brow, A ministering angel thou! — Scarce were the piteous accents said, When, with the Baron's casque, the maid To the nigh streamlet ran:
- 16. Forgot were hatred, wrongs, and fears; The plaintive voice alone she hears, Sees but the dying man.

She filled the helm and back she hied,
And with surprise and joy espied
A monk supporting Marmion's head;
A pious man, whom duty brought
To dubious verge of battle fought,
To shrive the dying, bless the dead.

- 17. Deep drank Lord Marmion of the wave, And, as she stooped his brow to lave "Is it the hand of Clare," he said, "Or injured Constance, bathes my head?" Then as remembrance rose,— "Speak not to me of shrift or prayer! I must redress her woes! Short space, few words are mine to spare; Forgive and listen, gentle Clare!"— "Alas!" she said, "the while,— O, think of your immortal weal! In vain for Constance is your zeal; She—died at Holy Isle."
- 18. Lord Marmion started from the ground, As light as if he felt no wound; Though in the action burst the tide, In torrents, from his wounded side. "Then it was truth," he said, "I knew That the dark presage must be true. I would the fiend, to whom belongs The vengeance due to all her wrongs, Would spare me but a day! For wasting fire, and dying groan, And priest slain on the altar stone, Might bribe him for delay.
- 19. "It may not be!—this dizzy trance— Curse on yon base marauder's lance, And doubly cursed my failing brand! A sinful heart makes feeble hand." Then, fainting, down to earth he sunk, Supported by the trembling monk.
- 20. The war, that for a space did fail, Now trebly thundering swelled the gale, And — Stanley! was the cry;

A light on Marmion's visage spread
And fired his glazing eye:
With dying hand, above his head
He shook the fragment of his blade,
And shouted, "Victory!—
Charge, Chester, charge! On, Stanley, on!"
Were the last words of Marmion.

XXX.—DENUNCIATION OF LORD NORTH.

CHARLES JAMES FOX.

1. Suppose the Minister conversing with some dependent member of Parliament, at his levee, on the subject of continuing the war; supposing that any remonstrance should be made on that score, what would the noble lord say?

2. "Why, you know that this war is a matter of necessity, and not of choice; you see the difficulties to which I am driven, and to which I have reduced my country; and you know also that in my own private character I am a

lover of peace.

- 3. "For what reason, then, do I persist, in spite of conviction? For your benefit alone! For you I have violated the most sacred engagements; for you rejected the suggestion of conscience and reason; for you a thousand times forfeited my honor and veracity in this business; and for you I must still persist!
- 4. "Without the American War I shall have no places, no emoluments, to bestow; not a single loan to negotiate; nor shall I even be able to retain this poor situation of mine that I have thus long held most disinterestedly.
- 5. "You see me now in the most elevated situation, with the disposal of places and pensions, and with the whole power of the nation in my hands; but make peace with America to-day, and to-morrow I shall be reduced to the level of private life.
 - 6. "If you do not vote with me," continues the noble

lord, "against a peace with America, how am I to give you any thing? It is true that my situation as Minister is a respectable and elevated situation, but it is the American War that enables me to give you douceurs, and to put into your pockets eight or nine hundred thousand pounds by a loan.

- 7. "Put an end to that, and you undo all. My power will be miserably lessened, and your pay as miserably reduced. As to myself, why, I am perfectly indifferent about that; I get a little, and it is my happiness that a little, thank Heaven, contents me.
- 8. "I therefore can not be supposed to care if a peace takes place with America to-morrow, as far as I am personally concerned; but for your own sakes do not let such a thing come to pass. Nay, were I to go out of office—a situation I never courted, always disliked, and heartily wish to be rid of—still I hope the American War would be continued."
- 9. Such pathetic reasoning could not fail of having its effect. Thus it was the noble lord induced members of the House to sacrifice the interests of their constituents, by proving that their own interests were essentially connected with the prosecution of the war.
- 10. Was it possible, therefore, that peace with America could ever be obtained but by a renunciation of that system which the present Ministry had with so much obstinacy adhered to? And here was another obstacle arising from the noble lord's feelings. "O spare my beautiful system," he would cry; "what! shall I part with that! with that which has been the glory of the present reign, which has extended the dominions, raised the reputation, and replenished the finances of my country!
- 11. "No; for God's sake, let this be adhered to, and do with all the rest what you please; deprive me, if you please, of this poor situation; take all my power, all my honor and consequence, but spare my beautiful system, O spare my system!"

XXXI.—THE QUARREL OF AGAMEMNON AND ACHILLES.

TRANSLATED FROM HOMER BY WILLIAM CULLEN BRYANT.

- O Goddess! sing the wrath of Peleus' son, Achilles; sing the deadly wrath that brought Woes numberless upon the Greeks, and swept To Hades many a valiant soul, and gave Their limbs a prey to dogs and birds of air,— For so had Jove appointed, — from the time When the two chiefs, Atrides, king of men, And great Achilles, parted first as foes.
- 2. Which of the gods put strife between the chiefs, That they should thus contend? Latona's son And Jove's. Incensed against the King he bade A deadly pestilence appear among The army, and the men were perishing. For Atreus' son with insult had received Chryses the priest, who to the Grecian fleet Came to redeem his daughter, offering Uncounted ransom.
- 3. Achilles called the people of the camp
 To council. Juno, of the snow-white arms,
 Had moved his mind to this, for she beheld
 With sorrow that the men were perishing.
 And when the assembly met and now was full,
 Rose Calchas, son of Thestor, and the chief
 Of augurs, one to whom were known things past
 And present and to come. He through the art
 Of divination, which Apollo gave,
 Had guided Ilionward the ships of Greece.
- 4. With words well ordered warily he spoke: —
 "Achilles, loved of Jove, thou biddest me
 Explain the wrath of Phæbus, monarch-god,
 Who sends afar his arrows. Willingly .
 Will I make known the cause. But covenant thou,
 And swear to stand prepared, by word and hand,
 To bring me succor. For my mind misgives

That he who rules the Argives, and to whom The Achaian race are subject, will be wroth. A sovereign is too strong for humbler men, And though he keep his choler down awhile, It rankles, till he sate it, in his heart. And now consider; wilt thou hold me safe?"

- 5. Achilles, the swift-footed, answered thus:
 - "Fear nothing, but speak boldly out whate'er
 Thou knowest, and declare the will of Heaven."
 Encouraged thus, the blameless seer went on:
 - "'Tis not neglected vows or hecatombs
 That move him, but the insult shown his priest,
 Whom Agamemnon spurned, when he refused
 To set his daughter free, and to receive
 Her ransom. Therefore sends the archer-god
 These woes upon us, and will send them still,
 Nor ever will withdraw his heavy hand
 From our destruction, till the dark-eyed maid
 Freely, and without ransom, be restored
 To her beloved father, and with her
 A sacred hecatomb to Chrysa sent.
 So may we haply pacify the god."
- 6. Thus having said, the augur took his seat.

 And then the hero-son of Atreus rose,
 Wide-ruling Agamemnon, greatly chafed.
 His gloomy heart was full of wrath, his eyes
 Sparkled like fire; he fixed a menacing look
 Full on the augur Calchas, and began:—
 "Prophet of evil! never hadst thou yet
 A cheerful word for me. To mark the signs
 Of coming mischief is thy great delight.
 Good dost thou ne'er foretell nor bring to pass.

And now thou pratest, in thine auguries,
Before the Greeks, how that the archer-god
Afflicts us thus, because I would not take
The costly ransom offered to redeem
The virgin child of Chryses. 'Twas my choice
To keep her with me, for I prize her more
Than Clytemnestra, bride of my young years,
And deem her not less nobly graced than she,
In form and feature, mind and pleasing arts.

- 8. Yet will I give her back, if that be best. For gladly would I see my people saved From this destruction. Let meet recompense, Meantime be ready, that I be not left, Alone of all the Greeks, without my prize. That were not seemly. All of you perceive That now my share of spoil has passed from me."
- 9. To him the great Achilles, swift of foot,
 Replied: "Renowned Atrides, greediest
 Of men, where wilt thou that our noble Greeks
 Find other spoil for thee, since none is set
 Apart, a common store? The trophies brought
 From towns that we have sacked have all been shared
 Among us, and we could not without shame
 Bid every warrior bring his portion back.
 Yield then the maiden to the god, and we,
 The Achaians, freely will appoint for thee
 Threefold and fourfold recompense, when Jove
 Gives up to sack this well-defended Troy."
- 10. Then the King Agamemnon answered thus:—
 "Nay, use no craft, all valiant as thou art, Godlike Achilles; thou hast not the power To circumvent nor to persuade me thus. Think'st thou that, while thou keepest safe thy prize, I shall sit idly down deprived of mine?"
 Achilles, the swift-footed, with stern look, Thus answered: "Ha, thou mailed in impudence And bent on lucre! Who of all the Greeks Can willingly obey thee, on the march, Or bravely battling with the enemy?
- 11. "I came not to this war because of wrong
 Done to me by the valiant sons of Troy.
 No feud had I with them; they never took
 My beeves or horses; nor, in Phthia's realm,
 Deep-soiled and populous, spoiled my harvest fields.
 For many a shadowy mount between us lies,
 And waters of the wide-resounding sea.
 Man unabashed! we follow thee that thou
 Mayst glory in avenging upon Troy
 The grudge of Menelaus and thy own,
 Thou shameless one! and yet thou hast for this
 Nor thanks nor care.

 * * * *

- 12. "I never take an equal share with thee
 Of booty when the Grecian host has sacked
 Some populous Trojan town. My hands perform
 The harder labors of the field in all
 The tumult of the fight; but when the spoil
 Is shared, the largest part is ever thine,
 While I, content with little, seek my ships,
 Weary with combat. I shall now go home
 To Phthia; better were it to be there
 With my beaked ships; but here where I am held
 In little honor, thou wilt fail, I think,
 To gather, in large measure, spoil and wealth."
 - 13. Him answered Agamemnon, king of men: "Desert, then, if thou wilt; I ask thee not To stay with me; there will be others left To do me honor yet, and best of all, The all-providing Jove is with me still. Thee I detest the most of all the men Ordained by him to govern; thy delight Is in contention, war, and bloody fray.
- 14. "If thou art brave, some deity, no doubt, Hath thus endowed thee. Hence, then, to thy home, With all thy ships and men; there domineer Over thy Myrmidons; I heed thee not, Nor care I for thy fury."

The rage of Peleus' son, as thus he spoke,
Grew fiercer; in that shaggy breast his heart
Took counsel,—whether from his thigh to draw
The trenchant sword, and, thrusting back the rest,
Smite down Atrides, or subdue his wrath
And master his own spirit. * * *

15. And now again
Pelides, with opprobrious words, bespoke
The son of Atreus, venting thus his wrath:—
"Wine-bibber, with the forehead of a dog
And a deer's heart! Thou never yet hast dared
To arm thyself for battle with the rest,
Nor join the other chiefs prepared to lie
In ambush,—such thy craven fear of death.
Better it suits thee, 'midst the mighty host
Of Greeks, to rob some warrior of his prize,

Who dares withstand thee. King thou art, and yet Devourer of thy people. Thou dost rule A spiritless race, else this day's insolence, Atrides, were thy last.

16. "And now I say, And bind my saying with a mighty oath: By this my scepter, which can never bear A leaf or twig, since first it left its stem Among the mountains, - for the steel has pared Its boughs and bark away, to sprout no more,-And now the Achaian judges bear it,—they Who guard the laws received from Jupiter,-Such is my oath,—the time shall come when all The Greeks shall long to see Achilles back, While multitudes are perishing by the hand Of Hector, the man-queller; thou, meanwhile, Though thou lament, shalt have no power to help, And thou shalt rage against thyself to think That thou hast scorned the brayest of the Greeks." As thus he spoke, Pelides to the ground Flung the gold - studded wand, and took his seat.

XXXII.—THE PIED PIPER OF HAMELIN.

ROBERT BROWNING.

Hamelin Town's in Brunswick,
 By famous Hanover City;
 The River Weser, deep and wide,
 Washes its wall on the southern side;
 A pleasanter spot you never spied;
 But, when begins my ditty,
 Almost five hundred years ago,
 To see the town folks suffer so
 From vermin, was a pity.

2. Rats!

They fought the dogs, and killed the cats,
And bit the babies in the cradles,
And ate the cheeses out of the vats,
And licked the soup from the cook's own ladles,

Split open the kegs of salted sprats,
Made nests inside men's Sunday hats,
And even spoiled the women's chats,
By drowning their speaking
With shrieking and squeaking
In fifty different sharps and flats.

- 3. At last the people in a body
 To the Town Hall came flocking:
 "'Tis clear," cried they, "our Mayor's a noddy;
 And as for our Corporation,—shocking
 To think we buy gowns lined with ermine
 For dolts that can't or won't determine
 What's best to rid us of our vermin!
- 4. You hope, because you're old and obese,
 To find in the furry civic robe ease?
 Rouse up, Sirs! Give your brains a racking
 To find the remedy we're lacking,
 Or, sure as fate, we'll send you packing!"
 At this the Mayor and Corporation
 Quaked with a mighty consternation.
- 5. An hour they sat in council,
 At length the Mayor broke silence:
 "For a guilder I'd my ermine gown sell;
 I wish I were a mile hence!
 It's easy to bid one rack one's brain,—
 I'm sure my poor head aches again
 I've scratched it so, and all in vain.
 O for a trap, a trap, a trap!"
- 6. Just as he said this, what should hap At the chamber door but a gentle tap? "Bless us," cried the Mayor, "what's that? Only a scraping of shoes on the mat? Anything like the sound of a rat Makes my heart go pit-a-pat!"
- 7. "Come in!" the Mayor cried, looking bigger: And in did come the strangest figure! His queer long coat from heel to head Was half of yellow and half of red;

And he himself was tall and thin, With sharp blue eyes, each like a pin, And light loose hair, yet swarthy skin, No tuft on cheek nor beard on chin, But lips where smiles went out and in,—There was no guessing his kith and kin!

- 8. And nobody could enough admire
 The tall man and his quaint attire:
 Quoth one: "It's as my great grandsire,
 Starting up at the Trump of Doom's tone,
 Had walked this way from his painted tombstone!"
- 9. He advanced to the council-table:
 And, "Please your honors," said he, "I'm able,
 By means of a secret charm, to draw
 All creatures living beneath the sun,
 That creep, or swim, or fly, or run,
 After me, so as you never saw!
 And I chiefly use my charm
 On creatures that do people harm,
 The mole, and toad, and newt, and viper;
 And people call me the Pied Piper."
- 10. (And here they noticed round his neck
 A searf of red and yellow stripe,
 To match with his coat of the self-same check;
 And at the scarf's end hung a pipe;
 And his fingers they noticed were ever straying
 As if impatient to be playing
 Upon this pipe, as low it dangled
 Over his vesture so old-fangled.)
- 11. "Yet," said he, "poor piper as I am, In Tartary I freed the Cham Last June from his huge swarms of gnats; I eased in Asia the Nizam

 Of a monstrous brood of vampire-bats; And as for what your brain bewilders,

 If I can rid your town of rats
 Will you give me a thousand guilders?"
 "One? Fifty thousand!"—was the exclamation Of the astonished Mayor and Corporation.

XXXIII.— THE SAME SUBJECT CONTINUED.

- Into the street the Piper stepped,
 Smiling first a little smile,
 As if he knew what magic slept
 In his quiet pipe the while;
 Then, like a musical adept,
 To blow the pipe his lips he wrinkled,
 And green and blue his sharp eyes twinkled
 Like a candle flame where salt is sprinkled;
 And ere three shrill notes the pipe uttered,
 You heard as if an army muttered;
 And the muttering grew to a grumbling;
 And the grumbling grew to a mighty rumbling;
 And out of the houses the rats came tumbling.
- Great rats, small rats, lean rats, brawny rats, Brown rats, black rats, gray rats, tawny rats, Grave old plodders, gay young friskers, Fathers, mothers, uncles, cousins, Curling tails and pricking whiskers, Families by tens and dozens, Brothers, sisters, husbands, wives, Followed the Piper for their lives.
- 3. From street to street he piped advancing, And step by step they followed dancing, Until they came to the river Weser Wherein all plunged and perished, - Save one who, stout as Julius Cæsar, Swam across and lived to carry (As he the manuscript he cherished) To Rat-land home his commentary, Which was, "At the first shrill notes of the pipe I heard a sound as of scraping tripe, And putting apples wondrous ripe, Into a cider-press's gripe; And a moving away of pickle-tub-boards, And a leaving ajar of conserve-cupboards, And a drawing the corks of train-oil-flasks, And a breaking the hoops of butter casks;

And it seemed as if a voice (Sweeter far than by <u>harp</u> or by <u>psaltery</u> Is breathed) called out, 'O rats, rejoice! The world is grown to one vast drysaltery!

- 4. So munch on, crunch on, take your nuncheon, Breakfast, supper, dinner, luncheon!' And just as a bulky sugar-puncheon, All ready staved, like a great sun shone Glorious scarce an inch before me, Just as methought it said, 'Come, bore me!' I found the Weser rolling o'er me!'
- 5. You should have heard the Hamelin people
 Ringing the bells till they rocked the steeple;
 "Go," cried the Mayor, "and get long poles!
 Poke out the nests and block up the holes!
 Consult with carpenters and builders,
 And leave in our town not even a trace
 Of the rats!"—when suddenly up the face
 Of the Piper perked in the market-place,
 With a "First, if you please, my thousand guilders!"
- 6. A thousand guilders! The Mayor looked blue; So did the Corporation too. "Beside," quoth the Mayor, with a knowing wink, "Our business was done at the river's brink; We saw with our eyes the vermin sink, And what's dead can't come to life I think.
- 7. So, friend, we're not the folks to shrink, From the duty of giving you something to drink, And a matter of money to put in your poke; But, as for the guilders, what we spoke Of them, as you very well know, was in joke. Besides, our losses have made us thrifty; A thousand guilders! Come, take fifty!"
- 8. The Piper's face fell, and he cried
 "No trifling! I can't wait! Beside,
 I've promised to visit by dinner time
 Bagdat, and accept the prime
 Of the Head Cook's pottage, all he's rich in,
 For having left, in the Caliph's kitchen,

Of a nest of scorpions no survivor,— With him I proved no bargain-driver, With you, don't think I'll <u>bate</u> a <u>stiver!</u> And folks who put me in a passion May find me pipe to another fashion."

- 9. "How?" cried the Mayor, "d'ye think I'll brook Being treated worse than a cook? Insulted by a lazy ribald With idle pipe and vesture piebald? You threaten us, fellow? Do your worst, Blow your pipe there till you burst!"
- 10. Once more he stepped into the street;
 And to his lips again
 Laid his long pipe of smooth straight cane;
 And ere he blew three notes (such sweet
 Soft notes as yet musician's cunning
 Never gave the enraptured air)
 There was a rustling, that seemed like a bustling
 Of merry crowds jostling at pitching and hustling,
 Small feet were pattering, wooden shoes clattering,
 Little hands clapping, and little tongues chattering,
 And, like fowls in a farm-yard when barley is scattering,
 Out came the children running.
- 11. All the little boys and girls, With rosy cheeks and flaxen curls, And sparkling eyes and teeth like pearls, Tripping and skipping, ran merrily after The wonderful music with shouting and laughter.
- 12. The Mayor was dumb, and the Council stood
 As if they were changed into blocks of wood,
 Unable to move a step, or cry
 To the children merrily skipping by,—
 And could only follow with the eye
 That joyous crowd at the Piper's back.
- 13. But how the Mayor was on the rack, And the wretched Council's bosoms beat, As the Piper turned from the High Street To where the Weser rolled its waters Right in the way of their sons and daughters!

However, he turned from South to West, And to Koppelberg Hill his steps addressed, And after him the children pressed; Great was the joy in every breast.

- 14. "He never can cross that mighty top!
 He's forced to let the piping drop,
 And we shall see our children stop!"
 When, lo! as they reached the mountain side,
 A wondrous portal opened wide,
 As if a cavern was suddenly hollowed;
 And the Piper advanced and the children followed,
 And when all were in to the very last,
 The door in the mountain side shut fast.
- 15. Did I say all? No. One was lame, And could not dance the whole of the way; And in after years if you would blame His sadness, he was used to say,— It's dull in our town since my playmates left! I can't forget that I'm bereft Of all the pleasant sights they see, Which the Piper also promised me;
- 16. "For he led us," he said, "to a joyous land, Joining the town and just at hand, Where waters gushed and fruit-trees grew, And flowers put forth a fairer hue, And every thing was strange and new; The sparrows were brighter than peacocks here, And their dogs outran our fallow deer, And honey-bees had lost their stings, And horses were born with eagles' wings;
- 17. "And just as I became assured
 My lame foot would be speedily cured,
 The music stopped and I stood still,
 And found myself outside the Hill,
 Left alone against my will,
 To go on limping as before,
 And never hear of that country more!"
- 18. And I must not omit to say That in Transylvania there's a tribe Of alien people that ascribe

The outlandish ways and dress
On which their neighbors lay such stress,
To their fathers and mothers having risen
Out of some subterraneous prison
Into which they were trepanned
Long time ago in a mighty band
Out of Hamelin town in Brunswick land,
But how or why, they don't understand.

XXXIV.—FAITHLESS SALLY BROWN.

THOMAS HOOD.

- Young Ben he was a nice young man,
 A carpenter by trade;
 And he fell in love with Sally Brown,
 That was a lady's maid.
- But as they fetched a walk one day,
 They met a press-gang crew,
 And Sally she did faint away,
 Whilst Ben he was brought to.
- The boatswain swore with wicked words, Enough to shock a saint, That though she did seem in a fit, 'Twas nothing but a feint.
- "Come, girl," said he, "hold up your head,
 He'll be as good as me;
 For when your swain is in our boat,
 A boatswain he will be."
- So when they'd made their game of her, And taken off her elf,
 She roused, and found she only was A coming to herself.
- 6. "And is he gone, and is he gone?" She cried, and wept outright: "Then will I to the water side, And see him out of sight,"

- A waterman came up to her, "Now, young woman," said he, "If you weep on so, you will make Eye-water in the sea."
- "Alas! they've taken my beau, Ben,
 To sail with old Benbow;"
 And her woe began to run afresh,
 As if she'd said, Gee woe!
- Says he, "They've only taken him
 To the tender-ship, you see;"
 "The tender-ship," cried Sally Brown,
 "What a hardship that must be!
- "Oh! would I were a mermaid now, For then I'd follow him;
 But Oh! — I'm not a fish-woman, And so I can not swim.
- "Alas! I was not born beneath
 The Virgin and the Scales,
 So I must curse my cruel stars,
 And walk about in Wales."
- Now Ben had sailed to many a place
 That's underneath the world;
 But in two years the ship came home,
 And all her sails were furled.
- 13. But when he called on Sally Brown, To see how she got on, He found she'd got another Ben, Whose Christian name was John.
- 14. "Oh, Sally Brown, Oh, Sally Brown, How could you serve me so, I've met with many a breeze before, But never such a blow!"
- 15. Then reading on his 'bacco box, He heaved a heavy sigh, And then began to eye his pipe, And then to pipe his eye.

- 16. And then he tried to sing "All's Well," But could not, though he tried; His head was turned, and so he chewed His pigtail till he died.
- 17. His death, which happened in his berth, At forty-odd befell: They went and told the sexton, and The sexton tolled the bell.

XXXV.—A CONTEST WITH A CANNON.

VICTOR HUGO.

- 1. Boisberthelot had no time to reply; there came a desperate cry, and at the same instant they heard a noise as unaccountable as it was awful. The cry and this noise came from the interior of the vessel. The captain and lieutenant made a rush for the gun-deck, but could not get down. All the gunners were running frantically up. A frightful thing had just happened!
- 2. One of the carronades of the battery, a twenty-four-pounder, had got loose. This is perhaps the most formidable of ocean accidents. Nothing more terrible can happen to a vessel in open sea and under full sail.
- 3. A gun that breaks its moorings becomes suddenly some indescribable supernatural beast. It is a machine which transforms itself into a monster. This mass turns upon its wheels; rolls with the rolling, pitches with the pitching; goes, comes, pauses, seems to meditate; resumes its course, rushes along the ship from end to end like an arrow, circles about, springs aside, evades, rears, breaks, kills, exterminates.
- 4. The mad mass has the bounds of a panther, the weight of the elephant, the agility of the mouse, the obstinacy of the ass, the unexpectedness of the surge, the rapidity of lightning, the deafness of the tomb. It weighs ten thousand pounds, and it rebounds like a child's ball.

What is to be done? How to end this? A tempest ceases, a cyclone passes, a wind falls, a broken mast is replaced, a leak is stopped, a fire dies out; but how to control this enormous brute of bronze? In what way can one attack it?

- 5. You can make a mastiff hear reason, astound a bull, fascinate a boa, frighten a tiger, soften a lion; but there is no resource with that monster, a cannon let loose. You can not kill it—it is dead; at the same time it lives.
- 6. In an instant the whole crew were on foot. The fault was the chief gunner's; he had neglected to fix home the screw-nut of the mooring-chain, and had so badly shackled the four wheels of the carronade that the play given to the sole and frame had separated the platform, and ended by breaking the breeching.
- 7. The cordage had broken, so that the gun was no longer secure on the carriage. The stationary breeching which prevents recoil was not in use at that period. As a heavy wave struck the port, the carronade, weakly attached, recoiled, burst its chain, and began to rush wildly about. Conceive, in order to have an idea of this strange sliding, a drop of water running down a pane of glass.
- 8. The captain and lieutenant, although both intrepid men, stopped at the head of the stairs, and remained mute, pale, hesitating, looking down upon the deck. Some one pushed them aside with his elbow and descended.

It was their passenger—the peasant—the old man of whom they had been speaking a moment before.

When he reached the foot of the ladder, he stood still.

9. Suddenly, into the midst of this sort of inaccessible circus, where the escaped cannon leaped and bounded, there sprang a man with an iron bar in his hand. It was the author of this catastrophe, the gunner whose culpable negligence had caused the accident—the captain of the gun. Having been the means of bringing about the misfortune, he desired to repair it. He had caught up a handspike in one fist, a tiller-rope with a slipping noose in the other, and jumped down into the gun-deck.

10. There a strange combat began; a Titanic strife—the struggle of the gun against the gunner; a battle between matter and intelligence; a duel between the inanimate and the human.

The man was posted at an angle, the bar and rope in his two fists; backed against one of the riders, settled firmly on his legs as on two pillars of steel; livid, calm, tragic, rooted as it were in the planks, he waited.

He waited for the cannon to pass near him.

- 11. The gunner knew his piece, and it seemed to him that she must recognize her master. He had lived a long while with her. How many times he had thrust his hand between her jaws! It was his tame monster. He began to address it as he might have done his dog.
- 12. "Come on!" the man said to it. It seemed to listen. Suddenly it darted upon him. The gunner avoided the shock.

The struggle began — struggle unheard of. The fragile matching itself against the invulnerable. The thing of flesh attacking the brazen brute. On the one side blind force, on the other a soul.

The whole passed in a half-light. It was like the indistinct vision of a miracle.

- 13. An end of broken chain remained attached to the carronade. This chain had twisted itself, one could not tell how, about the screw of the breech-button. One extremity of the chain was fastened to the carriage. The other, hanging loose, whirled wildly about the gun and added to the danger of its blows.
- 14. The screw held it like a clenched hand, and the chain, multiplying the strokes of the battering-ram by its strokes of a thong, made a fearful whirlwind about the cannon—a whip of iron in a fist of brass. This chain complicated the battle.
- 15. Nevertheless, the man fought. Sometimes, even, it was the man who attacked the cannon. He crept along the side, bar and rope in hand, and the cannon had the air of

understanding, and fled as if it perceived a snare. The man pursued it, formidable, fearless.

- 16. Three carronades gave way under the blows of the gun, then, as if blind and no longer conscious of what it was doing, it turned its back on the man, rolled from the stern to the bow, bruising the stem and making a breach in the plankings of the prow. The gunner had taken refuge at the foot of the stairs, a few steps from the old man, who was watching.
- 17. The gunner held his handspike in rest. The cannon seemed to perceive him, and, without taking the trouble to turn itself, backed upon him with the quickness of an axe-stroke. The gunner, if driven back against the side, was lost. The crew uttered a simultaneous cry.
- 18. But the old passenger, until now immovable, made a spring more rapid than all those wild whirls. He seized a bale of the false assignats, and at the risk of being crushed, succeeded in flinging it between the wheels of the carronade. This manœuver, decisive and dangerous, could not have been executed with more adroitness and precision.
- 19. The bale had the effect of a plug. A pebble may stop a log, a tree branch turn an avalanche. The carronade stumbled. The gunner, in his turn, seizing this terrible chance, plunged his iron bar between the spokes of one of the hind wheels. The cannon was stopped.
- 20. It staggered. The man, using the bar as a lever, rocked it to and fro. The heavy mass turned over with a clang like a falling bell, and the gunner, dripping with sweat, rushed forward headlong and passed the slipping noose of the tiller-rope about the bronze neck of the overthrown monster.
- 21. It was ended. The man had conquered. The ant had subdued the mastodon; the pigmy had taken the thunderbolt prisoner.

The marines and the sailors clapped their hands.

The whole crew hurried down with cables and chains, and in an instant the cannon was securely lashed.

The gunner saluted the passenger. "Sir," he said to him, "you have saved my life."

The old man had resumed his impassible attitude, and did not reply.

XXXVI.—THE SAME SUBJECT CONTINUED.

VICTOR HUGO.

- 1. The man had conquered, but one might say that the cannon had conquered also. Immediate shipwreck had been avoided, but the corvette was by no means saved. The dilapidation of the vessel seemed irremediable. The sides had five breaches, one of which, very large, was in the bow. Out of the thirty carronades, twenty lay useless in their frames.
- 2. The carronade, which had been captured and rechained, was itself disabled; the screw of the breech-button was forced, and the leveling of the piece impossible in consequence. The battery was reduced to nine pieces. The hold had sprung a leak. It was necessary at once to repair the damages, and set the pumps to work.
- 3. While the crew were repairing summarily and in haste the damages of the gun-deck, stopping the leaks and putting back into position the guns which had escaped the disaster, the old passenger had gone on deck.

He stood with his back against the main-mast.

- 4. He had paid no attention to a proceeding which had taken place on the vessel. The Chevalier La Vieuville had drawn up the marines in line on either side of the main mast, and at the whistle of the boatswain, the sailors busy in the rigging stood upright on the yards.
- 5. Count du Boisberthelot advanced toward the passenger. Behind the Captain marched a man haggard, breathless, his dress in disorder, yet wearing a satisfied look under it all. It was the gunner who had just now so opportunely shown himself a tamer of monsters, and who had got the better of the cannon.

6. The Count made a military salute to the unknown in peasant garb, and said to him, "General, here is the man."

The gunner held himself erect, his eyes downcast, standing in his soldierly attitude.

Count du Boisberthelot continued: "General, taking into consideration what this man has done, do you not think there is something for his commanders to do?"

- 7. "I think there is," said the old man.
- "Be good enough to give the orders," returned Boisberthelot.
 - "It is for you to give them. You are the captain."
 - "But you are the general," answered Boisberthelot.
- 8. The old man looked at the gunner. "Approach," said he.

The gunner moved forward a step. The old man turned toward Count du Boisberthelot, detached the cross of Saint Louis from the Captain's uniform, and fastened it on the jacket of the gunner.

- "Hurrah!" cried the sailors.
- 9. The marines presented arms. The old passenger, pointing with his finger toward the bewildered gunner, added: "Now let that man be shot."

Stupor succeeded the applause. Then, in the midst of a silence like that of the tomb, the old man raised his voice. He said:

- 10. "A negligence has endangered this ship. At this moment she is perhaps lost. To be at sea is to face the enemy. A vessel at open sea is an army which gives battle. The tempest conceals, but does not absent itself. The whole sea is an ambuscade. Death is the penalty of any fault committed in the face of the enemy. No fault is reparable. Courage ought to be rewarded and negligence punished."
- 11. These words fell one after the other slowly, solemnly, with a sort of inexorable measure, like the blows of an ax upon an oak.

And the old man, turning to the soldiers, added — "Do your duty."

The man upon whose breast shone the cross of Saint Louis, bowed his head.

- 12. At a sign from Count du Boisberthelot, two sailors descended between decks, then returned, bringing the hammock winding-sheet. The ship's chaplain, who since the time of sailing had been at prayer in the officers' quarters, accompanied the two sailors; a sergeant detached from the line twelve marines, whom he arranged in two ranks, six by six; the gunner, without uttering a word, placed himself between the two files. The chaplain, crucifix in hand, advanced and stood near him.
 - 13. "March!" said the sergeant.

The platoon moved with slow steps toward the bow. The two sailors who carried the shroud followed.

A gloomy silence fell upon the corvette. A hurricane moaned in the distance.

14. A few instants later there was a flash; a report followed, echoing among the shadows; then all was silent; then came the thud of a body falling into the sea.

The old passenger still leaned back against the mainmast with folded arms, thinking silently.

Boisberthelot pointed toward him with the forefinger of his left hand, and said in a low tone to La Vieuville:

"The Vendée has found a head!"

XXXVII. — FATE.

BRET HARTE.

- "The sky is clouded, the rocks are bare;
 The spray of the tempest is white in air;
 The winds are out with the waves at play,
 And I shall not tempt the sea to-day.
- "The trail is narrow, the wood is dim,
 The panther clings to the arching limb;
 And the lion's whelps are abroad at play,
 And I shall not join in the chase to-day."

But the ship sailed safely over the sea,
 And the hunters came from the chase in glee;
 And the town that was builded upon a rock
 Was swallowed up in the earthquake shock.

XXXVIII. - THE MOUNTAIN HEART'S-EASE

BRET HARTE.

- By scattered rocks and turbid waters shifting, By furrowed glade and dell, To feverish men thy calm, sweet face uplifting, Thou stayest them to tell
- The delicate thought that can not find expression,
 For ruder speech too fair,
 That, like thy petals, trembles in possession,
 And scatters in the air.
- The miner pauses in his rugged labor,
 And, leaning on his spade,
 Laughingly calls unto his comrade-neighbor
 To see thy charms displayed;
- But in his eyes a mist unwonted rises,
 And for a moment clear,
 Some sweet home face his foolish thought surprises
 And passes in a tear,—
- Some boyish vision of his Eastern village,
 Of uneventful toil,
 Where golden harvests followed quiet tillage
 Above a peaceful soil:
- One moment only, for the pick, uplifting,
 Through root and fiber cleaves,
 And on the muddy current slowly drifting,
 Are swept thy bruisèd leaves.
- 7. And yet, O poet, in thy homely fashion, Thy work thou dost fulfill, For on the turbid current of his passion Thy face is shining still!

XXXIX. — BURNS.

FITZ - GREENE HALLECK.

- The memory of Burns a name
 That calls, when brimmed her festal cup,
 A nation's glory and her shame,
 In silent sadness up.
- A nation's glory—be the rest
 Forgot—she canonized his mind;
 And it is joy to speak the best
 We may of human kind.
- I've stood beside the cottage bed
 Where the Bard-peasant first drew breath;
 A straw-thatched roof above his head,
 A straw-wrought couch beneath.
- 4. And I have stood beside the pile, His monument—that tells to Heaven The homage of earth's proudest isle To that Bard-peasant given!
- 5. Bid thy thoughts hover o'er that spot,
 Boy-minstrel, in thy dreaming hour;
 And know, however low his lot,
 A poet's pride and power.
- The pride that lifted Burns from earth,
 The power that gave a child of song
 Ascendency o'er rank and birth,
 The rich, the brave, the strong;
- And if despondency weigh down
 Thy spirit's fluttering pinions then,
 Despair—thy name is written on
 The roll of common men.
- 8. There have been loftier themes than his, And longer scrolls, and louder lyres, And lays lit up with Poesy's Purer and holier fires:

- Yet read the names that know not death;
 Few nobler ones than Burns are there;
 And few have won a greener wreath
 Than that which binds his hair.
- 10. His is that language of the heart, In which the answering heart would speak, Thought, word, that bids the warm tear start, Or the smile light the cheek;
- And his that music, to whose tone
 The common pulse of man keeps time,
 In cot or castle's mirth or moan,
 In cold or sunny clime.
- And who hath heard his song, nor knelt Before its spell with willing knee, And listened, and believed, and felt The Poet's mastery,
- 13. O'er the mind's sea, in calm and storm, O'er the heart's stanshine and its showers, O'er Passion's moments, bright and warm, O'er Reason's dark, cold hours;
- 14. On fields where brave men "die or do," In halls where rings the banquet's mirth, Where mourners weep, where lovers woo, From throne to cottage hearth?
- 15. What sweet tears dim the eyes unshed, What wild vows falter on the tongue, When "Scots wha hae wi' Wallace bled," Or "Auld Lang Syne" is sung!
- 16. Pure hopes, that lift the soul above, Come with his Cotter's hymn of praise, And dreams of youth, and truth, and love, With "Logan's" banks and braes.
- 17. And when he breathes his master-lay Of Alloway's witch-haunted wall, All passions in our frames of clay Come thronging at his call.

- Imagination's world of air,
 And our own world, its gloom and glee,
 Wit, pathos, poetry, are there,
 And death's sublimity.
- 19. And Burns—though brief the race he ran, Though rough and dark the path he trod Lived—died—in form and soul a Man, The image of his God.

XL. -- RED JACKET.

FITZ - GREENE HALLECK.

- Yes, thou wast monarch born, Tradition's pages
 Tell not the planting of thy parent tree,
 But that the forest tribes have bent for ages
 To thee, and to thy sires, the subject knee.
- Thy name is princely—if no poet's magic Could make Red Jacket grace an English rhyme, Though some one with a genius for the tragic Hath introduced it in a pantomime,
- Yet it is music in the language spoken
 Of thine own land; and on her herald roll;
 As bravely fought for, and as proud a token
 As Cœur de Lion's of a warrior's soul.
- 4. Is strength a monarch's merit, like a whaler's? Thou art as tall, as sinewy, and as strong As earth's first Kings—the Argo's gallant sailors, Heroes in history, and gods in song.
- 5. Is eloquence?—Her spell is thine that reaches The heart, and makes the wisest head its sport; And there's one rare, strange virtue in thy speeches, The secret of their mastery—they are short.
- 6. The monarch mind, the mystery of commanding, The birth-hour gift, the art Napoleon, Of winning, fettering, molding, wielding, banding The hearts of millions till they move as one:

- Thou hast it. At thy bidding men have crowded
 The road to death as to a festival;
 And minstrels, at their sepulchers, have shrouded
 With banner-folds of glory the dark pall.
- Who will believe that, with a smile whose blessing Would, like the Patriarch's, soothe a dying hour, With voice as low, as gentle, and caressing, As e'er won maiden's lip in moonlit bower;
- 9. With look, like patient Job's, eschewing evil; With motions graceful as a bird's in air; Thou art, in sober truth, the veriest devil That e'er clenched fingers in a captive's hair!
- 10. And underneath that face, like summer ocean's, Its lip as moveless, and its cheek as clear, Slumbers a whirlwind of the heart's emotions, Love, hatred, pride, hope, sorrow—all save fear.
- Love for thy land, as if she were thy daughter,
 Her pipe in peace, her tomahawk in wars;
 Hatred of missionaries and cold water;
 Pride in thy rifle-trophies and thy scars;
- 12. Hope—that thy wrongs may be, by the Great Spirit, Remembered and revenged when thou art gone; Sorrow—that none are left thee to inherit Thy name, thy fame, thy passions, and thy throne!

XLI.—THE SOCIETY UPON THE STANISLOW.

- I reside at Table Mountain, and my name is Truthful James, I am not up to small deceit, or any sinful games; And I'll tell in simple language what I know about the row That broke up our society upon the Stanislow.
- But first I would remark, that it's not a proper plan
 For any scientific gent to whale his fellow-man,
 And if a member don't agree with his peculiar whim,
 To lay for that same member for to "put a head" on him.
- Now nothing could be finer or more beautiful to see,
 Than the first six months' proceedings of that same society,

Till Brown of Calaveras brought a lot of fossil bones That he found within a tunnel near the tenement of Jones.

- 4. Then Brown he read a paper, and he reconstructed there, From those same bones, an animal that was extremely rare; And Jones then asked the chair for a suspension of the rules, Till he could prove that those same bones were one of his lost mules.
- 5. Then Brown he smiled a bitter smile, and said he was at fault. It seemed he had been trespassing on Jones' family vault: He was a most sarcastic man, this quiet Mr. Brown, And on several occasions he had cleaned out the town.
- 6. Now I hold it is not decent for a scientific gent To say another is an ass, — at least to all intent; Nor should the individual who happens to be meant, Reply by heaving rocks at him to any great extent.
- 7. Then Abner Dean of Angel's raised a point of order when A chunk of old red sandstone took him in the abdomen, And he smiled a kind of sickly smile, and curled up on the floor, And the subsequent proceedings interested him no more,
- 8. For, in less time than I write it, every member did engage In a warfare with the remnants of a paleozoic age; And the way they heaved those fossils in their anger was a sin, Till the skull of an old mammoth caved the head of Thompson in.
- And this is all I have to say of these improper games,
 For I live at Table Mountain, and my name is Truthful James;
 And I've told in simple language what I know about the row
 That broke up our society upon the Stanislow.

XLII.—THE GALE.

CHARLES DICKENS.

- 1. "Don't you think that," I asked the coachman, in the first stage out of London, "a very remarkable sky? I don't remember to have seen one like it."
- "Nor I not equal to it," he replied. "That's wind, sir. There'll be mischief done at sea, I expect, before long."
 - 2. It was a murky confusion here and there blotted

with a color like the color of the smoke from damp fuel — of flying clouds tossed up into most remarkable heaps, suggesting greater heights in the clouds than there were depths below them to the bottom of the deepest hollows in the earth, through which the wild moon seemed to plunge headlong, as if, in a dread disturbance of the laws of nature, she had lost her way and were frightened. There had been a wind all day; and it was rising then, with an extraordinary great sound. In another hour it had much increased, and the sky was more overcast, and it blew hard.

- 3. But as the night advanced, the clouds closing in and densely overspreading the whole sky, then very dark, it came on to blow, harder and harder. It still increased, until our horses could scarcely face the wind. Many times, in the dark part of the night (it was then late in September, when the nights were not short), the leaders turned about, or came to a dead stop; and we were often in serious apprehension that the coach would be blown over.
- 4. Sweeping gusts of rain came up before this storm like showers of steel; and at those times, when there was any shelter of trees or lee walls to be got, we were fain to stop, in a sheer impossibility of continuing the struggle.
- 5. When the day broke, it blew harder and harder. I had been in Yarmouth when the seamen said it blew great guns, but I had never known the like of this, or any thing approaching to it. We came to Ipswich, very late, having had to fight every inch of ground since we were ten miles out of London; and found a cluster of people in the market-place, who had risen from their beds in the night, fearful of falling chimneys.
- 6. Some of these, congregating about the inn-yard while we changed horses, told us of great sheets of lead having been ripped off a high church-tower, and flung into a by-street, which they then blocked up. Others had to tell of country people, coming in from neighboring villages, who had seen great trees lying torn out of the earth, and

whole ricks scattered about the roads and fields. Still there was no abatement in the storm, but it blew harder.

- 7. As we struggled on, nearer and nearer to the sea, from which this mighty wind was blowing dead on shore, its force became more and more terrific. Long before we saw the sea, its spray was on our lips, and showered salt rain upon us. The water was out, over miles and miles of the flat country adjacent to Yarmouth; and every sheet and puddle lashed its banks, and had its stress of little breakers setting heavily towards us.
- 8. When we came within sight of the sea, the waves on the horizon, caught at intervals above the rolling abyss, were like glimpses of another shore with towers and buildings. When at last we got into the town, the people came out to their doors, all aslant, and with streaming hair, making a wonder of the mail that had come through such a night.
- 9. I put up at the old inn, and went down to look at the sea; staggering along the street, which was strewn with sand and sea-weed, and with flying blotches of sea-foam; afraid of falling slates and tiles; and holding by people I met at angry corners. Coming near the beach, I saw, not only the boatmen, but half the people of the town, lurking behind buildings; some now and then braving the fury of the storm to look away to sea, and blown sheer out of their course in trying to get zigzag back.
- 10. Joining these groups, I found bewailing women whose husbands were away in herring or oyster boats, which there was too much reason to think might have foundered before they could run in anywhere for safety. Grizzled old sailors were among the people, shaking their heads as they looked from water to sky, and muttering to one another; ship-owners, excited and uneasy; children huddling together, and peering into older faces; even stout mariners, disturbed and anxious, leveling their glasses at the sea from behind places of shelter, as if they were surveying an enemy.

- 11. The tremendous sea itself, when I could find sufficient pause to look at it, in the agitation of the blinding wind, the flying stones and sand, and the awful noise, confounded me. As the high watery walls came rolling in, and, at their highest, tumbled into surf, they looked as if the least would ingulf the town.
- 12. As the receding wave swept back with a hoarse roar, it seemed to scoop out deep caves in the beach, as if its purpose were to undermine the earth. When some white-headed billows thundered on, and dashed themselves to pieces before they reached the land, every fragment of the late whole seemed possessed by the full might of its wrath, rushing to be gathered to the composition of another monster.
- 13. Undulating hills were changed to valleys; undulating valleys (with a solitary storm-bird sometimes skimming through them) were lifted up to hills; masses of water shivered and shook the beach with a booming sound; every shape tumultuously rolled on, as soon as made, to change its shape and place, and beat another shape and place away; the ideal shore on the horizon, with its towers and buildings, rose and fell; the clouds flew fast and thick; I seemed to see a rending and upheaving of all nature.

XLIII. - THE WRECK.

CHARLES DICKENS.

- 1. It was broad day, eight or nine o'clock; the storm raging; and some one knocking and calling at my door.
 - "What is the matter," I cried.
 - "A wreck! Close by!"
 - I sprang out of bed, and asked what wreck.
- "A schooner, from Spain or Portugal, laden with fruit and wine. Make haste, sir, if you want to see her! It's thought, down on the beach, she'll go to pieces every moment."

2. The excited voice went clamoring along the staircase; and I wrapped myself in my clothes as quickly as I could, and ran into the street.

Numbers of people were there before me, all running in one direction, to the beach. I ran the same way, outstripping a good many, and soon came facing the wild sea.

- 3. The wind might by this time have lulled a little, though not more sensibly than if the cannonading I had dreamed of had been diminished by the silencing of half a dozen guns out of hundreds. But the sea, having upon it the additional agitation of the whole night, was infinitely more terrific than when I had seen it last. Every appearance it had then presented bore the expression of being swelled; and the height to which the breakers rose, and looking over one another, bore one another down, and rolled in, in interminable hosts, was most appalling.
- 4. In the difficulty of hearing anything but winds and waves, and in the crowd, and the unspeakable confusion, and my first breathless efforts to stand against the weather, I was so confused that I looked out to sea for the wreck, and saw nothing but the foaming heads of the great waves. A half-dressed boatman, standing next me, pointed with his bare arm (a tattooed arrow on it, pointing in the same direction) to the left. Then, O great Heaven, I saw it, close in upon us.
- 5. One mast was broken short off, six or eight feet from the deck, and lay over the side, entangled in a maze of sail and rigging; and all that ruin, as the ship rolled and beat,—which she did without a moment's pause, and with a violence quite inconceivable,—beat the side as if it would stave it in.
- 6. Some efforts were even then being made to cut this portion of the wreck away; for, as the ship, which was broadside on, turned towards us in her rolling, I plainly descried her people at work with axes, especially one active figure with long curling hair, conspicuous among the rest.

- 7. But a great cry, which was audible even above the wind and water, rose from the shore at this moment; the sea, sweeping over the rolling wreck, made a clean breach, and carried men, spars, casks, planks, bulwarks, heaps of such toys, into the boiling surge.
- 8. The second mast was yet standing, with the rags of a rent sail, and a wild confusion of broken cordage flapping to and fro. The ship had struck once, the same boatman hoarsely said in my ear, and then lifted in and struck again. I understood him to add that she was parting amidships, and I could readily suppose so, for the rolling and beating were too tremendous for any human work to suffer long.
 - 9. As he spoke, there was another great cry of pity from the beach; four men arose with the wreck out of the deep, clinging to the rigging of the remaining mast; uppermost, the active figure with the curling hair.
 - 10. There was a bell on board; and as the ship rolled and dashed, like a desperate creature driven mad, now showing us the whole sweep of her deck, as she turned on her beam-ends towards the shore, now nothing but her keel, as she sprung wildly over and turned towards the sea, the bell rang; and its sound, the knell of those unhappy men, was borne towards us on the wind.
 - 11. Again we lost her, and again she rose. Two men were gone. The agony on shore increased. Men groaned, and clasped their hands; women shrieked, and turned away their faces. Some ran wildly up and down along the beach, crying for help where no help could be. I found myself one of these, frantically imploring a knot of sailors whom I knew, not to let those two lost creatures perish before our eyes.
 - 12. They were making out to me in an agitated way—I don't know how, for the little that I could hear I was scarcely composed enough to understand—that the lifeboat had been bravely manned an hour ago, and could do nothing; and that as no man would be so desperate as to

attempt to wade off with a rope, and establish a communication with the shore, there was nothing left to try; when I noticed that some new sensation moved the people on the beach, and saw them part, and Ham come breaking through them to the front.

- 13. He watched the sea, standing alone, with the silence of suspended breath behind him, and the storm before, until there was a great retiring wave, when, with a backward glance at those who held the rope which was made fast round his body, he dashed in after it, and in a moment was buffeting with the water; rising with the hills, falling with the valleys, lost beneath the foam; then drawn again to land. They hauled in hastily.
- 14. He was hurt. I saw blood on his face, from where I stood; but he took no thought of that. He seemed hurriedly to give them some directions for leaving him more free,—or so I judged from the motion of his arm,—and was gone as before.
- 15. And now he made for the wreck, rising with the hills, falling with the valleys, lost beneath the rugged foam, borne in towards the shore, borne on towards the ship, striving hard and valiantly. The distance was nothing, but the power of the sea and wind made the strife deadly.
- 16. At length he neared the wreck. He was so near, that with one more of his vigorous strokes he would be clinging to it,—when a high, green, vast hillside of water, moving on shore-ward, from beyond the ship, he seemed to leap up into it with a mighty bound, and the ship was gone!
- 17. Some eddying fragments I saw in the sea, as if a mere cask had been broken, in running to the spot where they were hauling in. Consternation was in every face. They drew him to my very feet—insensible—dead. He was carried to the nearest house; and, no one preventing me now, I remained near him, busy, while every means of restoration was tried; but he had been beaten to death by the great wave, and his generous heart was stilled forever.

XLIV.—THE SNOW.

JOHN G. WHITTIER.

- Unwarmed by any sunset light,
 The gray dawn darkened into night,
 A night made hoary with the swarm
 And whirl-dance of the blinding storm,
 As zigzag wavering to and fro
 Crossed and re-crossed the wingéd snow:
 And ere the early bed-time came
 The white drift piled the window-frame,
 And through the glass the clothes-line posts
 Looked in like tall and sheeted ghosts.
- 2. So all night long the storm roared on The morning broke without a sun; In tiny spherule traced with lines Of Nature's geometric signs. In starry flake, and pellicle, All day the hoary meteor fell; And when the second morning shone, We looked upon a world unknown, On nothing we could call our own. Around the glistening wonder bent The blue walls of the firmament, No cloud above, no earth below,—A universe of sky and snow!
- 3. The old familiar sights of ours
 Took marvelous shapes; strange domes and towers
 Rose up where sty and corncrib stood,
 Or garden wall, or belt of wood;
 A smooth white mound the brush-pile showed,
 A fenceless drift what once was road;
 The bridle-post an old man sat
 With loose-flung coat and high cocked hat;
 The well-curb had a Chinese roof
 And even the long sweep, high aloof,
 In its slant splendor, seemed to tell
 Of Pisa's leaning miracle.

4. A prompt, decisive man, no breath
Our father wasted: "Boys, a path!"
Well pleased, (for when did farmer boy
Count such a summons less than joy?)
Our buskins on our feet we drew;
With mittened hands, and caps drawn low,
To guard our necks and ears from snow,
We cut the solid whiteness through,
And where the drift was deepest, made
A tunnel walled and overlaid
With dazzling crystal: we had read
Of rare Aladdin's wondrous cave,
With many a wish the luck were ours
To test his lamp's supernal powers.

XLV.—THE ELFIN DANCE.

JOSEPH RODMAN DRAKE.

- Ouphe and Goblin! Imp and Sprite!
 Elf of eve! and starry Fay!
 Ye that love the moon's soft light,
 Hither, hither wend your way;
 Twine ye in a jocund ring,
 Sing and trip it merrily,
 Hand to hand, and wing to wing,
 Round the wild witch-hazel tree.
- Hail the wanderer again
 With dance and song, and lute and lyre,
 Pure his wing and strong his chain,
 And doubly bright his fairy fire.
 Twine ye in an airy round,
 Brush the dew and print the lea;
 Skip and gambol, hop and bound,
 Round the wild witch-hazel tree.
- 3. The beetle guards our holy ground,
 He flies about the haunted place,
 And if mortal there be found,
 He hums in his ears and flaps his face;
 The leaf-harp sounds our roundelay,
 The owlet's eyes our lanterns be;

Thus we sing, and dance, and play, Round the wild witch-hazel tree.

4. But hark! from tower on tree-top high, The sentry-elf his call has made: A streak is in the eastern sky, Shapes of moonlight! flit and fade! The hill-tops gleam in morning's spring, The sky-lark shakes his dappled wing, The day-glimpse glimmers on the lawn, The cock has crowed, and the Fays are gone.

XLVI.—SELECT FABLES.

THE DIAMOND AND THE LOADSTONE.

- 1. A Diamond, of great beauty and luster, observing not only many other gems of a lower class ranged together with himself in the same cabinet, but a Loadstone likewise placed not far from him, began to question the latter how he came there, and what pretensions he had to be ranked among the precious stones; he, who appeared to be no better than a mere flint, a sorry, coarse, rusty-looking pebble, without the least shining quality to advance him to such an honor; and concluded with desiring him to keep his distance, and pay a proper respect to his superiors.
- 2. "I find," said the Loadstone, "you judge by external appearances, and condemn without due examination; but I will not act so ungenerously by you. I am willing to allow you your due praise; you are a pretty bauble; I am mightily delighted to see you glitter and sparkle; I look upon you with pleasure and surprise; but I must be convinced you are of some sort of use before I acknowledge that you have any real merit, or treat you with that respect which you seem to demand.
- 3. "With regard to myself, I confess my deficiency in outward beauty; but I may venture to say that I make amends by my intrinsic qualities. The great improvement of navigation is entirely owing to me.

- 4. "By me the distant parts of the world have been made known and are accessible to each other; the remotest nations are connected together, and all, as it were, united into one common society; by mutual intercourse they relieve one another's wants, and all enjoy the several blessings peculiar to each.
- 5. "The world is indebted to me for its wealth, its splendor, and its power; and the arts and sciences are, in a great measure, obliged to me for their improvements, and their continual increase. All these blessings I am the origin of; for by my aid it is that man is enabled to construct that valuable instrument, the Mariner's Compass."

6. Moral.

Let dazzling stones in splendor glare, Utility's the gem for wear.

XLVII.—SELECT FABLES.

I .- THE BEAR AND THE BEES.

- 1. A Bear happened to be stung by a Bee; and the pain was so acute, that in the madness of revenge he ran into the garden, and overturned the hive. This outrage provoked their anger to such a degree that it brought the fury of the whole swarm upon him.
- 2. They attacked him with such violence that his life was in danger, and it was with the utmost difficulty that he made his escape, wounded from head to tail. In this desperate condition, lamenting his misfortunes, and licking his sores, he could not forbear reflecting how much more advisable it had been patiently to bear one injury, than by an unprofitable resentment to provoke a thousand.
- 3. Moral.—It is more prudent to acquiesce under an injury from a single person, than by an act of vengeance to bring upon us the resentment of a whole community.

II.—THE FOX WITHOUT A TAIL.

- 1. A Fox being caught in a steel trap by his tail, was glad to compound for his escape with the loss of it; but on coming abroad into the world, he began to be so sensible of the disgrace such a defect would bring upon him, that he almost wished he had died rather than have left it behind him.
- 2. However, to make the best of a bad matter, he formed a project in his head to call an assembly of the rest of the Foxes, and propose it for their imitation as a fashion which would be very agreeable and becoming. He did so, and made a long harangue upon the unprofitableness of tails in general, and endeavored chiefly to show the awkwardness and inconvenience of a Fox's tail in particular.
- 3. He added that it would be both more graceful and more expeditious to be altogether without them, and that, for his part, what he had only imagined and conjectured before, he now found by experience; for that he never enjoyed himself so well, nor found himself so easy as he had done since he cut off his tail.
- 4. He said no more, but looked about with a brisk air to see what proselytes he had gained; when a sly old Fox in the company, who understood the nature of a trap, answered him, with a leer, "I believe you may have found a conveniency in parting with your tail; and when we are in the same circumstances, perhaps we may do so too."
- 5. MORAL.—It is common for men to wish others reduced to their own level, and we ought to guard against such advice as may proceed from this principle.

III .- THE WIND AND THE SUN.

1. A dispute once arose betwixt the North Wind and the Sun about the superiority of their power; and they agreed to try their strength upon a traveler, which should be able to get off his cloak first, 2. The North Wind began, and blew a very cold blast, accompanied with a sharp, driving shower. But this, and whatever else he could do, instead of making the man quit his cloak, obliged him to gird it about his body as close as possible.

3. Next came the Sun, who, breaking out from the thick, watery cloud, drove away the cold vapors from the sky, and darted his warm, sultry beams upon the head of the poor weather-beaten traveler. The man, growing faint with the heat, and unable to endure it any longer, first throws off his heavy cloak, and then flies for protection to the shade of a neighboring grove.

4. Moral.—Soft and gentle means will often accom-

plish what force and fury can never effect.

XLVIII.—THE LOST CHILD.

HENRY_KINGSLEY.

- 1. Four or five miles up the river from Garoopna stood a solitary hut, sheltered by a lofty, bare knoll, round which the great river chafed among the bowlders. Across the stream was the forest sloping down in pleasant glades from the mountain; and behind the hut rose the plain four or five hundred feet overhead, seeming to be held aloft by the blue-stone columns which rose from the river-side.
- 2. In this cottage resided a shepherd, his wife, and one little boy, their son, about eight years old,—a strange, wild, little bush-child, able to speak articulately, but utterly without knowledge or experience of human creatures, save of his father and mother; unable to read a line; without religion of any sort or kind; as entire a little savage, in fact, as you could find in the worst den in your city, morally speaking, and yet beautiful to look upon; as active as a roe, and, with regard to natural objects, as fearless as a lion.
 - 3. As yet unfit to begin labor, all the long Summer he

would wander about the river-bank, up and down the beautiful rock-walled paradise where he was confined, sometimes looking eagerly across the water at the waving forest boughs, and fancying he could see other children far up the vistas beckoning to him to cross and play in that merry land of shifting lights and shadows.

4. It grew quite into a passion with the little man to get across and play there; and one day when his mother was shifting the hurdles, and he was handing her the strips of green hide which bound them together, he said to her, "Mother, what country is that across the river?"

"The forest, child."

"There's plenty of quantongs over there, eh, mother, and raspberries? Why mayn't I get across and play there?"

5. "The river is too deep, child, and the Bunyip lives in the water under the stones."

"Who are the children that play across there?"

"Black children, likely."

"No white children?"

"Pixies; don't go near 'em, child; they'll lure you on, Lord knows where. Don't get trying to cross the river, now, or you'll be drowned."

- 6. But next day the passion was stronger on him than ever. Quite early on the glorious, cloudless, midsummer day he was down on the river-side, sitting on a rock, with his shoes and stockings off, paddling his feet in the clear, tepid water, and watching the million fish in the shallows—black fish and grayling—leaping and flashing in the sun.
- 7. Never was the river so low. He stepped in; it scarcely reached his ankle. Now surely he might get across. He stripped himself, and, carrying his clothes, waded through, the water never reaching his middle, all across the long, yellow, gravelly shallow. And there he stood, naked and free, on the forbidden ground.
- 8. He quickly dressed himself, and began examining his new kingdom, rich beyond his utmost hopes. Such quantongs, such raspberries, surpassing imagination; and when

tired of them, such fern boughs, six or eight feet long! He would penetrate this region, and see how far it extended.

- 9. What tales he would have for his father to-night! He would bring him here, and show him all the wonders, and perhaps he would build a new hut over here, and come and live in it? Perhaps the pretty young lady, with the feathers in her hat, lived somewhere here, too?
- 10. There! There is one of those children he has seen before across the river. Ah! Ah! it is not a child at all, but a pretty gray beast with big ears. A kangaroo, my lad; he won't play with you, but skips away slowly, and leaves you alone.
- 11. There is something like the gleam of water on that rock. A snake! Now a sounding rush through the wood, and a passing shadow. An eagle! He brushes so close to the child, that he strikes at the bird with a stick, and then watches him as he shoots up like a rocket, and, measuring the fields of air in ever-widening circles, hangs like a motionless speck upon the sky; though, measure his wings across, and you will find that he is nearer fifteen feet than fourteen.
- 12. Here is a prize, though! A wee little native bear, barely a foot long,—a little gray beast, comical beyond expression, with broad flapped ears,—sits on a tree within reach. He makes no resistance, but cuddles into the child's bosom, and eats a leaf as they go along; while his mother sits aloft and grunts, indignant at the abstraction of her offspring, but on the whole takes it pretty comfortably, and goes on with her dinner of peppermint leaves.
- ~13. What a short day it has been! Here is the sun getting low, and the magpies and jackasses beginning to tune up before roosting.

He would turn and go back to the river. Alas! which way?

14. He was lost in the bush. He turned back and went, as he thought, the way he had come, but soon arrived at a tall, precipitous cliff, which by some infernal magic

seemed to have got between him and the river. Then he broke down, and that strange madness came on him, which comes even on strong men, when lost in the forest—a despair, a confusion of intellect, which has cost many a man his life. Think what it must be with a child!

- 15. He was fully persuaded that the cliff was between him and home, and that he must climb it. Alas! every step he took aloft carried him further from the river, and the hope of safety; and when he came to the top, just at dark, he saw nothing but cliff after cliff, range after range, all around him.
- 16. He had been wandering through steep gullies all day unconsciously, and had penetrated far into the mountains. Night was coming down, still and crystal clear, and the poor little lad was far away from help or hope, going his last long journey alone.
- 17. Partly perhaps walking, and partly sitting down and weeping, he got through the night; and when the solemn morning came up, again he was still tottering along the leading range, bewildered, crying from time to time, "Mother, mother!" still nursing his little bear, his only companion, to his bosom, and holding still in his hand a few poor flowers he had gathered up the day before.
- 18. Up and on all day, and at evening, passing out of the great zone of timber, he came on the bald, thundersmitten summit-ridge, where one ruined tree held up its skeleton arms against the sunset, and the wind came keen and frosty. So, with failing, feeble legs, upward still, towards the region of the granite and the snow; towards the eyry of the kite and the eagle.

XLIX.—THE SAME SUBJECT CONTINUED.

1. Brisk as they all were at Garoopna, none were so brisk as Cecil and Sam. Charles Hawker wanted to come with them, but Sam asked him to go with Jim, and, long before the others were ready, our two had strapped their blankets to their saddles, and followed by Sam's dog Rover,

now getting a little gray about the nose, cantered off up the river.

- 2. Neither spoke at first. They knew what a solemn task they had before them; and, while acting as though everything depended on speed, guessed well that their search was only for a little corpse, which, if they had luck, they would find stiff and cold under some tree or crag.
- 3. Cecil began: "Sam, depend on it, that child has crossed the river to this side. If he had been on the plains, he would have been seen from a distance in a few hours."
- "I quite agree," said Sam. "Let us go down on this side till we are opposite the hut, and search for marks by the river-side."
- 4. So they agreed, and in half an hour were opposite the hut, and, riding across to it to ask a few questions, found the poor mother sitting on the doorstep, with her apron over her head, rocking herself to and fro.
- "We have come to help you, mistress," said Sam. "How do you think he is gone?"
- 5. She said, with frequent bursts of grief, that "some days before he had mentioned having seen white children across the water, who beckoned him to cross and play; that she, knowing well that they were fairies, or perhaps worse, had warned him solemnly not to mind them; but that she had very little doubt that they had helped him over and carried him away to the forest; and that her husband would not believe in his having crossed the river."
- 6. "Why, it is not knee-deep across the shallow," said Cecil.

"Let us cross again," said Sam; "he may be drowned, but I don't think it."

In a quarter of an hour from starting, they found, slightly up the stream, one of the child's socks, which in his hurry to dress he had forgotten. Here brave Rover took up the trail like a blood-hound, and before evening stopped at the foot of a lofty cliff.

7. "Can he have gone up here?" said Sam, as they were brought up by the rock.

"Most likely," said Cecil. "Lost children always climb from height to height. I have heard it often remarked by old bush hands. Why they do so, God, who leads them, only knows; but the fact is beyond denial. Ask Rover what he thinks."

- 8. The brave old dog was half-way up, looking back for them. It took them nearly till dark to get their horses up; and, as there was no moon, and the way was getting perilous, they determined to camp, and start again in the morning.
- 9. At early dawn they caught up their horses, which had been hobbled with the stirrup leathers, and started afresh. Both were more silent than ever, and the dog, with his nose to the ground, led them slowly along the rocky rib of the mountain, ever going higher and higher!
- 10. "It is inconceivable," said Sam, "that the poor child can have come up here. There is Tuckerimbid close to our right, five thousand feet above the river. Don't you think we must be mistaken?"
- 11. "The dog disagrees with you," said Cecil. "He has something before him, not very far off. Watch him."

The trees had become dwarfed and scattered; they were getting out of the region of trees; the real forest zone was now below them, and they saw they were emerging toward a bald elevated down, and that a few hundred yards before them was a dead tree, on the highest branch of which sat an eagle.

12. "The dog has stopped," said Cecil; "the end is near."

"See," said Sam, "there is a handkerchief under the tree."

"That is the boy himself," said Cecil.

They were up to him and off in a moment. There he lay dead and stiff, one hand still grasping the flowers he had gathered on his last happy play-day, and the other laid as

a pillow between the soft cold cheek and the rough cold stone. His midsummer holiday was over, his long journey was ended. He had found out at last what lay beyond the shining river he had watched so long.

L.—IN THE ICE.

THEODORE WINTHROP.

- 1. All at once, as he looked lazily along the lazy files of ice, his eyes caught a black object drifting on a fragment in a wide way of open water opposite Skerrett's Point, a mile distant.
- 2. Perry's heart stopped beating. He uttered a little gasping cry. He sprang ashore, not at all like a Doge quitting a Bucentaur. He tore back to the Foundry, dashing through the puddles, and, never stopping to pick up his cap, burst in upon Wade and Bill Tarbox in the office.
- 3. The boy was splashed from head to foot with red mud. His light hair, blown wildly about, made his ashy face seem paler. He stood panting.

His dumb terror brought back to Wade's mind all the bad omens of the morning.

4. "Speak!" said he, seizing Perry fiercely by the shoulder.

The uproar of the Works seemed to hush for an instant, while the lad stammered faintly,—

"There's somebody carried off in the ice by Skerrett's Point. It looks like a woman. And there's nobody to help."

5. "Help! help!" shouted the four trip hammers, bursting in like a magnified echo of the boy's last word. "Help! help!" all the humming wheels and drums repeated more plaintively.

Wade made for the river.

6. This was the moment all his manhood had been training and saving for. For this he had kept sound and brave from his youth up.

As he ran, he felt that the only chance of instant help was in that queer little bowl-shaped skiff of the "Ambuster."

- 7. He had never been conscious that he had observed it; but the image had lain latent in his mind, biding its time. It might be ten, twenty precious moments before another boat could be found. This one was on the spot to do its duty at once.
- 8. "Somebody carried off,—perhaps a woman," Wade thought. "Not—No, she would not neglect my warning! Whoever it is, we must save her from this dreadful death!"

He sprang on board the little steamboat. She was swaying uneasily at her moorings, as the ice crowded along and hammered against her stern. Wade stared from her deck down the river, with all his life at his eyes.

- 9. More than a mile away, below the hemlock-crested point, was the dark object Perry had seen, still stirring along the edges of the floating ice. A broad avenue of leaden-green water wrinkled by the cold wind separated the field where this figure was moving from the shore. Dark object and its floating of gray ice were drifting deliberately farther and farther away.
- 10. For one instant Wade thought that the terrible dread in his heart would paralyze him. But in that one moment, while his blood stopped flowing and his nerves failed, Bill Tarbox overtook him and was there by his side.

"I brought your cap," says Bill, "and our two coats."

11. Wade put on his cap mechanically. This little action calmed him.

"Bill," said he, "I'm afraid it is a woman,— a dear friend of mine,— a very dear friend."

Bill, a lover, understood the tone.

12. "We'll take care of her between us," he said.

The two turned at once to the little tub of a boat.

Oars? Yes,—slung under the thwarts,—a pair of short sculls, worn and split, but with work in them still. They are hung ready,—and a rusty boat-hook, besides.

13. "Find the thole-pins, Bill, while I cut a plug for her bottom out of this broomstick," Wade said.

This was done in a moment. Bill threw in the coats.

"Now, together!"

They lifted the skiff to the gangway. Wade jumped down on the ice and received it carefully. They ran her along, as far as they could go, and launched her in the sludge.

14. "Take the sculls, Bill. I'll work the boat-hook in the bow."

Nothing more was said. They thrust out with their crazy little craft into the thick of the ice-flood. Bill, amidships, dug with his sculls in among the huddled cakes. It was clumsy pulling. Now this oar and now that would be thrown out. He could never get a full stroke.

15. Wade in the bow could do better. He jammed the blocks aside with his boat-hook. He dragged the skiff forward. He steered through the little open ways of water.

Sometimes they came to a broad sheet of solid ice. Then it was, "Out with her, Bill!" and they were both out and sliding their bowl so quick over, that they had not time to go through the rotten surface. This was drowning business; but neither could be spared to drown yet.

- 16. In the leads of clear water, the oarsman got brave pulls and sent the boat on mightily. Then again in the thick porridge of brash ice they lost headway, or were baffled and stopped among the cakes. Slow work, slow and painful; and for many minutes they seemed to gain nothing upon the steady flow of the merciless current.
- 17. A frail craft for such a journey, this queer little half-pumpkin! A frail and leaky shell. She bent and cracked from stem to stern among the nipping masses. Water oozed in through her dry seams. Any moment a rougher touch or a sharper edge might cut her through. But that was a risk they had accepted. They did not take time to think of it, nor to listen to the crunching and crackling of

the hungry ice around. They urged straight on, steadily, eagerly, coolly, spending and saving strength.

- 18. Not one moment to lose! The shattering of broad sheets of ice around them was a warning of what might happen to the frail support of their chase. One thrust of the boat-hook sometimes cleft a cake that to the eye seemed stout enough to bear a heavier weight than a woman's.
- 19. Not one moment to spare! The dark figure, now drifting far below the hemlocks of the Point, no longer stirred. It seemed to have sunk upon the ice, and to be resting there weary and helpless, on one side a wide way of lurid water, on the other half a mile of moving desolation.

Far to go and no time to waste!

"Give way, Bill! Give way!"

"Ay, ay!"

20. Both spoke in low tones, hardly louder than the whisper of the ice around them.

By this time hundreds from the Foundry and the village were swarming upon the wharf and the steamboat.

- "A hundred tar-barrels wouldn't git up my steam in time to do any good," says Cap'n Ambuster. "If them two in my skiff don't overhaul the man, he's gone."
 - 21. "You're sure it's a man?" says Smith Wheelwright.

"Take a squint through my glass. I'm dreadfully afeard it's a gal; but suthin' 's got into my eye, so I can't see."

Suthin' had got into the old fellow's eye,—suthin' saline and acrid,—namely, a tear.

- "It's a woman," says Wheelwright, and suthin' of the same kind blinded him also.
- 22. About sunset now. But the air had suddenly filled with perplexing snow-dust from a heavy squall. A white curtain dropped between the anxious watchers on the wharf and the boatmen.

The same white curtain hid the dark floating object from its pursuers. There was nothing in sight to steer by, now.

23. Wade steered by his last glimpse,—by the current,—by the rush of the roaring wind,—by instinct.

How merciful that in such a moment a man is spared the agony of thought! His agony goes into action, intense as life.

- 24. It was bitterly cold. A swash of ice-water filled the bottom of the skiff. She was low enough down without that. They could not stop to bail, and the miniature icebergs they passed began to look significantly over the gunwale. Which would come to the point of foundering first, the boat or the little floe it aimed for?
- 25. Bitterly cold! The snow hardly melted upon Tarbox's bare hands. His fingers stiffened to the oars; but there was life in them still, and still he did his work, and never turned to see how the steersman was doing his.
- 26. A flight of crows came sailing with the snow-squall. They alighted all about on the hummocks, and curiously watched the two men battling to save life. One black impish bird, more malignant or more sympathetic than his fellows, ventured to poise on the skiff's stern!
- 27. Bill hissed off this third passenger. The crow rose on its toes, let the boat slide away from under him, and followed croaking dismal good wishes.

The 'last sunbeams were now cutting in everywhere. The thick snow-flurry was like a luminous cloud. Suddenly it drew aside.

28. The industrious skiff had steered so well and made such headway, that there, a hundred yards away, safe still, not gone, thank God! was the woman they sought.

A dusky mass flung together on a waning rood of ice,—Wade could see no more.

Weary or benumbed, or sick with pure forlornness and despair, she had drooped down and showed no sign of life.

29. The great wind shook the river. Her waning rood of ice narrowed, foot by foot, like an unthrifty man's heritage. Inch by inch its edges were away, until the

little space that half sustained the dark heap was no bigger than a coffin - lid.

30. Help, now!—now, men, if you are to save! Thrust, Richard Wade, with your boat-hook! Pull, Bill, till your oars snap! Out with your last frenzies of vigor! For the little raft of ice, even that has crumbled beneath its burden, and she sinks,—sinks, with succor close at hand!

Sinks! No,-she rises and floats again.

31. She clasps something that holds her head just above water. But the unmannerly ice has buffeted her hat off. The fragments toss it about,—that pretty Amazonian hat, with its alert feather, all drooping and draggled. Her fair hair and pure forehead are uncovered for an astonished sunbeam to alight upon.

"It is my love, my life, Bill! Give way, once more!"

32. "Way enough! Steady! Sit where you are, Bill, and trim boat, while I lift her out. We can not risk capsizing."

He raised her carefully, tenderly, with his strong arms.

A bit of wood had buoyed her up for that last moment. It was a broken oar with a deep fresh gash in it.

33. Wade knew his mark,—the cut of his own skateiron. This busy oar was still resolved to play its part in the drama.

The round little skiff just bore the third person without sinking.

Wade laid Mary Damer against the thwart. She would not let go her buoy. He unclasped her stiffened hands. This friendly touch found its way to her heart. She opened her eyes and knew him.

34. "The ice shall not carry off her hat to frighten some mother down stream," says Bill Tarbox, catching it.

All these proceedings Cap'n Ambuster's spy-glass announced to Dunderbunk.

"They're h'istin' her up. They've slumped her into the skiff. They're puttin' for shore. Hooray!"

Pity a spy-glass can not shoot cheers a mile and a half!

35. Perry Purtitt instantly led a stampede of half Dunderbunk along the railroad-track to learn who it was and all about it.

All about it was, that Miss Damer was safe, and not dangerously frozen; and that Wade and Tarbox had carried her up the hill to her mother at Peter Skerrett's.

LI.—ISKANDER'S INTERVIEW WITH HUNNIADES.

BENJAMIN DISRAELI.

- 1. Iskander returned to his men. Night was coming on. Fires and lights blazed and sparkled in every direction. The air was clear but very cold. He entered his tent, and, muffling himself up in his pelisse of sables, he mounted his horse, and, declining any attendance, rode for some little distance, until he had escaped from the precincts of the camp.
- 2. Then he turned his horse towards one of the wildest passes of the mountain, and, galloping at great speed, never stopped until he had gained a considerable ascent. The track became steep and rugged.
- 3. The masses of loose stone rendered his progress slow; but his Anatolian charger still bore him at intervals bravely, and in three hours' time he had gained the summit of Mount Haemus. A brilliant moon flooded the broad plains of Bulgaria with shadowy light. At the base of the mountainous range the red watch-fires denoted the situation of the Christian camp.
- 4. Iskander proceeded down the descent with an audacious rapidity; but his charger was thorough-bred, and his moments were golden. Ere midnight he had reached the outposts of the enemy, and was challenged by a sentinel.
 - 5. "Who goes there?"
 - "A friend to Christendom."

[&]quot;The word?"

- "I have it not; nay, calmly. I am alone, but I am not unarmed. I do not know the word. I come from a far country, and bear important tidings to the great Hunniades; conduct me to that chief."
- 6. "May I be crucified if I will," responded the sentinel, "before I know who and what you are. Come, keep off, unless you wish to try the effect of a Polish lance," continued the sentinel; "'tis something, I assure you, not less awkward than your Greek fire, if Greek indeed you be."
- 7. "My friend, you are a fool," said Iskander, "but time is too precious to argue any longer." So saying, the Turkish commander dismounted, and, taking up the brawny sentinel in his arms with the greatest ease, threw him over his shoulder, and, threatening the astounded soldier with instant death if he struggled, covered him with his pelisse and entered the camp.
- 8. They approached a watch-fire, around which several soldiers were warming themselves.
 - "Who goes there?" inquired a second sentinel.
 - "A friend to Christendom," answered Iskander.

"The word?"

Iskander hesitated.

- "The word, or I'll let fly," said the sentinel, elevating his cross - bow.
- 9. "The Bridge of Buda," instantly replied the terrified prisoner beneath the pelisse of Iskander.
- "Why did not you answer before, then?" said one of the guards.
- "And why do you mock us by changing your voice?" said another. "Come, get on with you, and no more jokes."
- 10. Iskander proceeded through a street of tents, in some of which were lights, but all of which were silent. At length he met the esquire of a Polish knight returning from a convivial meeting not a little elevated.
 - "Who are you?" inquired Iskander.
 - "I am an esquire," replied the gentleman.

- 11. "A shrewd man, I doubt not, who would make his fortune," replied Iskander. "You must know great things have happened. Being on guard I have taken a prisoner who has deep secrets to divulge to the Lord Hunniades. Thither to his pavilion I am now bearing him. But he is a stout barbarian, and almost too much for me. Assist me in carrying him to the pavilion of Hunniades, and you shall have all the reward and half the fame."
- 12. "You are a very civil-spoken young gentleman," said the esquire. "I think I know your voice. Your name, if I mistake not, is Leckinski?"

"A relative. We had a common ancestor."

- "I thought so. I know the Leckinskies ever by their voice. I am free to help you on the terms you mention; all the reward and half the fame. 'Tis a strong barbarian, is it? We can not cut its throat, or it will not divulge. All the reward and half the fame! I will be a knight to-morrow. It seems a sort of fish, and has a smell."
- 13. The esquire seized the shoulders of the prisoner, who would have spoken had he not been terrified by the threats of Iskander, who, carrying the legs of the sentinel, allowed the Polish gentleman to lead the way to the pavilion of Hunniades. Thither they soon arrived; and Iskander, dropping his burden, and leaving the prisoner without to the charge of his assistant, entered the pavilion of the general of the Hungarians.
- 14. He was stopped in an outer apartment by an officer, who inquired his purpose, and to whom he repeated his desire to see the Hungarian leader, without loss of time, on important business. The officer hesitated; but, summoning several guards, left Iskander in their custody, and, stepping behind a curtain, disappeared. Iskander heard voices, but could distinguish no words.
- 15. Soon the officer returned, and, ordering the guards to disarm and search Iskander, directed the Grecian prince to follow him. Drawing aside the curtain, Iskander and his attendant entered a low apartment of considerable size.

It was hung with skins. A variety of armor and dresses were piled on couches.

- 16. A middle-aged man of majestic appearance, muffled up in a pelisse of furs, with long chestnut hair, and a cap of crimson velvet and ermine, was walking up and down the apartment, and dictating some instructions to a person who was kneeling on the ground and writing by the bright flame of a brazen lamp. The bright flame of the brazen lamp fell full upon the face of the secretary. Iskander beheld a most beautiful woman.
- 17. She looked up as Iskander entered. Her large dark eyes glanced through his soul. Her raven hair descended to her shoulders in many curls on each side of her face, and was braided with strings of immense pearls. A broad cap of white fox-skin crowned her whiter forehead.
- 18. Her features were very small, but sharply molded, and a delicate tint gave animation to her clear fair cheek. She looked up, as Iskander entered, with an air rather of curiosity than of embarrassment.
- 19. Hunniades stopped and examined his visitor with a searching inquisition. "Whence come you?" inquired the Hungarian chieftain.
 - "From the Turkish camp," was the answer.
 - "An envoy, or a deserter?"
 - "Neither."
 - "What then?"
 - "A convert."
 - "Your name?"
- 20. "Lord Hunniades," said Iskander, "that is for your private ear. I am unarmed, and were I otherwise, the first Knight of Christendom can scarcely fear. I am one in birth and rank your equal; if not in fame, at least, I trust, in honor. My time is all-precious; I can scarcely stay here while my horse breathes. Dismiss your attendant."
- 21. Hunniades darted a glance at his visitor which would have baffled a weaker brain, but Iskander stood the scrutiny calm and undisturbed. "Go, Stanislaus," said the

vaivode to the officer. "This lady, sir," continued the chieftain, "is my daughter, and one from whom I have no secrets."

22. Iskander bowed lowly as the officer disappeared.

"And now," said Hunniades, "to business. Your purpose?"

"I am a Grecian prince, and a compulsory ally of the Moslemin. In a word, my purpose here is to arrange a plan by which we may effect at the same time your triumph and my freedom."

23. "To whom have I the honor of speaking?" inquired Hunniades.

"My name, great Hunniades, is perhaps not altogether unknown to you; they call me Iskander."

"What, the right arm of Amurath, the conqueror of Caramania, the flower of Turkish chivalry? Do I indeed behold that matchless warrior?" exclaimed Hunniades; and he held forth his hand to his guest, and, ungirding his own sword, offered it to the prince. "Iduna," continued Hunniades, to his daughter, "you at length behold Iskander."

24. "My joy is great, sir," replied Iduna, "if I indeed rightly understand that we may count the Prince Iskander a champion of the cross."

Iskander took from his heart his golden crucifix, and kissed it before her. "This has been my companion and consolation for long years, lady," said Iskander; "you, perhaps, know my mournful history, Hunniades. Hitherto, my pretended sovereign has not required me to bare my scimitar against my Christian brethren.

25. "That hour, however, has at length arrived, and it has decided me to adopt a line of conduct long meditated. Karam Bey, who is aware of your necessities, the moment you commence your retreat, will attack you. I shall command his left wing. In spite of his superior power and position, draw up in array, and meet him with confidence.

26. "I propose, at a convenient moment in the day, to

withdraw my troops, and, with the Epirots, hasten to my native country, and at once raise the standard of independence. It is a bold measure, but success is the child of audacity. We must assist each other with mutual diversions.

- 27. "Single-handed it is in vain for me to commence a struggle, which, with all adventitious advantages, will require the utmost exertion of energy, skill, and patience. But if yourself and the King Uladislaus occupy the armies of Amurath in Bulgaria, I am not without hope of ultimate success, since I have to inspire me all the most urgent interests of humanity, and combat, at the same time, for my God, my country, and my lawful crown."
- 28. "Brave prince, I pledge you my troth," said Hunniades, coming forward, and seizing his hand; "and while Iskander and Hunniades live, they will never cease until they have achieved their great and holy end."

"It is a solid compact," said Iskander, "more sacred than if registered by the scribes of Christendom. Lady Iduna, your prayers!"

- 29. "They are ever with the champions of the cross," replied the daughter of Hunniades. She rose; the large cloak in which she was enveloped fell from her exquisite form. "Noble Iskander, this rosary is from the holy sepulcher," continued Iduna; "wear it for the sake and memory of that blessed Saviour, who died for our sins."
- 30. Iskander held forth his arm and touched her delicate hand as he received the rosary, which, pressing to his lips, he placed round his neck.

"Great Hunniades," said the Grecian prince, "I must cross the mountains before dawn. Let me venture to entreat that we may hear to-morrow that the Christian camp is in retreat."

31. "Let it be even so," said the Hungarian, after some thought, "and may to-morrow's sun bring brighter days to Christendom." And with these words terminated the brief and extraordinary visit of Iskander to the Christian general.

LII.—THE TEMPTED SCHOLAR.

HENRY W. LONGFELLOW.

- In mediæval Rome, I know not where, There stood an image with its arm in air, And on its lifted finger, shining clear, A golden ring with the device, "Strike here!"
- 2. Greatly the people wondered, though none guessed The meaning that these words but half expressed, Until a learned clerk, who at noonday With downcast eyes was passing on his way, Paused, and observed the spot, and marked it well, Whereon the shadow of the finger fell; And, coming back at midnight, delved, and found A secret stairway leading under ground. Down this he passed into a spacious hall, Lit by a flaming jewel on the wall; And opposite a brazen statue stood With bow and shaft in threatening attitude.
- 3. Upon its forehead, like a coronet,
 Were these mysterious words of menace set:
 "That which I am, I am; my fatal aim
 None can escape, not even yon luminous flame!"
 Midway the hall was a fair table placed,
 With cloth of gold, and golden cups enchased
 With rubies, and the plates and knives were gold,
 And gold the bread and viands manifold.
- 4. Around it, silent, motionless, and sad, Were seated gallant knights in armor clad, And ladies beautiful with plume and zone, But they were stone, their hearts within were stone; And the vast hall was filled in every part With silent crowds, stony in face and heart.
- Long at the scene, bewildered and amazed
 The trembling clerk in speechless wonder gazed;
 Then from the table by his greed made bold,
 He seized a goblet and a knife of gold,

And suddenly from their seats the guests upsprang, The vaulted ceiling with loud clamors rang, The archer sped his arrow at their call, Shattering the lambent jewel on the wall, And all was dark around and overhead;—
Stark on the floor the luckless clerk lay dead!

- 6. The writer of this legend then records
 Its ghostly application in these words:
 The image is the Adversary old,
 Whose beckoning finger points to realms of gold;
 Our lusts and passions are the downward stair
 That leads the soul from a diviner air;
 The archer, Death; the flaming jewel, Life;
 Terrestrial goods, the goblet and the knife;
 The knights and ladies, all whose flesh and bone
 By avarice have been hardened into stone;
 The clerk, the scholar whom the love of pelf
 Tempts from his books and from his nobler self.
- 7. The scholar and the world! The endless strife,
 The discord in the harmonies of life!
 The love of learning, the sequestered nooks,
 And all the sweet serenity of books;
 The market-place, the eager love of gain,
 Whose aim is vanity, and whose end is pain!

LIII.—LARRY CRONAN'S TRIAL.

RICHARD LALOR SHEIL.

- 1. Larry Cronan was a stout, hardy, Irish lad, of five-and-twenty. Like Saint Patrick, "he came of dacent people." He was a five-pound freeholder—paid his rent punctually—voted for his landlord, and against his conscience—seldom missed a mass, a fair, a wake, or a row—hated, and occasionally cudgeled the tithe-proctor—loved his neighbor—had a wife and five children, and, on the whole, passed for one of the most prosperous and well-conducted boys in his barony.
 - 2. All this, however, did not prevent his being "given

to understand" by the Clerk of the Crown, at the summer assizes for his native county, that he stood indicted in No. 15, for that he, on a certain night, and at a certain place, feloniously and burglariously entered a certain dwelling-house, and then and there committed the usual misdeeds against his majesty's peace and the statute; and in No. 16, that he stood capitally indicted under the Ellenborough act; and in No. 18, for a common assault.

- 3. I was present at his trial, and still retain a vivid recollection of the fortitude and address with which he made his stand against the law; and yet there were objects around him quite sufficient to unnerve the boldest heart—a wife, a sister, and an aged mother, for such I found to be the three females that clung to the side bars of the dock, and awaited in silent agony the issue of his fate. But the prisoner, unsoftened and undismayed, appeared unconscious of their presence.
- 4. Every faculty of his soul was on the alert to prove to his friends and the county at large, that he was not a man to be hanged without a struggle. He had used the precaution to come down to the dock that morning in his best attire, for he knew that with an Irish jury, the next best thing to a general good character is a respectable suit of clothes.
- 5. It struck me that his new silk neckerchief, so bright and glossy, almost betokened innocence; for who would have gone to the unnecessary expense, if he apprehended that its place was so soon to be supplied by the rope? His countenance bore no marks of his previous imprisonment. He was as fresh and healthy, and his eye as bright, as if he had all the time been out on bail.
- 6. When his case was called on, instead of shrinking under the general buzz that his appearance excited, or turning pale at the plurality of crimes of which he was arraigned, he manfully looked the danger in the face, and put in action every resource within his reach to avert it.
 - 7. Having dispatched a messenger to bring in O'Connell

from the other court, and beckoned to his attorney to approach the dock-side, and keep within whispering distance while the jury were swearing, he "looked steadily to his challengers" and manifested no ordinary powers of physiognomy, in putting by every juror that had anything of "a dead, dull, hang look."

- 8. He had even the sagacity, though against the opinion of the attorney, to strike off one country-gentleman from his own barony, a friend in other respects, but who owed him a balance of three pounds for illicit whisky.
- 9. Two or three sets of alibi witnesses, to watch the evidence for the crown, and lay the venue of his absence from the felony according to circumstances, were in waiting, and, what was equally material, all tolerably sober. The most formidable witness for the prosecution had been that morning bought off. The consideration was, a first cousin of Larry's in marriage, a forty-shilling freehold upon Larry's farm, with a pig and a plough to set the young couple going.
- 10. Thus prepared, and his counsel now arrived, and the bustle of his final instructions to his attorney and circumstanding friends being over, the prisoner calmly committed the rest to fortune; resembling in this particular the intrepid mariner, who, perceiving a storm at hand, is all energy and alertness to provide against its fury, until, having done all that skill and forethought can effect, and made his vessel as "snug and tight" as the occasion will permit, he looks tranquilly on as she drifts before the gale, assured that her final safety is now in other hands than his.
- 11. The trial went on after the usual fashion of trials of the kind. Abundance of hard swearing on the direct; retractions and contradictions on the cross-examinations. The defense was a masterpiece. Three several times the rope seemed irrevocably entwined round poor Larry's neck—as many times the dexterity of his counsel untied the Gordian knot.
 - 12. From some of the witnesses he extracted that they

were unworthy of all credit, being notorious knaves or process-servers. Others he inveigled into a metaphysical puzzle touching the prisoner's identity; others he stunned by repeated blows with the butt-end of an Irish joke. For minutes together, the court, and jury, and galleries, and dock, were in a roar. However the law or the facts of the case might turn out, it was clear that the laugh at least was all on Larry's side.

- 13. In this perilous conjuncture, amid all the rapid alternations of his case—now the prospect of a triumphant return to his home and friends, now the sweet vision abruptly dispelled, and the gibbet and executioner staring him in the face—Larry's countenance exhibited a picture of heroical immobility.
- 14. Once, and once only, when the evidence was rushing in a full tide against him, some signs of mortal trepidation overcast his visage. The blood in his cheeks took fright and fled—a cold perspiration burst from his brow. His lips became glued together. His sister, whose eyes were riveted upon him, as she hung from the dock-side, extended her arm, and applied a piece of orange to his mouth.
- 15. He accepted the relief, but, like an exhausted patient, without turning aside to see by whose hand it was administered. At this crisis of his courage, a homethrust from O'Connell floored the witness who had so discomposed his client; the public buzzed their admiration, and Larry was himself again.
- 16. The case for the crown having closed, the prisoner's counsel announced that he would call no witnesses. Larry's friends pressed hard to have one, at least, of the alibis proved. The counsel was inflexible and they reluctantly submitted.
- 17. The case went to the jury loaded with hanging matter, but still not without a saving doubt. After long deliberation the doubt prevailed. The jury came out, and the glorious sound of "not guilty," announced to Larry

Cronan that, for this time, he had miraculously escaped the gallows. He bowed with undissembled gratitude to the verdict. He thanked the jury.

- 18. He thanked his counsel—shook hands with the jailor—sprung at a bound over the dock, was caught as he descended in the arms of his friends, and hurried away in triumph to the precincts of the court. I saw him a few minutes after, as he was paraded through the main street of the town on his return to his barony.
- 19. The sight was enough to make one almost long to have been on the point of being hanged. The principal figure was Larry himself, advancing with a firm and buoyant step, and occasionally giving a responsive flourish of his cudgel, which he had already resumed, to the cheerings and congratulations amid which he moved along.
- 20. At his side were his wife and sister, each of whom held the collar of his coat firmly grasped, and, dragging him to and fro, interrupted his progress every moment, as they threw themselves upon him, and gave vent to their joy in another and another convulsive hug.
- 21. A few yards in front, his old mother bustled along in a strange sort of a pace, between a trot and a canter, and every now and then, discovering that she had shot too far ahead, pirouetted round, and stood in the center of the street, clapping her withered hands and shouting out her ecstasy in native Irish, until the group came up, and again propelled her forward. A cavalcade of neighbors, and among them the intended alibi witnesses, talking as loud and looking as important as if their perjury had been put to the test, brought up the rear.
- 22. And such was the manner and form in which Larry Cronan was re-conducted to his household gods, who saw him that night celebrating, in the best of whisky and bacon, the splendid issue of his morning's pitched battle with the law.

LIV.—MR. TITMARSH'S NOTIONS ABOUT GENTILITY.

WILLIAM M. THACKERAY.

- 1. In the matter of gentlemen, democrats cry, "Psha! Give us one of Nature's gentlemen, and hang your aristocrats." And so indeed Nature does make some gentlemen—a few here and there. But Art makes most. Good birth, that is, good, handsome, well-formed fathers and mothers, nice, cleanly nursery-maids, good meals, good physicians, good education, few cares, pleasant, easy habits of life, and luxuries not too great or enervating, but only refining—a course of these going on for a few generations are the best gentlemen-makers in the world, and beat Nature hollow.
- 2. If, respected Madam, you say, that there is something better than gentility in this wicked world, and that honesty and personal worth are more valuable than all the politeness and high-breeding that ever wore red-heeled pumps, knights' spurs, or Hoby's boots, Titmarsh for one is never going to say you nay.
- 3. If you even go so far as to say that the very existence of this super-genteel society among us, from the slavish respect that we pay to it, from the dastardly manner in which we attempt to imitate its airs and ape its vices, goes far to destroy honesty of intercourse, to make us meanly ashamed of our natural affections, and honest harmless usages, and so does a great deal more harm than it is possible it can do good by its example—perhaps, Madam, you speak with some sort of reason.
- 4. Potato myself, I can't help seeing that the tulip yonder has the best place in the garden, and the most sunshine, and the most water, and the best tending—and not liking him over well. But I can't help acknowledging that Nature has given him a much finer dress than ever I

can hope to have, and of this, at least, must give him the benefit.

- 5. Or, say we are so many barn-yard fowls, my dear, with our crops pretty full, our plumes pretty sleek, decent picking here and there in the straw-yard and tolerable snug roosting in the barn; yonder on the terrace, in the sun, walks Peacock, stretching his proud neck, squealing every now and then in the most pert fashionable voice, and flaunting his great supercilious dandified tail.
- 6. Don't let us be too angry, my dear, with the useless, haughty, insolent creature, because he despises us. Something is there about Peacock that we don't possess. Strain your neck ever so much, you can't make it as long or as blue as his—display your feathers as much as you please, and they will never be half so fine to look at.
- 7. But the most absurd, disgusting, contemptible sight in the world would be you or I, leaving the barn-door for my lady's flower-garden, forsaking our natural sturdy walk for the peacock's genteel rickety stride, and adopting the squeak of his voice in the place of our gallant, lusty cocka-doodle-dooing.
- 8. Do you take the allegory? I love to speak in such, and the above types have been presented to my mind while sitting opposite a gimerack coat-of-arms and coronet that are painted in the Invalides Church, and assigned to one of the Emperor's Generals.
- 9. Madam, what need have they of coats-of-arms and coronets, and wretched imitations of old exploded aristocratic gewgaws that they had flung out of the country—with the heads of the owners in them, sometimes; for, indeed, they were not particular—a score of years before? What business, forsooth, had they to be meddling with gentility, and aping its ways, who had courage, merit, daring, genius sometimes, and a pride of their own to support, if proud they were inclined to be?
- 10. A clever young man (who was not of high family himself, but had been brought up genteelly at Eton and

the university)—young Mr. George Canning, at the commencement of the French Revolution, sneered at "Roland the Just, with ribbons in his shoes," and the dandies, who then wore buckles, voted the sarcasm monstrous killing.

- 11. It was a joke, my dear, worthy of a lackey, or of a silly smart parvenu, not knowing the society into which his luck had cast him, (God help him! in later years, they taught him what they were!) and fancying in his silly intoxication that simplicity was ludicrous and fashion respectable. See, now, fifty years are gone, and where are the shoe-buckles? Extinct, defunct, kicked into the irrevocable past off the toes of all Europe.
- 12. How fatal to the parvenu, throughout history, has been this respect for shoe-buckles. Where, for instance, would the Empire of Napoleon have been, if Ney and Lannes had never sported such a thing as a coat-of-arms, and had only written their simple names on their shields, after the fashion of Desaix's scutcheon yonder?—the bold Republican who led the crowning charge at Marengo, and sent the best blood of the Holy Roman Empire to the right-about, before the wretched, misbegotten, imperial heraldry was born, that was to prove so disastrous to the father of it.
- 13. It has always been so. They won't amalgamate. A country must be governed by the one principle or the other. But give, in a republic, an aristocracy ever so little chance, and it works and plots and sneaks and bullies and sneers itself into place, and you find democracy out of doors.
- 14. Is it good that the aristocracy should so triumph?—that is a question which you may settle according to your own notions and tastes; and permit me to say, I do not care twopence how you settle it. Large books have been written upon the subject in a variety of languages, and coming to a variety of conclusions. Great statesmen are there in our country, from Lord Londonderry down to Mr. Vincent, each in his degree maintaining his different opinion.
 - 15. But here, in the matter of Napoleon, is a simple fact;

he founded a great, glorious, strong, potent republic, able to cope with the best aristocracies in the world, and perhaps to beat them all; he converts his republic into a monarchy, and surrounds his monarchy with what he calls aristocratic institutions; and you know what becomes of him.

16. The people estranged, the aristocracy faithless, (when did they ever pardon one who was not of themselves?)—the imperial fabric tumbles to the ground. If it teaches nothing else, my dear, it teaches one a great point of policy,—namely, to stick by one's party.

LV.—ENGLISH ABILITY.

R. W. EMERSON.

- 1. In every path of practical activity, the English have gone even with the best. There is no secret of war, in which they have not shown mastery. The steam-chamber of Watt, the locomotive of Stephenson, the cotton-mule of Roberts, perform the labor of the world. There is no department of literature, of science, or of useful art, in which they have not produced a first-class book.
- 2. It is England, whose opinion is waited for on the merit of a new invention, an improved science. And in the complications of the trade and politics of their vast empire, they have been equal to every exigency, with counsel and with conduct. Is it their luck, or is it in the chambers of their brain?—it is their commercial advantage, that whatever light appears in better method or happy invention, breaks out in their race.
- 3. They are a family to which a destiny attaches, and the Banshee has sworn that a male heir shall never be wanting. They have a wealth of men to fill important posts, and the vigilance of party criticism insures the selection of a competent person.
- 4. A proof of the energy of the English people, is the highly artificial construction of the whole fabric. The

climate and geography, I said, were factitious, as if the hands of man had arranged the conditions. The same character pervades the whole kingdom. Bacon said, "Rome was a state not subject to paradoxes;" but England subsists by antagonisms and contradictions.

- 5. The foundations of its greatness are the rolling waves; and, from first to last, it is a museum of anomalies. This foggy and rainy country furnishes the world with astronomical observations. Its short rivers do not afford water-power, but the land shakes under the thunder of the mills. There is no gold mine of any importance, but there is more gold in England than in all other countries. It is too far north for the culture of the vine, but the wines of all countries are in its docks.
- 6. The French Comte de Lauraguais said, "No fruit ripens in England but a baked apple;" but oranges and pine-apples are as cheap in London as in the Mediterranean. The Mark-Lane Express, or the Custom House returns bear out to the letter the vaunt of Pope,

"Let India boast her palms, nor envy we The weeping amber, nor the spicy tree, While, by our oaks, those precious loads are borne, And realms commanded which those trees adorn."

- 7. The native cattle are extinct, but the island is full of artificial breeds. The agriculturist Bakewell, created sheep and cows and horses to order, and breeds in which everything was omitted but what is economical. The cow is sacrificed to her bag, the ox to his sirloin. Stall-feeding makes sperm mills of the cattle, and converts the stable to a chemical factory. The rivers, lakes, and ponds, too much fished, or obstructed by factories, are artificially filled withthe eggs of salmon, turbot and herring.
- 8. Chat Moss and the fens of Lincolnshire and Cambridgeshire are unhealthy and too barren to pay rent. By cylindrical tiles, and gutta percha tubes, five millions of acres have been drained and put on equality with the best,

for rape-culture and grass. The climate too, which was already believed to have become milder and drier by the enormous consumption of coal, is so far reached by this new action, that fogs and storms are said to disappear. In due course, all England will be drained, and rise a second time out of the waters.

- 9. The latest step was to call in the aid of steam to agriculture. Steam is almost an Englishman. I do not know but they will send him to Parliament, next, to make laws. He weaves, forges, saws, pounds, fans, and now he must pump, grind, dig, and plough for the farmer. The markets created by the manufacturing population have erected agriculture into a great thriving and spending industry.
- 10. The value of the houses in Britain is equal to the value of the soil. Artificial aids of all kinds are cheaper than the natural resources. No man can afford to walk, when the parliamentary train carries him for a penny a mile. Gas-burners are cheaper than daylight in numberless floors in the city. All the houses in London buy their water.
- 11. The English trade does not exist for the exportation of native products, but on its manufactures, or the making well every thing which is ill made elsewhere. They make ponchos for the Mexican, bandannas for the Hindoo, ginseng for the Chinese, beads for the Indian, laces for the Flemings, telescopes for astronomers, cannons for kings.
- 12. The Board of Trade caused the best models of Greece and Italy to be placed within the reach of every manufacturing population. They caused to be translated from foreign languages and illustrated by elaborate drawings, the most approved works of Munich, Berlin, and Paris. They have ransacked Italy to find new forms, to add a grace to the products of their looms, their potteries, and their foundries.
- + 13. The nearer we look, the more artificial is their social system. Their law is a network of fictions. Their prop-

erty, a scrip or certificate of right to interest on money that no man ever saw. Their social classes are made by statute. Their ratios of power and representation are historical and legal. The last Reform - bill took away political power from a mound, a ruin, and a stone - wall, whilst Birmingham and Manchester, whose mills paid for the wars of Europe, had no representative.

- 14. Purity in the elective Parliament is secured by the purchase of seats. Foreign power is kept by armed colonies; power at home by a standing army of police. The pauper lives better than the free laborer; the thief better than the pauper; and the transported felon better than the one under imprisonment. The crimes are factitious, as smuggling, poaching, non-conformity, heresy and treason. Better, they say in England, kill a man than a hare.
- 15. The sovereignty of the seas is maintained by the impressment of seamen. "The impressment of seamen," said Lord Eldon, "is the life of our navy." Solvency is maintained by means of a national debt, on the principle, "if you will not lend me the money, how can I pay you?" For the administration of justice, Sir Samuel Romilly's expedient for clearing the arrears of business in chancery, was, the Chancellor's staying away entirely from his court.
- 16. Their system of education is factitious. The universities galvanize dead languages into a semblance of life. Their church is artificial. The manners and customs of society are artificial;—made-up men with made-up manners;—and thus the whole is Birminghamized, and we have a nation whose existence is a work of art;—a cold, barren, almost arctic isle, being made the most fruitful, luxurious and imperial land in the whole earth.
- 17. Man in England submits to be a product of political economy. On a bleak moor, a mill is built, a banking-house is opened, and men come in, as water in a sluice-way, and towns and cities rise. Man is made as a Birmingham button. The rapid doubling of the population dates from Watts' steam-engine. A landlord, who owns a province,

says, "The tenantry are unprofitable; let me have sheep." He unroofs the houses, and ships the population to America.

18. The nation is accustomed to the instantaneous creation of wealth. It is the maxim of their economists, "that the greater part in value of the wealth now existing in England, has been produced by human hands within the last twelve months." Meantime, three or four days' rain will reduce hundreds to starving in London.

LVI.-THE WINDS.

WILLIAM CULLEN BRYANT.

- Ye winds, ye unseen currents of the air,
 Softly ye played a few brief hours ago;
 Ye bore the murmuring bee; ye tossed the hair
 O'er maiden's cheeks, that took a fresher glow;
 Ye rolled the round white cloud through depths of blue;
 Ye shook from shaded flowers the lingering dew;
 Before you the catalpa's blossoms flew,
 Light blossoms, dropping on the grass like snow.
- 2. How are ye changed! ye take the cataract's sound; Ye take the whirlpool's fury and its might; The mountain shudders as ye sweep the ground; The valley woods lie prone beneath your flight. The clouds before you shoot like eagles past; The homes of men are rocking in your blast; Ye lift the roofs like autumn leaves, and cast Skyward, the whirling fragments out of sight.
- 3. The weary fowls of heaven make wing in vain,
 To escape your wrath; ye seize and dash them dead.
 Against the earth ye drive the roaring rain;
 The harvest field becomes a river's bed;
 And torrents tumble from the hills around,
 Plains turn to lakes, and villages are drowned,
 And wailing voices, midst the tempest's sound.
 Rise, as the rushing waters swell and spread.

- 4. Ye dart upon the deep, and straight is heard, A wilder roar, and men grow pale, and pray; Ye fling its surges round you, as a bird Flings o'er his shivering plumes the fountain's spray. See! to the breaking mast the sailor clings; Ye scoop the ocean to its briny springs, And take the mountain billow on your wings, And pile the wreck of navies round the bay.
 - 5. Why rage ye thus?—no strife for liberty
 Has made you mad; no tyrant, strong through fear,
 Has chained your pinions till ye wrenched them free,
 And rushed into the unmeasured atmosphere;
 For ye were born in freedom where ye blow;
 Free o'er the mighty deep to come and go;
 Earth's solemn woods were yours, her wastes of snow,
 Her isles where summer blossoms all the year.
 - 6. O ye wild winds! a mightier Power than yours In chains upon the shore of Europe lies; The sceptred throng, whose fetters he endures, Watch his mute throes with terror in their eyes: And armed warriors all around him stand, And, as he struggles, tighten every band, And lift the heavy spear, with threatening hand, To pierce the victim, should he strive to rise.
 - 7. Yet oh, when that wronged Spirit of our race, Shall break, as soon he must, his long-worn chains, And leap in freedom from his prison place, Lord of his ancient hills and fruitful plains, Let him not rise, like these mad winds of air, To waste the loveliness that time could spare, To fill the earth with woe, and blot her fair Unconscious breast with blood from human veins.
 - 8. But may he like the spring-time come abroad,
 Who crumbles winter's gyves with gentle might,
 When in the genial breeze, the breath of God,
 Come spouting up the unsealed springs to light;
 Flowers start from their dark prisons at his feet;
 The woods, long dumb, awake to hymnings sweet,
 And morn and eve, whose glimmerings almost meet,
 Crowd back to narrow bounds the ancient night.

LVII.—CICERO'S IMPEACHMENT OF VERRES.

FROM W. LUCAS COLLINS.

- 1. How shall I speak of Publius Gavius, a citizen of Consa? With what powers of voice, with what force of language, with what sufficient indignation of soul, can I tell the tale? Indignation, at least, will not fail me: the more must I strive that in this my pleading the other requisites may be made to meet the gravity of the subject, the intensity of my feeling. For the accusation is such that when it was first laid before me, I did not think to make use of it; though I knew it to be perfectly true, I did not think it would be credible.
- 2. How shall I now proceed?—when I have already been speaking for so many hours on one subject—his atrocious cruelty; when I have exhausted upon other points well-nigh all the powers of language such as alone is suited to that man's crimes;—when I have taken no precaution to secure your attention by any variety in my charges against him,—in what fashion can I now speak on a charge of this importance?
- 3. I think there is one way—one course, and only one, left for me to take. I will place the facts before you; and they have in themselves such weight, that no eloquence—I will not say of mine, for I have none—but of any man's, is needed to excite your feelings.
- 4. This Gavius of Consa, of whom I speak, had been among the crowds of Roman citizens who had been thrown into prison under that man. Somehow he had made his escape out of the Quarries, and had got to Messana; and when he saw Italy and the towers of Rhegium now so close to him, and out of the horror and shadow of death felt himself breathe with a new life as he scented once more the fresh air of liberty and the laws, he began to talk at Messana, and to complain that he, a Roman citizen, had been

put in irons—that he was going straight to Rome—that he would be ready there for Verres on his arrival.

- 5. The wretched man little knew that he might as well have talked in this fashion in the governor's palace before his very face, as at Messana. For, as I told you before, this city he had selected for himself as the accomplice in his crimes, the receiver of his stolen goods, the confidant of all his wickedness. So Gavius is brought at once before the city magistrates; and, as it so chanced, on that very day Verres himself came to Messana.
- 6. The case is reported to him; that there is a certain Roman citizen who complained of having been put into the Quarries at Syracuse; that as he was just going on board ship, and was uttering threats—really too atrocious—against Verres, they had detained him, and kept him in custody, that the governor himself might decide about him as should seem to him good. Verres thanks the gentlemen, and extols their goodwill and zeal for his interests. He himself, burning with rage and malice, comes down to the Court. His eyes flashed fire; cruelty was written on every line of his face.
- 7. All present watched anxiously to see to what lengths he meant to go, or what steps he would take; when suddenly he ordered the prisoner to be dragged forth, and to be stripped and bound in the open forum, and the rods to be got ready at once. The unhappy man cried out that he was a Roman citizen—that he had the municipal franchise of Consa—that he had served in a campaign with Lucius Pretius, a distinguished Roman knight, now engaged in business at Panormus, from whom Verres might ascertain the truth of his statement.
- 8. Then that man replies that he has discovered that he, Gavius, has been sent into Sicily as a spy by the ring-leaders of the runaway slaves; of which charge there was neither witness nor trace of any kind, or even suspicion in any man's mind. Then he ordered the man to be scourged severely all over his body.

- 9. Yes—a Roman citizen was cut to pieces with rods in the open forum at Messana, gentlemen; and as the punishment went on, no word, no groan of the wretched man, in all his anguish, was heard amid the sound of the lashes, but this cry,—"I am a Roman citizen!" By such protest of citizenship he thought he could at least save himself from anything like blows—could escape the indignity of personal torture.
- 10. But not only did he fail in thus deprecating the insult of the lash, but when he redoubled his entreaties and his appeal to the name of Rome, a cross—yes, I say, a cross—was ordered for that most unfortunate and ill-fated man, who had never yet beheld such an abuse of a governor's power.
- 11. O name of liberty, sweet to our ears! O rights of citizenship, in which we glory! O laws of Porcius and Sempronius! O privilege of the tribune, long and sorely regretted, and at last restored to the people of Rome! Has it all come to this, that a Roman citizen in a province of the Roman people—in a federal town—is to be bound and beaten with rods in the forum by a man who holds those rods and axes—those awful emblems—only by grace of that same people of Rome?
- 12. What shall I say of the fact that fire, and redhot plates, and other tortures were applied? Even if his agonized entreaties and pitiable cries did not check you, were you not moved by the tears and groans which burst from the Roman citizens who were present at the scene? Did you dare to drag to the cross any man who claimed to be a citizen of Rome?
- 13. I did not intend, gentlemen, in my former pleading, to press this case so strongly—I did not indeed; for you saw yourselves how the public feeling was already embittered against the defendant by indignation, and hate, and dread of a common peril.

LVIII.—PICTURES IN VERSE.

LANDSCAPES AND QUIET SCENES.

A broken chancel with a broken cross That stood on a dark strait of barren land. On one side lay the ocean, and on one Lay a great water, and the moon was full.

TENNYSON.

KING ARTHUR'S SWORD.

Then drew he forth the brand Excalibar, And o'er him, drawing it, the winter moon, Brightening the skirts of a long cloud, ran forth And sparkled keen with frost against the hilt; For all the haft twinkled with diamond studs, Myriads of topaz lights, and jacinth-work Of subtlest jewelry.

TENNYSON.

FROM THE DYING SWAN.

Some blue peaks in the distance rose, And white against the cold-white sky Shone out their crowning snows.

One willow over the river wept
And shook the wave as the wind did sigh;
Above it in the wind was the swallow,
Chasing itself at its own wild will.
And far through the marish green and still
The tangled water-courses slept,
Shot over with purple and green and yellow.

TENNYSON.

THE LAND OF THE LOTOS-EATERS.

A land of streams, some, like a downward smoke, Slow-dropping veils of thinnest lawn, did go; And some through wavering lights and shadows broke Rolling a slumbrous sheet of foam below. They saw the gleaming river seaward flow From the inner land: far off, three mountain-tops,
Three silent pinnacles of aged snow,
Stood sunset-flushed: and, dewed with showery drops,
Up clomb the shadowy pine above the woven copse.

TENNYSON.

MADELINE AT PRAYER.

- A casement high and triple-arched there was,
 All garlanded with carven imageries
 Of fruits, and flowers, and bunches of knot-grass,
 And diamonded with panes of quaint device,
 Innumerable, of stains and splendid dyes,
 As are the tiger-moth's deep-damasked wings;
 And in the midst, 'mong thousand heraldries,
 And twilight saints, and dim emblazonings,
 A shielded scutcheon blushed with blood of queens and kings.
- Full on this casement shone the wintry moon,
 And threw warm gules on Madeline's fair breast,
 As down she knelt for Heaven's grace and boon:
 Rose-bloom fell on her hands, together pressed,
 And on her silver cross soft amethyst,
 And on her hair a glory like a saint,
 She seemed a splendid angel, newly drest,
 Save wings, for heaven.

KEATS.

FLIGHT OF THE HOURS.

Through the purple night
I see cars drawn by rainbow-wingéd steeds
Which trample the dim winds: in each there stands
A wild-eyed charioteer urging their flight.
Some look behind, as fiends pursued them there,
And yet—I see no shapes but the keen stars.
Others, with burning eyes, lean forth and drink
With eager lips the wind of their own speed,
As if the thing they loved fled on before,
And now, even now, they clasped it. Their bright locks
Stream like a comet's flashing hair; they all
Sweep onward.

These are the immortal Hours.

SHELLEY.

A FRAGMENT FROM A DREAM.

In Xanadu did Kubla Khan
A stately pleasure-dome decree:
Where Alph, the sacred river, ran
Through caverns measureless to man,
Down to a sunless sea.
So twice five miles of fertile ground
With walls and flowers were girdled round:
And here were gardens bright with sinuous rills,
Where blossomed many an incense-bearing tree;
And here were forests ancient as the hills,
Infolding sunny spots of greenery.

COLERIDGE.

THE BUGLE SONG.

- The splendor falls on castle walls
 And snowy summits old in story:
 The long light shakes across the lakes,
 And the wild cataract leaps in glory.
 Blow, bugle, blow, set the wild echoes flying,
 Blow, bugle: answer, echoes, dying, dying, dying.
- O hark, O hear! how thin and clear,
 And thinner, clearer, farther going,
 O sweet and far from cliff and scar
 The horns of Elf-land faintly blowing!
 Blow, let us hear the purple glens replying:
 Blow, bugle; answer, echoes, dying, dying, dying.
- O love, they die in yon rich sky,
 They faint on hill or field or river;
 Our echoes roll from soul to soul,
 And grow forever and forever.
 Blow, bugle, blow, set the wild echoes flying,
 And answer, echoes, answer, dying, dying, dying.

TENNYSON.

LIX.—PICTURES IN VERSE.—STORM AND BATTLE.

A STORM IN THE ALPS.

The sky is changed; and such a change! O night,—
And storm and darkness, ye are wondrous strong,
Yet lovely in your strength, as is the light
Of a dark eye in woman! Far along,
From peak to peak, the rattling crags among,
Leaps the live thunder! Not from one lone cloud,
But every mountain now hath found a tongue,
And Jura answers through her misty shroud,
Back to the joyous Alps, who call to her aloud.

BYRON.

A SUMMER SHOWER.

Look! look! that livid flash!

And instantly follows the rattling thunder
As if some cloud-crag, split asunder,
Fell, splintering with a ruinous crash,
On the earth, which crouches in silence under;
And now a solid gray wall of rain
Shuts off the landscape, mile by mile;
For a breath's space I see the blue wood again,
And, ere the next heart-beat, the wind-hurled pile,
That seemed but now a league aloof,
Bursts rattling over the sun-parched roof;
Against the windows the storm comes dashing,
Through tattered foliage the hall tears crashing,
The blue lightning flashes,

The blue lightning flashes,
The rapid hail clashes,
The white waves are tumbling,
And in one baffled roar,
Like the toothless sea mumbling
A rock - bristling shore,
The thunder is rumbling
And crashing and crumbling,—
Will silence return never more?

LOWELL.

APPLEDORE.

How looks Appledore in a storm? I have seen it when its crags seemed frantic, Butting against the maddened Atlantic, When surge after surge would heap enorme Cliffs of emerald topped with snow, That lifted and lifted, and then let go A great white avalanche of thunder, A grinding, blinding, deafening ire Monadnock might have trembled under: And the island, whose rock - roots pierce below To where they are warmed by the central fire, You could feel its granite fibers racked As it seemed to plunge with a shudder and thrill Right at the breast of the swooping hill, And to rise again, snorting a cataract Of rage-froth from every cranny and ledge, While the sea drew its breath in hoarse and deep, And the next vast breaker curled its edge, Gathering itself for a mightier leap.

LOWELL.

BATTLE PERSONIFIED.

- Hark, heard ye not those hoofs of dreadful note?
 Sounds not the clang of conflict on the heath!
 Saw ye not whom the reeking saber smote;
 Nor saved your brethren ere they sank beneath
 Tyrants and tyrants' slaves? The fires of death,
 The bale-fires flash on high; from rock to rock
 Each volley tells that thousands cease to breathe;
 Death rides upon the sulphury siroe,

 Red Battle stamps his foot, and nations feel the shock.
- Lo! where the giant on the mountain stands,
 His blood-red tresses deep'ning in the sun,
 With death-shot glowing in his flery hands,
 And eye that scorcheth all it glares upon:
 Restless it rolls, now fixed, and now anon
 Flashing afar,—and at his iron feet
 Destruction cowers to mark what deeds are done:
 For on this morn three potent nations meet,
 To shed before his shrine the blood he deems most sweet.

BYRON.

FARRAGUT'S BAY FIGHT.

- How they leaped, the tongues of flame, From the cannon's fiery lip!
 How the broadsides, deck and frame, Shook the great ship!
- And how the enemy's shell
 Came crashing, heavy and oft,
 Clouds of splinters flying aloft
 And falling in oaken showers:
 But ah, the pluck of the crew!
 Had you stood on that deck of ours,
 You had seen what men may do.
- Never a nerve that failed,
 Never a cheek that paled,
 Not a tinge of gloom or pallor;
 There was bold Kentucky's grit,
 And the old Virginian valor,
 And the daring Yankee wit.
- There were blue eyes from turfy Shannon,
 There were black orbs from palmy Niger,—
 But there, alongside the cannon,
 Each man fought like a tiger.
- Right abreast of the fort

 In an awful shroud they lay,
 Broadsides thundering away,

 And lightning from every port;
 Scene of glory and dread!
 Δ storm-cloud all aglow
 With flashes of fiery red,
 The thunder raging below,
 And the forest of flags o'erhead.
- So grand the hurly and roar, So fiercely their broadsides blazed, The regiments fighting ashore Forgot to fire as they gazed.
- Worth our watch, dull and sterile,
 Worth all the weary time,
 Worth the woe and the peril,
 To stand in that strait sublime.

LX.—NEW ENGLAND TWO CENTURIES AGO.

JAMES RUSSELL LOWELL.

- 1. The history of New England is written imperishably on the face of a continent, and in characters as beneficent as they are enduring. In the Old World national pride feeds itself with the record of battles and conquests;—battles which proved nothing and settled nothing; conquests which shifted a boundary on the map, and put one ugly head instead of another on the coin which the people paid to the tax-gatherer.
- 2. But wherever the New-Englander travels among the sturdy commonwealths which have sprung from the seed of the Mayflower, churches, schools, colleges, tell him where the men of his race have been, or their influence penetrated; and an intelligent freedom is the monument of conquests whose results are not to be measured in square miles. Next to the fugitives whom Moses led out of Egypt, the little ship-load of outcasts who landed at Plymouth two centuries and a half ago are destined to influence the future of the world.
- 3. The spiritual thirst of mankind has for years been quenched at Hebrew fountains; but the embodiment in human institutions of truths uttered by the Son of Man eighteen centuries ago was to be mainly the work of Puritan thought and Puritan self-devotion. Leave New England out in the cold! While you are plotting it, she sits by every fireside in the land where there is piety, culture, and free thought.
- 4. Faith in God, faith in man, faith in work,—this is the short formula in which we may sum up the teaching of the founders of New England; a creed ample enough for this life and the next. If their municipal regulations smack somewhat of Judaism, yet there can be no nobler

aim or more practical wisdom than theirs; for it was to make the law of man a living counterpart of the law of God, in their highest conception of it.

- 5. Were they too earnest in the strife to save their souls alive? That is still the problem which every wise and brave man is lifelong in solving. If the Devil take a less hateful shape to us than to our fathers, he is as busy with us as with them; if we can not find it in our hearts to break with a gentleman of so much worldly wisdom, who gives such admirable dinners, and whose manners are so perfect, so much the worse for us.
- 6. Looked at on the outside, New England history is dry and unpicturesque. There is no rustle of silks, no waving of plumes, no chink of golden spurs. Our sympathies are not awakened by the changeful destinies, the rise and fall, of great families, whose doom was in their blood. Instead of all this, we have the homespun fates of Cephas and Prudence repeated in an infinite series of peaceable sameness, and finding space enough for record in the family Bible; we have the noise of ax and hammer and saw, an apotheosis of dogged work, where, reversing the fairy tale, nothing is left to luck, and, if there be any poetry, it is something that can not be helped, —the waste of the water over the dam.
- 7. Extrinsically, it is prosaic and plebeian; intrinsically, it is poetic and noble; for it is, perhaps, the most perfect incarnation of an idea that the world has ever seen. That idea was not to found a democracy, nor to charter the city of New Jerusalem by an act of the General Court, as gentlemen seem to think whose notions of history and human nature rise like an exhalation from the good things at a Pilgrim Society dinner. Not in the least.
- 8. They had no faith in the Divine institution of a system which gives Teague, because he can dig, as much influence as Ralph, because he can think, nor in personal at the expense of general freedom.
 - 9. Their view of human rights was not so limited that

it could not take in human relations and duties also. They would have been likely to answer the claim, "I am as good as anybody," by a quiet "Yes, for some things, but not for others; as good, doubtless, in your place, where all things are good."

10. What the early settlers of Massachusetts did intend, and what they accomplished, was the founding here of a new England, and a better one, where the political superstitions and abuses of the old should never have leave to take root. So much, we may say, they deliberately intended. No nobles, either lay or cleric, no great landed estates, and no universal ignorance as the seed-plot of vice and unreason; but an elective magistracy and clergy, land for all who would till it, and reading and writing, will ye nill ye, instead.

LXI.—THANATOPSIS.

WM. CULLEN BRYANT.

- To him who in the love of Nature holds
 Communion with her visible forms, she speaks
 A various language: for his gayer hours
 She has a voice of gladness, and a smile
 And eloquence of beauty, and she glides
 Into his darker musings, with a mild
 And healing sympathy, that steals away
 Their sharpness ere he is aware.
- 2. When thoughts
 Of the last bitter hour come like a blight
 Over thy spirit, and sad images
 Of the stern agony, and shroud and pall,
 And breathless darkness, and the narrow house,
 Make thee to shudder, and grow sick at heart;—
 Go forth, under the open sky, and list
 To Nature's teachings, while from all around—
 Earth and her waters and the depths of air,—
 Comes a still voice—
- 3. Yet a few days, and thee
 The all-beholding sun shall see no more

In all his course; nor yet in the cold ground,
Where thy pale form was laid, with many tears,
Nor in the embrace of ocean, shall exist
Thy image. Earth, that nourished thee, shall claim
Thy growth, to be resolved to earth again;
And lost each human trace, surrendering up
Thine individual being, shalt thou go
To mix forever with the elements,
To be a brother to the insensible rock,
And to the sluggish clod, which the rude swain
Turns with his share and treads upon. The oak
Shall send his roots abroad and pierce thy mold.

- 4. Yet not to thy eternal resting place Shall thou retire alone, nor couldst thou wish Couch more magnificent. Thou shall lie down With patriarchs of the infant world,—with kings, The powerful of the earth,—the wise, the good, Fair forms, and hoary seers of ages past, All in one mighty sepulcher.
- 5. The hills, rock-ribbed and ancient as the sun,—the vales, Stretching in pensive quietness between; The venerable woods,—rivers that move In majesty, and the complaining brooks That make the meadows green; and poured round all, Old ocean's gray and melancholy waste,—Are but the solemn decorations all Of the great tomb of man.
- 6. The golden sun,
 The planets, all the infinite host of heaven,
 Are shining on the sad abodes of death,
 Through the still lapse of ages. All that tread
 The globe are but a handful to the tribes
 That slumber in its bosom.
- 7. Take the wings
 Of morning, and the Barcan desert pierce,
 Or lose thyself in the continuous woods
 Where rolls the Oregon, and hears no sound
 Save his own dashings—yet—the dead are there:
 And millions in those solitudes, since first
 The flight of years began, have laid them down
 In their last sleep—the dead reign there alone.

- So shalt thou rest, and what if thou shalt fall 8. Unnoticed by the living, and no friend Take note of thy departure? All that breathe Will share thy destiny. The gay will laugh When thou art gone - the solemn brood of care Plod on, and each one as before will chase His favorite phantom; yet all these shall leave Their mirth and their employments, and shall come And make their bed with thee. As the long train Of ages glide away, the sons of men, The youth in life's green spring, and he who goes In the full strength of years, matron and maid, The speechless babe and the gray-headed man, Shall one by one be gathered to thy side, By those who in their turn shall follow them.
- 9. So live that when thy summons comes to join The innumerable caravan, that moves To that mysterious realm, where each shall take His chamber in the silent halls of death, Thou go not, like the quarry-slave at night, Scourged to his dungeon, but sustained and soothed By an unfaltering trust, approach thy grave, Like one who wraps the drapery of his couch About him, and lies down to pleasant dreams.

LXII.—THE NIGHTINGALE AND GLOW-WORM.

WILLIAM COWPER.

A nightingale, that all day long
 Had cheer'd the village with his song,
 Nor yet at eve his note suspended,
 Nor yet when eventide was ended,
 Began to feel, as well he might,
 The keen demands of appetite;
 When, looking eagerly around,
 He spied, far off, upon the ground
 A something shining in the dark,
 And knew the glow-worm by his spark;
 So, stooping down from hawthorn top,
 He thought to put him in his crop.

- 2. The worm, aware of his intent, Harangued him thus, right eloquent: "Did you admire my lamp," quoth he, "As much as I your minstrelsy, You would abhor to do me wrong, As much as I to spoil your song; For 'twas the self-same Power divine Taught you to sing, and me to shine; That you with music, I with light, Might beautify and cheer the night."
- The songster heard his short oration, And warbling out his approbation, Released him, as my story tells, And found a supper somewhere else.
- 4. Hence jarring sectaries may learn Their real interest to discern, That brother should not war with brother, And worry and devour each other: But sing and shine by sweet consent, Till life's poor transient night is spent, Respecting, in each other's case, The gifts of nature and of grace.
- Those Christians best deserve the name, Who studiously make peace their aim; Peace both the duty and the prize Of him who creeps, and him that flies.

LXIII. - DOMESTIC LIFE.

RALPH WALDO EMERSON.

- 1. I think it plain that this voice of communities and ages, "Give us wealth, and the household shall exist," is vicious, and leaves the whole difficulty untouched. It is better, certainly, in this form, "Give us your labor, and the household begins." I see not how serious labor, the labor of all and every day, is to be avoided; and many things betoken a revolution of opinion and practice in regard to manual labor that may go far to aid our practical inquiry.
 - 2. Another age may divide the manual labor of the

world more equally on all the members of society, and so make the labors of a few hours avail to the wants and add to the vigor of the man. But the reform that applies itself to the household must not be partial. It must correct the whole system of our social living. It must come up with plain living and high thinking; it must break up caste, and put domestic service on another foundation. It must come in connection with a true acceptance by each man of his vocation,—not chosen by his parents or his friends, but by his genius, with earnestness and love.

- 3. Nor is this redress as hopeless as it seems. Certainly, if we begin by forming particulars of our present system, correcting a few evils and letting the rest stand, we shall soon give up in despair. For our social forms are far from truth and equity. But the way to set the ax at the root of the tree is, to raise our aim.
- 4. Let us understand, then, that a house should bear witness in all its economy that human culture is the end to which it is built and garnished. It stands there under the sun and moon to ends analogous, and not less noble than theirs. It is not for festivity, it is not for sleep: but the pine and the oak shall gladly descend from the mountains to uphold the roof of men as faithful and necessary as themselves; to be the shelter always open to good and true persons;—a hall which shines with sincerity, brows ever tranquil, and a demeanor impossible to disconcert; whose inmates know what they want; who do not ask your house how theirs should be kept. They have aims: they can not pause for trifles.
- 5. Let a man, then, say, My house is here in the county, for the culture of the county;—an eating-house and sleeping-house for travelers it shall be, but it shall be much more. I pray you, O excellent wife, do not cumber yourself and me to get a rich dinner for this man or this woman who has alighted at our gate, nor a bedchamber made ready at too great a cost. These things, if they are curious in, they can get for a dollar at any village.

- 6. But let this stranger, if he will, in your looks, in your accent and behavior, read your heart and earnestness, your thought and will, which he can not buy at any price, in any village or city, and which he may well travel fifty miles, and dine sparely and sleep hard, in order to behold. Certainly let the board be spread and let the bed be dressed for the traveler; but let not the emphasis of hospitality lie in these things. Honor to the house where they are simple to the verge of hardship, so that there the intellect is awake and reads the laws of the universe, the soul worships truth and love, honor and courtesy flow into all deeds.
- 7. There was never a country in the world which could so easily exhibit this heroism as ours; never any where the state has made such efficient provision for popular education, where intellectual entertainment is so within reach of youthful ambition. The poor man's son is educated. There is many a humble house in every city, in every town, where talent and taste, and sometimes genius, dwell with poverty and labor.
- 8. Who has not seen, and who can see unmoved, under a low roof, the eager, blushing boys discharging as they can their household chores, and hastening into the sitting-room to the study of to-morrow's merciless lesson, yet stealing time to read one chapter more of the novel hardly smuggled into the tolerance of father and mother,—atoning for the same by some pages of Plutarch or Goldsmith; the warm sympathy with which they kindle each other in schoolyard, or in barn or wood-shed, with scraps of poetry or song, with phrases of the last oration, or mimicry of the orator; the youthful criticism, on Sunday, of the sermons?
- 9. Who has not seen, and who can see unmoved the school declamation faithfully rehearsed at home, sometimes to the fatigue, sometimes to the admiration of sisters; the first solitary joys of literary vanity, when the translation or the theme has been completed, sitting alone near the top of the house; the cautious comparison of the attractive advertisements of the arrival of Macready, Booth, or Kem-

ble, or of the discourse of a well-known speaker, with the expense of the entertainment; the affectionate delight with which they greet the return of each one after the lonely separations which school or business require; the foresight with which, during such absences, they hive the honey which opportunity offers, for the ear and imagination of others; and the unrestrained glee with which they disburden themselves of their early mental treasures when the holidays bring them again together?

- 10. What is the hoop that holds them stanch? It is the iron band of poverty, of necessity, of austerity, which, excluding them from the sensual enjoyments which make other boys too early old, has directed their activity in safe and right channels, and made them, despite themselves, reverers of the grand, the beautiful and the good. Ah! short-sighted students of books, of Nature, and of man! too happy could they know their advantages.
- 11. They pine for freedom from that mild parental yoke; they sigh for fine clothes, for rides, for the theater, and premature freedom and dissipation, which others possess. Woe to them, if their wishes were crowned! The angels that dwell with them, and are weaving laurels of life for their youthful brows, are Toil, and Want, and Truth, and Mutual Faith.

LXIV.—WRECK OF THE GRACE OF SUNDER-LAND.

JEAN INGELOW.

- 1. "They ring for service," quoth the fisherman;
 - "Our parson preaches in the church to-night."
 - "And do the people go?" my brother asked.
 - "Ay, sir; they count it mean to stay away. He takes it so to heart. He's a rare man, Our parson; half a head above us all."
 - "That's a great gift, and notable," said I,

2. "Ay, sir; and when he was a younger man He went out in the lifeboat very oft, Before the 'Grace of Sunderland' was wrecked. He's never been his own man since that hour; For there were thirty men aboard of her, Anigh as close as you are now to me, And ne'er a one was saved.

They're lying now, With two small children, in a row: the church And yard are full of seamen's graves, and few Have any names.

- 3. "She bumped upon the reef;
 Our parson, my young son, and several more
 Were lashed together with a two-inch rope,
 And crept along to her; their mates ashore
 Ready to haul them in. The gale was high,
 The sea was all a boiling, seething froth,
 And God Almighty's guns were going off,
 And the land trembled.
- 4. "When she took the ground,
 She went to pieces like a lock of hay
 Tossed from a pitchfork. Ere it came to that,
 The captain reeled on deck with two small things,
 One in each arm—his little lad and lass.
 Their hair was long and blew before his face,
 Or else we thought he had been saved; he fell,
 But held them fast. The crew, poor luckless souls!
 The breakers licked them off; and some were crushed,
 Some swallowed in the yeast, some flung up dead,
 The dear breath beaten out of them; not one
 Jumped from the wreck upon the reef to catch
 The hands that strained to reach, but tumbled back
 With eyes wide open.
- 5. "But the captain lay
 And clung the only man alive. They prayed —
 'For God's sake, captain, throw the children here!'
 'Throw them!' our parson cried; and then she struck:
 And he threw one, a pretty two years' child,
 But the gale dashed him on the slippery verge,
 And down he went. They say they heard him cry.

- 6. "Then he rose up and took the other one,
 And all our men reached out their hungry arms,
 And cried out, 'Throw her, throw her!' and he did.
 He threw her right against the parson's breast,
 And all at once a sea broke over them,
 And they that saw it from the shore have said
 It struck the wreck, and piecemeal scattered it,
 Just as a woman might the lump of salt
 That 'twixt her hands into the kneading pan
 She breaks and crumbles on her rising bread.
- 7. "We hauled our men in: two of them were dead— The sea had beaten them, their heads hung down; Our parson's arms were empty, for the wave Had torn away the pretty, pretty lamb; We often see him stand beside her grave: But 'twas no fault of his, no fault of his.
- "I ask your pardon, sirs, I prate and prate,
 And never have I said what brought me here;
 Sirs, if you want a boat to-morrow morn,
 I'm bold to say there's ne'er a boat like mine."
 "Ay, that was what we wanted," we replied;
 "A boat, his boat;" and off he went, well pleased.

LXV.—THE PARSON'S SERMON.

FROM THE SAME POEM AS THE PRECEDING.

1. "See here, it is the night! it is the night! And snow lies thickly, white untrodden snow, And the wan moon upon a casement shines — A casement crusted o'er with frosty leaves, That make her ray less bright along the floor. A woman sits with hands upon her knees, Poor tiréd soul! and she has nought to do, For there is neither fire nor candle light; The driftwood ash lies cold upon her hearth: The rushlight flickered down an hour ago; Her children wail a little in their sleep For cold and hunger; and, as if that sound Was not enough, another comes to her, Over God's undefiléd snow — a song — Nay, never hang your heads — I say, a song.

- 2. "And doth she curse the alehouse, and the sots
 That drink the night out, and their earnings there,
 And drink their manly strength and courage down,
 And starve her, starving by the selfsame act
 Her tender suckling, that with piteous eyes
 Looks in her face, till scarcely she has heart
 To work, and earn the scanty bit and drop
 That feed the others?
- 3. "Does she curse the song?
 I think not, fishermen; I have not heard
 Such women curse. God's curse is curse enough.
 To-morrow she will say a bitter thing,
 Pulling her sleeve down lest the bruises show—
 A bitter thing, but meant for an excuse—
 'My master is not worse than many men:'
 But now, ay, now she sitteth dumb and still;
 No food, no comfort, cold and poverty
 Bearing her down.
- 4. "My heart is sore for her;
 How long, how long? When troubles come of God,
 When men are frozen out of work, when wives
 Are sick, when working fathers fail and die,
 When boats go down at sea—then nought behooves
 Like patience; but for troubles wrought of men
 Patience is hard—I tell you it is hard.
- 5. "O thou poor soul! it is the night—the night. Against thy door drifts up the silent snow, Blocking thy threshold: 'Fall, thou sayest, fall, fall, Cold snow, and lie and be trod under foot. Am I not fallen? Wake up and pipe, O wind, Dull wind, and beat and bluster at my door; Merciful wind, sing me a hoarse rough song, For there is other music made to-night That I would fain not hear. Wake, thou still sea, Heavily plunge. Shoot on, white waterfall. O, I could long like thy cold icicles Freeze, freeze, and hang upon the frosty clift And not complain, so I might melt at last In the warm summer sun, as thou wilt do!
- 6. "'But woe is me! I think there is no sun; My sun is sunken, and the night grows dark:

None care for me. The children cry for bread, And I have none; and nought can comfort me. Even if the heavens were free to such as I, It were not much, for death is long to wait, And heaven is far to go!'

- 7. "And speakest thou thus
 Despairing of the sun that sets to thee,
 And of the earthly love that wanes to thee?
 Peace, peace, fond fool! One draweth near thy door
 Whose footsteps leave no print across the snow;
 Thy sun has risen with comfort in his face,
 The smile of heaven, to warm thy frozen heart,
 And bless with saintly hand.
- 8. "What! is it long
 To wait, and far to go? Thou shalt not go;
 Behold, across the snow to thee He comes,
 Thy heaven descends, and is it long to wait?
 Thou shalt not wait: 'This night,' He saith,
 'I stand at the door and knock.'
- 9. "It is enough can such an one be here Yea, here? O God forgive you, fisherman! One! is there only one? But dost thou know, O woman! pale for want, if thou art here, That on thy lot much thought is spent in heaven; And, coveting the heart a hard man broke One standeth patient, watching in the night, And waiting in the daytime?
- "What shalt be
 If thou wilt answer? He will smile on thee;
 One smile of His shall be enough to heal
 The wound of man's neglect; and He will sigh,
 Pitying the trouble which that sigh shall cure;
 And He will speak—speak in the desolate night,
 In the dark night: 'For me a thorny crown
 Men wove, and nails were driven in my hands
 And feet: there was an earthquake, and I died;
 I died, and am alive for evermore.
- 11. "'I died for thee; for thee I am alive, And my humanity doth mourn for thee, For thou art mine; and all thy little ones,

They, too, are mine. Behold, the house Is dark, but there is brightness where the sons Of God are singing, and, behold, the heart Is troubled: yet the nations walk in white; They have forgotten how to weep; and thou Shalt also come, and I will foster thee And satisfy thy soul; and thou shalt warm Thy trembling life beneath the smile of God. A little while—it is a little while—
A little while, and I will comfort thee; I go away, but I will come again."

LXVI.— MR. TRADDLES'S PREPARATIONS FOR HOUSEKEEPING.

CHARLES DICKENS.

Traddles sitting at a table.—Enter Copperfield.

Copperfield. Traddles, I am delighted to see you.

Traddles. I am delighted to see you, Copperfield. It was because I was thoroughly glad to see you when we met in Ely Place, and was sure you were thoroughly glad to see me, that I gave you this address instead of my address at chambers.

Cop. O! you have chambers?

Trad. Why, I have the fourth of a room and a passage, and the fourth of a clerk. Three others and myself unite to have a set of chambers—to look business-like—and we quarter the clerk, too. Half a crown a week he costs me. It's not because I have the least pride, Copperfield, you understand, that I don't usually give my address here. It's only on account of those who come to me, who might not like to come here. For myself, I am fighting my way on in the world against difficulties, and it would be ridiculous if I made a pretense of doing anything else.

Cop. You are reading for the bar, Mr. Waterbrook informed me.

Trad. Why, yes—I am reading for the bar. The fact is I have just begun to keep my terms, after a rather long

delay. It's some time since I was articled, but the payment of that hundred pounds was a great pull. A great pull!

Cop. Do you know what I can't help thinking of, Traddles, as I sit here looking at you?

Trad. No.

Cop. That sky-blue suit you used to wear.

Trad. Lord, to be sure! (Laughs.) Tight in the arms and legs, you know! Dear me! Well! Those were happy times—weren't they?

Cop. I think our school-master might have made them happier, without doing any harm to any of us, I acknowledge.

Trad. Perhaps he might. But, dear me! there was a good deal of fun going on. Do you remember the nights in the bed-room? When we used to have the suppers? When you used to tell the stories? Ha, ha, ha! And do you remember when I got caned for crying about Mr. Mell? Old Creakle! I should like to see him again, too!

Cop. He was a brute to you, Traddles.

Trad. Do you think so? Really? Perhaps he was, rather. But it's all over, a long while. Old Creakle!

Cop. You were brought up by an uncle then?

Trad. Of course I was! The one I was always going to write to. And always didn't, eh! Ha, ha, ha! Yes; I had an uncle then. He died soon after I left school.

Cop. Indeed!

Trad. Yes. He was a retired—what do you call it?—draper—cloth merchant—and had made me his heir; but he didn't like me when I grew up.

Cop. Do you really mean that?

Trad. O, dear, yes, Copperfield—I mean it. It was an unfortunate thing, but he didn't like me at all. He said I wasn't at all what he expected, and so he married his house-keeper.

Cop. And what did you do?

Trad. I didn't do anything in particular. I lived with

them, waiting to be put out in the world, until his gout unfortunately flew to his stomach—and so he died, and so she married a younger man, and so I wasn't provided for.

Cop. Did you get nothing, Traddles, after all?

Trad. O, dear, yes! I got fifty pounds. I had never been brought up to any profession, and at first was at loss what to do for myself. However, I began, with the assistance of a son of a professional man, who had been at Salem House—Yawler, with his nose on one side. Do you recollect him?

Cop. No; all the noses were straight, in my day.

Trad. It don't matter. I began, by means of his assistance, to copy law writings. That didn't answer very well; and then I began to state cases for them, and make abstracts, and do that sort of work. I was fortunate enough, too, to become acquainted with a person in the publishing way, who was getting up an Encyclopædia, and he set me to work; and indeed (glances at the table), I am at work for him at this minute. I am not a bad compiler, Copperfield; but I have no invention at all - not a particle. I suppose there never was a young man with less originality than I have. So, by little and little, and living high, I managed to scrape up the hundred pounds at last, and, thank Heaven, that's paid - though it was, though it certainly was a pull. I am living by the sort of work I mentioned still, and I hope, one of these days, to get connected with some newspaper, which would almost be the making of my fortune. Now, Copperfield, you are exactly what you used to be, with that agreeable face, and it's so pleasant to see you, that I shan't conceal anything. Therefore you must know I am engaged. She is a curate's daughter, one of ten-down in Devonshire. (Points to an engraving.) That's the church. You come round here, to the left, out of this gate (traces his finger along the paper), and exactly where I hold this pen, there stands the house -facing, you understand, towards the church. She is such a dear girl! a little older than I - but the dearest girl. I told you I was going out of town? I have been down there. I walked there and I walked back - and I had the most delightful time! I dare say ours is likely to be a rather long engagement; but our motto is, "Wait and hope." We always say that: "wait and hope," we always say. And she would wait, Copperfield, till she was sixtyany age you can mention—for me. (Rises and puts his hand on the white cloth that covers the table in corner.) However, it's not that we haven't made a beginning towards housekeeping. No, no-we have begun. We must get on by degrees—but we have begun. (Draws off the cloth carefully.) Here are two pieces of furniture to commence with. This flower-pot and stand she bought herself. You put that in a parlor-window, with a plant in it, and - and there you are! This little round table with a marble top (it's two feet ten in circumference) I bought. You want to lay a book down, you know, or somebody comes to see you, or your wife, and wants a place to stand a cup of tea upon, and—and there you are again! It's an admirable piece of workmanship — firm as a rock.

Cop. Admirable indeed, and so very useful.

Trad. (Carefully replacing cloth.) It's not a great deal towards furnishing—but it's something. The table-cloths, and pillow-cases, and articles of that kind are what discourage me most, Copperfield. So does the iron-mongery—candle-boxes, and gridirons, and that sort of necessaries—because those things tell and mount up. However, "wait and hope!" and I assure you she's the dearest girl!

Cop. I am quite certain of it.

Trad. In the mean time,—and this is the end of my prosing about myself,—I get on as well as I can. I don't make much, but I don't spend much. In general I board with the people down stairs—who are very agreeable people indeed. Both Mr. and Mrs. Micawber have seen a good deal of life, and are excellent company.

Cop. My dear Traddles! what are you talking about!

Mr. and Mrs. Micawber! Why, I am intimately acquainted with them.

Trad. Acquainted with Mr. and Mrs. Micawber! Then we ought to go down together and see them.

Cop. I should be delighted to meet them again.

Trad. Come along, then.

Exeunt.

LXVII.—SELECTIONS FROM BYRON.

UNPERVERTED DELIGHTS.

- 1. 'Tis sweet to hear,
 At midnight on the blue and moonlit deep,
 The song and oar of Adria's gondolier,
 By distance mellowed, o'er the waters sweep;
 'Tis sweet to see the evening star appear;
 'Tis sweet to listen as the night-winds creep
 From leaf to leaf; 'tis sweet to view on high
 The rainbow, based on ocean, span the sky:
- 2. 'Tis sweet to hear the watch dog's honest bark
 Bay deep mouthed welcome as we draw near home;
 'Tis sweet to know there is an eye will mark
 Our coming, and look brighter when we come.
 'Tis sweet to be awakened by the lark,
 Or lulled by falling waters; sweet the hum
 Of bees, the voice of girls, the song of birds,
 The lisp of children, and their earliest words.

ROME.

- Oh Rome! my country! city of the soul!
 The orphans of the heart must turn to thee,
 Lone mother of dead empires! and control
 In their shut breasts their petty misery.
 What are our woes and sufferings? Come and see
 The cypress, hear the owl, and plod your way
 O'er steps of broken thrones and temples, ye!
 Whose agonies are evils of a day—
 A world is at our feet as fragile as our clay.
- The Niobe of nations! there she stands, Childless and crownless, in her voiceless woe;

An empty urn within her withered hands,
Whose holy dust was scattered long ago;
The Scipios' tomb contains no ashes now;
The very sepulchers lie tenantless
Of their heroic dwellers; dost thou flow,
Old Tiber! through a marble wilderness?
Rise, with thy yellow waves, and mantle her distress!

MOONLIGHT SCENE.

- The moon is up, and yet it is not night —
 Sunset divides the sky with her a sea
 Of glory streams along the Alpine height
 Of blue Friuli's mountains; heaven is free
 From clouds, but of all colors seems to be
 Melted in one vast Iris of the west,
 Where the day joins the past eternity;
 While, on the other hand, meek Dian's crest
 Floats through the azure air an island of the blest!
- 2. A single star is at her side, and reigns
 With her o'er half the lovely heaven; but still
 Yon sunny sea heaves brightly, and remains
 Rolled o'er the peak of the far Rhaetian hill,
 As day and night contending were, until
 Nature reclaimed her order;—gently flows
 The deep-dyed Brenta, where their hues instill
 The odorous purple of a new-born rose,
 Which streams upon her stream, and glassed within it glows.

Tomb of Metella.

- There is a stern round tower of other days,
 Firm as a fortress, with its fence of stone,
 Such as an army's baffled strength delays,
 Standing with half its battlements alone,
 And with two thousand years of ivy grown,
 The garland of eternity, where wave
 The green leaves over all by time o'erthrown;
 What was this tower of strength? within its cave
 What treasure lay so locked, so hid? A woman's grave.
- 2. But who was she, the lady of the dead, Tombed in a palace? Was she chaste and fair?

Worthy a king's—or more—a Roman's bed?
What race of chiefs and heroes did she bear?
What daughter of her beauties was the heir?
How lived—how loved—how died she? Was she not
So honored—and conspicuously there,
Where meaner relics must not dare to rot,
Placed to commemorate a more than mortal lot?

- 3. Perchance she died in youth: it may be bowed
 With woes far heavier than the ponderous tomb
 That weighed upon her gentle dust, a cloud
 Might gather o'er her beauty, and a gloom
 In her dark eye, prophetic of the doom
 Heaven gives its favorites—early death—yet shed
 A sunset charm around her, and illume
 With hectic light, the Hesperus of the dead,
 Of her consuming cheek the autumnal leaf-like red.
- 4. Perchance she died in age—surviving all,
 Charms, kindred, children—with the silver gray
 Of her long tresses, which might yet recall,
 It may be, still a something of the day
 When they were braided, and her proud array
 And lovely form were envied, praised, and eyed
 By Rome—But whither would conjecture stray?
 Thus much alone we know—Metella died,
 The wealthiest Roman's wife; behold his love or pride!

LXVIII.—THE BATTLE OF WATERLOO.

FROM THE THIRD CANTO OF BYRON'S CHILDE HAROLD.

- There was a sound of revelry by night,
 And Belgium's capital had gathered then
 Her beauty and her chivalry, and bright
 The lamps shone o'er fair women and brave men;
 A thousand hearts beat happily; and when
 Music arose with its voluptuous swell,
 Soft eyes looked love to eyes which spake again,
 And all went merry as a marriage bell;
 But hush! hark! a deep sound strikes like a rising knell!
- Did ye not hear it? No; 'twas but the wind, Or the car rattling o'er the stony street;

On with the dance! let joy be unconfined,
No sleep till morn when youth and pleasure meet,
To chase the glowing hours with flying feet —
But, hark!—that heavy sound breaks in once more
As if the clouds its echo would repeat;
And nearer, clearer, deadlier than before!

Arm! arm! it is—it is—the cannon's opening roar!

- 3. Within a windowed niche of that high hall
 Sate Brunswick's fated chieftain; he did hear
 That sound the first amidst the festival,
 And caught its tone with death's prophetic ear;
 And when they smiled because he deemed it near,
 His heart more truly knew that peal too well
 Which stretched his father on a bloody bier,
 And roused the vengeance blood alone could quell.
 He rushed into the field, and, foremost fighting, fell.
- 4. Ah! then and there was hurrying to and fro,
 And gathering tears, and tremblings of distress,
 And cheeks all pale, which but an hour ago
 Blushed at the praise of their own loveliness;
 And there were sudden partings, such as press
 The life from out young hearts, and choking sighs
 Which ne'er might be repeated; who could guess
 If ever more should meet those mutual eyes,
 Since upon night so sweet such awful morn could rise?
- 5. And there was mounting in hot haste: the steed, The mustering squadron, and the clattering car, Went pouring forward with impetuous speed, And swiftly forming in the ranks of war; And the deep thunder, peal on peal afar; And near, the beat of the alarming drum Roused up the soldier ere the morning star; While thronged the citizens, with terror dumb, Or whispering, with white lips—"The foe! They come! they come!"
- 6. And wild and high the "Cameron's gathering" rose! The war note of Lochiel, which Albyn's hills Have heard, and heard, too, have her Saxon foes:— How in the noon of night that pibroch thrills, Savage and shrill! But with the breath which fills

Their mountain-pipe, so fill the mountaineers
With the fierce native daring which instills
The stirring memory of a thousand years,
And Evan's, Donald's fame rings in each clansman's ears!

- 7. And Ardennes waves above them her green leaves,
 Dewy with nature's tear-drops, as they pass,
 Grieving, if aught inanimate e'er grieves,
 Over the unreturning brave,—alas!
 Ere evening to be trodden like the grass
 Which now beneath them, but above shall grow
 In its next verdure, when this fiery mass
 Of living valor, rolling on the foe,
 And burning with high hope, shall molder cold and low.
- And burning with high hope, shall molder cold and low.
- 8. Last noon beheld them full of lusty life,
 Last eve in beauty's circle proudly gay,
 The midnight brought the signal-sound of strife,
 The morn the marshalling in arms,—the day
 Battle's magnificently-stern array!
 The thunder-clouds close o'er it, which, when rent,
 The earth is cover'd thick with other clay,
 Which her own clay shall cover, heaped and pent,
 Rider and horse,—friend, foe,—in one red burial blent!

LXIX.-LYCIDAS.

JOHN MILTON.

1. Yet once more, O ye laurels, and once more Ye myrtles brown with ivy never sere, I come to pluck your berries harsh and crude; And with forced fingers rude, Shatter your leaves before the mellowing year: Bitter constraint, and sad occasion dear, Compels me to disturb your season due: For Lycidas is dead, dead ere his prime, Young Lycidas, and hath not left his peer: Who would not sing for Lycidas? He knew Himself to sing, and build the lofty rhyme. He must not float upon his watery bier Unwept, and welter to the parching wind, Without the meed of some melodious tear.

- Begin, then, sisters of the sacred well,
 That from beneath the seat of Jove doth spring;
 Begin, and somewhat loudly sweep the string:
 Hence with denial vain, and coy excuse;
 So may some gentle Muse
 With lucky words favor my destined urn;
 And, as he passes, turn,
 And bid fair peace be to my sable shroud.
- 3. For we were nursed upon the self-same hill,
 Fed the same flock by fountain, shade, and rill.
 Together both, ere the high lawns appeared
 Under the opening eyelids of the morn,
 We drove afield, and both together heard
 What time the gray-fly winds her sultry horn,
 Battening our flocks with the fresh dews of night,
 Oft till the star, that rose at evening bright,
 Toward heaven's descent had sloped his westering wheel.
- 4. Meanwhile the rural ditties were not mute, Tempered to the oaten flute; Rough Satyrs danced, and Fauns with cloven heel From the glad sound would not be absent long; And old Damoetas loved to hear our song.
- 5. But, O the heavy change, now thou art gone, Now thou art gone, and never must return! Thee, shepherd, thee the woods and desert caves With wild thyme and the gadding vine o'ergrown, And all their echoes mourn; The willows, and the hazel copses green, Shall now no more be seen Fanning their joyous leaves to thy soft lays. As killing as the canker to the rose, Or taint-worm to the weanling herds that graze, Or frost to flowers, that their gay wardrobe wear, When first the white-thorn blows; Such, Lycidas, thy loss to shepherd's ear.
- 6. Where were ye, nymphs, when the remorseless deep Closed o'er the head of your loved Lycidas? For neither were ye playing on the steep, Where your old bards, the famous Druids, lie, Nor on the shaggy top of Mona high, Nor yet where Deva spreads her wizard stream:

Ah me! I fondly dream!
Had ye been there—for what could that have done?
What could the Muse herself that Orpheus bore,
The Muse herself, for her enchanting son,
Whom universal nature did lament,
When, by the rout that made the hideous roar,
His gory visage down the stream was sent,
Down the swift Hebrus to the Lesbian shore?

- 7. Alas! what boots it with incessant care
 To tend the homely, slighted, shepherd's trade,
 And strictly meditate the thankless Muse?
 Were it not better done, as others use,
 To sport with Amaryllis in the shade,
 Or with the tangles of Neæra's hair?
 Fame is the spur that the clear spirit doth raise
 (That last infirmity of noble mind)
 To scorn delights, and live laborious days;
 But the fair guerdon, when we hope to find,
 And think to burst out into sudden blaze,
 Comes the blind Fury with the abhorréd shears,
 And slits the thin-spun life.
- 8. "But not the praise,"
 Phœbus replied, and touched my trembling ears;
 "Fame is no plant that grows on mortal soil.
 Nor in the glittering foil
 Set off to the world, nor in broad rumor lies;
 But lives and spreads aloft by those pure eyes,
 And perfect witness of all-judging Jove:
 As he pronounces lastly on each deed,
 Of so much fame in heaven expect thy meed."

LXX.—POETICAL EXTRACTS.—MAN; HIS PRESENT AND FUTURE.

IMMORTALITY.

It must be so: Plato, thou reasonest well, Else whence this pleasing hope, this fond desire, This longing after immortality? Or whence this secret dread and inward horror Of falling into nought? Why shrinks the soul Back on itself, and startles at destruction?

'Tis the divinity that stirs within us:
'Tis heaven itself that points out a hereafter,
And intimates eternity to man.

The soul, secure in her existence, smiles
At the drawn dagger, and defies its point;
The stars shall fade away, the sun himself
Grow dim with age, and nature sink in years;
But thou shalt flourish in immortal youth,
Unhurt amidst the war of elements,
The wreck of matter, and the crush of worlds!

ADDISON.

ASTROLOGY.

Man is his own star, and the soul that can Render an honest and a perfect man Commands all light, all influence, all fate—Nothing to him falls early or too late. Our acts our angels are, or good or ill, Our fatal shadows, that walk by us still.

BEAUMONT AND FLETCHER

DEATH.

Beside the bed where parting life was laid, And sorrow, guilt, and pains by turns dismayed, The reverend champion stood. At his control Despair and anguish fled the struggling soul; Comfort came down the trembling wretch to raise, And his last faltering accents whispered praise.

GOLDSMITH.

Ерітари.

Here rests his head upon the lap of earth
A youth to fortune and to fame unknown;
Fair Science frowned not on his humble birth,
And Melancholy marked him for her own.

Large was his bounty, and his soul sincere;
Heaven did a recompense as largely send;
He gave to Misery all he had, a tear;
He gained from Heaven ('twas all he wished), a friend.

No farther seek his merits to disclose, Or draw his frailties from their dread abode, (There they alike in trembling hope repose,) The bosom of his Father and his God.

GRAY.

HEAVEN.

Eye hath not seen it, my gentle boy; Ear hath not heard its deep songs of joy! Dreams can not picture a world so fair; Sorrow and death may not enter there; Time doth not breathe on its fadeless bloom; For beyond the clouds, and beyond the tomb, It is there, it is there, my child!

HEMANS.

HOPE.

Eternal hope! when yonder spheres sublime Pealed their first notes to sound the march of time, Thy joyous youth began, but not to fade When all thy sister planets have decayed; When wrapped in flames the realms of ether glow, And heaven's last thunder shakes the world below, Thou, undismayed, shalt o'er the ruins smile, And light thy torch at Nature's funeral pile.

Unfading hope! when life's last embers burn, When soul to soul, and dust to dust, return, Heaven to thy charge resigns the awful hour! Oh! then thy kingdom comes! immortal power!

Cease, every joy, to glimmer on my mind,
But leave — oh! leave the light of hope behind!
What though my wingéd hours of bliss have been,
Like angel-visits, few and far between,
Thy musing mood shall every pang appease,
And charm when pleasures lose their power to please.

CAMPBELL.

HOPE.

Hope springs eternal in the human breast; Man never is, but always to be, blest; The soul uneasy, and confined from home, Rests and expatiates in a life to come.

POPE.

LIFE.

They may rail at this life—from the hour I began it, I've found it a life full of kindness and bliss;
And until they can show me some happier planet,
More social and bright, I'll content me with this.

MOORE.

MAN.

This is the state of man; to-day he puts forth The tender leaves of hope, to-morrow blossoms And bears his blushing honors thick upon him; The third day comes a frost, a killing frost, And when he thinks, good easy man, full surely His greatness is a ripening, nips his root; And then he falls as I do.

SHAKSPEARE.

His life was gentle; and the elements So mixed in him that nature might stand up, And say to all the world, — This is a man!

SHAKSPEARE.

SUICIDE.

It is not courage, when the darts of chance Are thrown against our state, to turn our backs And basely run to death; as if the hand Of heaven and nature hath lent nothing else T' oppose against mishap, but loss of life: Which is to fly, and not to conquer it.

BEN JONSON.

NIGHT AND DEATH.

Mysterious Night! when our first parent knew
Thee, from report divine, and heard thy name,
Did he not tremble for this lovely frame,
This glorious canopy of Light and Blue?
Yet 'neath a curtain of translucent dew,
Bathed in the rays of the great setting flame,
Hesperus with the host of heaven came,
And lo! creation widened on man's view.
Who could have thought such darkness lay concealed
Within thy beams, O Sun! or who could find,
Whilst flower, and leaf, and insect stood revealed,
That to such countless orbs thou mad'st us blind!
Why do we then shun death with anxious strife?
If Light can thus deceive, wherefore not life?

J. BLANCO WHITE.

LXXI.—POETICAL EXTRACTS.—HUMAN SOCIETIES.

LIBERTY.

Oh, could I worship aught beneath the skies,
That earth hath seen or fancy can devise,
Thine altar, sacred liberty! should stand,
Built by no mercenary vulgar hand,
With fragrant turf, and flowers as wild and fair
As ever dressed a bank, or scented summer air.

00111

THE PEASANTRY.

Ill fares the land, to hast'ning ills a prey,
Where wealth accumulates and men decay;
Princes and lords may flourish, or may fade;
A breath can make them, as a breath hath made:
But a bold peasantry, their country's pride,
When once destroyed can never be supplied.

GOLDSMITH.

AGRICULTURE.

In ancient times, the sacred plow employed The kings and awful fathers of mankind; And some, with whom compared your insect tribes Are but the beings of a summer's day, Have held the scale of empire, ruled the storm Of mighty war, then, with unwearied hand, Disdaining little delicacies, seized The plow, and greatly independent lived.

THOMSON.

ANCESTRY.

But by your fathers' work if yours you rate, Count me those only that were good and great, Go! if your ancient but ignoble blood Has crept through scoundrels ever since the flood, Go! and pretend your family is young; Nor own your fathers have been fools so long. What can ennoble sots, or slaves, or cowards? Alas! not all the blood of all the Howards.

CONTENTMENT.

He that holds fast the golden mean.

And lives contentedly between

The little and the great,

Feels not the wants that pinch the poor,

Nor plagues that haunt the rich man's door,

Embittering all his state.

COWPER.

HOME.

If solid happiness we prize,
Within our breast this jewel lies,
And they are fools who roam;
The world has nothing to bestow:
From our own selves our joys must flow,
And that dear hut—our home.

COTTON.

DOMESTIC HAPPINESS.

Domestic happiness! thou only bliss
Of Paradise that has survived the Fall!
Though few now taste thee unimpaired and free,
Or, tasting, long enjoy thee; too infirm,
Or too incautious, to preserve thy sweets
Unmixed with drops of bitter.

COWPER.

SLAVERY.

Slaves can not breathe in England! if their lungs Receive our air, that moment they are free: They touch our country, and their shackles fall. That's noble, and bespeaks a nation proud And jealous of the blessing.

COWPER.

PEACE.

Oh, first of human blessings! and supreme! Fair peace! how lovely, how delightful thou! By whose wide tie the kindred sons of men Live, brothers like, in amity combined, And unsuspicious faith; whose honest toil Gives every joy, and to those joys a right Which idle, barbarous rapine but usurps.

THOMSON.

A STATE.

What constitutes a state?

Not high - raised battlements or labored mound,

Thick wall or moated gate;

Not cities proud with spires and turrets crowned;

Not bays and broad-armed ports,

Where, laughing at the storm, rich navies ride;

Not starred and spangled courts,

Where low-browed baseness wafts perfume to pride.

No: men, high-minded men,

With powers as far above dull brutes endued In forest, brake, or den,

As beasts excel cold rocks and brambles rude;

Men who their duties know,

But know their rights, and, knowing, dare maintain,

Prevent the long-aimed blow,

And crush the tyrant while they rend the chain:

These constitute a state,

And sovereign Law, that state's collected will, O'er thrones and globes elate,

Sits empress, crowning good, repressing ill.

SIR W. JONES.

PATRIOTISM.

Then none was for a party;
Then all were for the state;
Then the great man helped the poor,
And the poor man loved the great;
Then lands were fairly portioned;
Then spoils were fairly sold;
The Romans were like brothers
In the brave days of old.

MACAULAY.

LXXII.—POETICAL EXTRACTS.—HUMAN DUTIES AND RESPONSIBILITIES.

TEMPERANCE.

Thou sparkling bowl! thou sparkling bowl!
Though lips of bards thy brim may press,
And eyes of beauty o'er thee roll,
And song and dance thy power confess,—
I will not touch thee! for there clings
A scorpion to thy *ide, that stings.

PIERPONT.

Ambition.

'Tis a common proof,
That lowliness is young ambition's ladder,
Whereto the climber upward turns his face:
And when he once attains the upmost round,
He then unto the ladder turns his back,
Looks in the clouds, scorning the base degrees
By which he did ascend.

SHAKSPEARE.

EXAMPLE.

On the smooth expanse of crystal lakes, The sinking stone at first a circle makes; The trembling surface, by the motion stirr'd, Spreads in a second circle, then a third; Wide, and more wide, the floating rings advance, Fill all the wat'ry plain, and to the margin dance.

POPE.

LIES.

For folks, quoth Richard, prone to leasing, Say things at first because they're pleasing; Then prove what they have once asserted, Nor care to have their lie deserted; Till their own dreams at length deceive them, And, oft repeating, they believe them.

PRIOR.

FLATTERY.

But flattery never seems absurd:
The flattered always take your word;
Impossibilities seem just,
They take the strongest praise on trust;
Hyperboles, though ne'er so great,
Will still come short of self-conceit.

GAY.

FLATTERY.

'Tis an old maxim in the schools That flattery's the food of fools; Yet now and then your men of wit Will condescend to take a bit.

SWIFT.

GOLD.

To purchase heaven has gold the power? Can gold remove the mortal hour? In life can love be bought for gold? Are friendship's pleasures to be sold? No! all that's worth a wish—a thought—Fair virtue gives, unbribed, unbought. Cease then on trash thy hopes to bind: Let nobler views engage thy mind.

SAMUEL JOHNSON.

MELANCHOLY.

Canst thou not minister to a mind diseased, Pluck from the memory a rooted sorrow, Raze out the written sorrows of the brain, And with some sweet oblivious antidote, Cleanse the stuff'd bosom of that perilous stuff Which weighs upon the heart?

SHAKSPEARE.

OPPORTUNITY.

There is a tide in the affairs of men,
Which, taken at the flood, leads on to fortune;
Omitted, all the voyage of their life
Is bound in shallows and in miseries:
On such a full sea are we now afloat;
And we must take the current when it serves,
Or lose our ventures.

SHAKSPEARE.

. Passions.

His soul, like bark with rudder lost, On passion's changeful tide was tost; Nor vice nor virtue had the power Beyond the impression of the hour: And oh, when passion rules, how rare The hours that fall to virtue's share!

SCOTT.

PLEASURES.

But pleasures are like poppies spread,—You seize the flower, its bloom is shed; Or like the snow-fall in the river,—A moment white, then melts forever.

BURNS.

WANT.

Want is a bitter and a hateful good:
Because its virtues are not understood;
Yet many things impossible to thought
Have been by need to full perfection brought.
The daring of the soul proceeds from thence,
Sharpness of wit, and active diligence;
Prudence at once, and fortitude, it gives,
And, if in patience taken, mends our lives.

DRYDEN.

THE POOR.

Few save the poor feel for the poor;
The rich know not how hard
It is to be of needful rest
And needful food debarr'd;
They know not of the scanty meal,
With small pale faces round;
No fire upon the cold damp hearth
When snow is on the ground.

L. E. LANDON.

PRIDE.

Of all the causes which conspire to blind Man's erring judgment, and misguide the mind, What the weak head with strongest bias rules, Is pride, the never-failing vice of fools.

POPE.

REMORSE.

So do the dark in soul expire,
Or live like scorpions girt with fire;
So writhes the mind remorse hath riven,
Unfit for earth, undoom'd for heaven:—
Darkness above, despair beneath,
Around it flame, within it death!

BYRON.

SCANDAL.

Skill'd by a touch to deepen scandal's tints
With all the high mendacity of hints,
While mingling truth with falsehood, sneers with smiles,
A thread of candor with a web of wiles.

BYRON,

TIME.

The bell strikes one. We take no note of time But from its loss; to give it then a tongue Is wise in man. As if an angel spoke, I feel the solemn sound. If heard aright, It is the knell of my departed hours. Where are they? With the years beyond the flood. It is the signal that demands despatch: How much is to be done? My hopes and fears Start up alarmed, and o'er life's narrow verge Look down—on what? A fathomless abyss. A dread eternity! how surely mine! And can eternity belong to me, Poor pensioner on the bounties of an hour?

YOUNG.

LXXIII.—CHOICE EXTRACTS.

LAW.

Once (says an author, — where, I need not say)
Two trav'lers found an oyster in their way:
Both fierce, both hungry, the dispute grew strong,
While, scale in hand, Dame Justice pass'd along.
Before her each with clamor plead the laws,
Explained the matter, and would win the cause.
Dame Justice, weighing long the doubtful right,
Takes, opens, swallows it before their sight.
The cause of strife removed so rarely well,
There, take (says Justice), take ye each a shell;
We thrive at Westminster on fools like you:
'Twas a fat oyster; live in peace; adieu!

POPE.

THE THREE GREAT POETS.

Three poets, in three distant ages born, Greece, Italy, and England did adorn: The first in majesty of thought surpassed, The next in gracefulness; in both the last. The force of nature could no further go: To make a third she joined the other two.

DRYDEN.

PLAYERS.

Is it not monstrous that this player here,
But in a fiction, in a dream of passion,
Could force his soul so to his own conceit,
That, from her working, all his visage wanned?
What's Hecuba to him, or he to Hecuba,
That he should weep for her? What would he do,
Had he the motive, or the cue to passion
That I have? He would drown the stage with tears.

SHAKSPEARE.

THE SCHOOLMASTER.

The village all declared how much he knew; 'Twas certain he could write and cipher too: Lands he could measure, times and tides presage; And even the story ran that he could gauge. While words of learned length and thund'ring sound Amazed the gazing rustics ranged around: And still they gazed, and still the wonder grew That one small head could carry all he knew.

GOLDSMITH.

THE TEACHER.

Delightful task! to rear the tender thought, To teach the young idea how to shoot; To pour the fresh instruction o'er the mind, To breathe th' enlivening spirit, and to fix The generous purpose in the glowing breast.

THOMSON.

FALSE ELOQUENCE.

False eloquence, like the prismatic glass, Its gaudy colors spreads in ev'ry place: The face of nature we no more survey, All glares alike, without distinction gay:— But true expression, like th' unchanging sun, Clears and improves whate'er it shines upon; It gilds all objects, but it alters none.

POPE.

THE STOICS.

Such was the rigid Zeno's plan To form his philosophic man; Such were the modes he taught mankind To weed the garden of the mind: They tore away some weeds, 'tis true, But all the flowers were ravished too.

MOORE.

THE POET.

The poet's eye, in a fine frenzy rolling, Doth glance from heaven to earth, from earth to heaven; And as imagination bodies forth The forms of things unknown, the poet's pen Turns them to shapes, and gives to airy nothings A local habitation and a name.

SHAKSPEARE.

THE POET.

Then, rising with Aurora's light, The muse invoked, sit down to write; Blot out, correct, insert, refine, Enlarge, diminish, underline; Be mindful, when invention fails, To scratch your head and bite your nails.

SWIFT.

THE PREACHER.

Unskillful he to fawn, or seek for power, By doctrines fashioned to the varying hour; Far other aims his heart had learn'd to prize; More bent to raise the wretched than to rise. And, as a bird each fond endearment tries To tempt its new-fledged offspring to the skies, He tried each art, reproved each dull delay, Allured to brighter worlds, and led the way. Truth from his lips prevailed with double sway; And fools, who came to scoff, remained to pray. GOLDSMITH.

READING.

Silent companions of the lonely hour, Friends who can never alter nor forsake, Who for inconstant roving have no power, And all neglect, perforce, must calmly take,-Let me return to you: this turmoil ending Which worldly cares have in my spirit wrought, And, o'er your old familiar pages bending, Refresh my mind with many a tranquil thought, Till haply meeting there, from time to time,
Fancies, the audible echo of my own,
'T will be like hearing in a foreign clime
My native language spoke in friendly tone;
And with a sort of welcome I shall dwell
On these, my unripe musings, told so well.

MRS. NORTON.

STYLE.

True ease in writing comes from art, not chance,
As those move easiest who have learned to dance.
'Tis not enough no harshness gives offense;
The sound must seem an echo to the sense.
Soft is the strain when Zephyr gently blows,
And the smooth stream in smoother numbers flows;
But when loud surges lash the sounding shore,
The hoarse, rough verse should like the torrent roar;
When Ajax strives some rock's vast weight to throw,
The line, too, labors, and the words move slow;
Not so when swift Camilla scours the plain,
Flies o'er the unbending corn, and skims along the main.

POPE.

LXXIV.—POETICAL EXTRACTS.—HUMAN EMOTIONS AND ATTRIBUTES.

LEARNING.

A little learning is a dangerous thing!
Drink deep, or taste not the Pierian spring:
There shallow draughts intoxicate the brain,
And drinking largely sobers us again.
Fired at first sight with what the muse imparts,
In fearless youth we tempt the height of arts,
While from the bounded level of our mind
Short views we take, nor see the lengths behind;
But more advanced, behold, with strange surprise,
New distant scenes of endless science rise.

POPE.

ADVERSITY.

Sweet are the uses of adversity;
Which, like the toad, ugly and venomous,
Wears yet a precious jewel in his head;
And this our life, exempt from public haunt,
Finds tongues in trees, books in the running brooks,
Sermons in stones, good in everything.

SHAKSPEARE.

BEAUTY.

Beauty is but a vain and doubtful good,
A shining gloss that fadeth suddenly,
A flower that dies when first it 'gins to bud,
A brittle glass that's broken presently;
A doubtful good, a gloss, a glass, a flower,
Lost, faded, broken, dead within an hour.

SHAKSPEARE.

EYES.

Thou tell'st me, there is murder in my eye:
'Tis pretty, sure, and very probable,
That eyes—that are the frail'st and softest things,
Who shut their coward gates on atomies—
Should be called tyrants, butchers, murderers!

SHAKSPEARE.

FRIENDSHIP.

The man that hails you Tom or Jack,
And proves by thumping on your back
His sense of your great merit,
Is such a friend that one had need
Be very much his friend indeed,
To pardon or to bear it.

COWPER.

MEMORY.

Oft in the stilly night,
Ere slumber's chain has bound me,
Fond Memory brings the light
Of other days around me;
The smiles, the tears,
Of boyhood's years,
The words of love then spoken;
The eyes that shone,
Now dimmed and gone,
The cheerful hearts now broken!

MOORE.

MEMORIES.

Let fate do her worst, there are moments of joy, Bright dreams of the past, which she can not destroy: Which come in the night-time of sorrow and care, And bring back the features that joy used to wear. Long, long be my heart with such memories filled! Like the vase in which roses have once been distilled, You may break, you may ruin the vase if you will, But the scent of the roses will hang round it still.

MOORE.

FRIENDS.

The friends thou hast, and their adoption tried, Grapple them to thy soul with hooks of steel: But do not dull thy palm with entertainment Of each new-hatched unfledgéd comrade.

SHAKSPEARE.

GRIEF.

Then happy those, since each must drain His share of pleasure, share of pain,—
Then happy those, beloved of Heaven,
To whom the mingled cup is given,
Whose lenient sorrows find relief,
Whose joys are chastened by their grief.

SCOTT.

MEMORY.

Remember thee?
Yea, from the table of my memory
I'll wipe away all trivial fond records,
All saws of books, all forms, all pressures past,
That youth and observation copied there;
And thy commandment all alone shall live
Within the book and volume of my brain,
Unmixed with baser matter.

SHAKSPEARE.

MERCY.

The quality of mercy is not strained;
It droppeth as the gentle dew from heaven
Upon the place beneath: it is twice blessed;
It blesseth him that gives, and him that takes:
'Tis mightiest in the mightiest; it becomes
The thronéd monarch better than his crown.
His scepter shows the force of temporal power,
The attribute to awe and majesty:
But mercy is above this sceptered sway;
It is enthronéd in the hearts of kings;
It is an attribute to God himself.

SHAKSPEARE.

LOVE FOR A MOTHER.

My mother! — manhood's anxious brow
And sterner cares have long been mine;
Yet turn I to thee fondly now,
As when upon thy bosom's shrine
My infant griefs were gently hushed to rest,
And thy low whispered prayers my slumber blessed.

BETHUNE.

MOTHER'S LOVE.

A mother's love — how sweet the name!
What is a mother's love?
A noble, pure, and tender flame,
Enkindled from above,
To bless a heart of earthly mold;
The warmest love that can grow cold,—
This is a mother's love.

MONTGOMERY.

Music.

The man that hath no music in himself, Nor is not moved with concord of sweet sounds, Is fit for treasons, stratagems, and spoils; The motions of his spirit are dull as night, And his affections dark as Erebus.

SHAKSPEARE.

SLEEP.

Methought I heard a voice cry, sleep no more! Macbeth doth murder sleep; the innocent sleep; Sleep that knits up the raveled sleave of care, The death of each day's life, sore labor's bath, Balm of hurt minds, great nature's second course, Chief nourisher in life's feast.

SHAKSPEARE.

SLEEP.

How many thousands of my poorest subjects
Are at this hour asleep! O sleep! O gentle sleep!
Nature's soft nurse, how have I trighted thee,
That thou no more wilt weigh my eyelids down,
And steep my senses in forgetfulness?
Why rather, Sleep, liest thou in smoky cribs,

Upon uneasy pallets stretching thee, And hushed with buzzing night-flies to thy slumber, Than in the perfumed chambers of the great, Under the canopies of costly state, And lulled with sounds of sweetest melody? O, thou dull god! why liest thou with the vile In loathsome beds, and leav'st the kingly couch A watch-case or a common 'larum bell? Wilt thou upon the high and giddy mast Seal up the ship-boy's eyes, and rock his brains, In cradle of the rude imperious surge, And in the visitations of the winds. Who take the ruffian billows by the top. Curling their monstrous heads, and hanging them With deafening clamor in the slippery shrouds, That, with the hurly, death itself awakes? Canst thou, O partial sleep! give thy repose To the wet sea-boy in an hour so rude; And in the calmest and most stillest night, With all appliances and means to boot, Deny it to a king? Then, happy lowly clown! Uneasy lies the head that wears a crown.

SHAKSPEARE.

SLEEP.

Tired nature's sweet restorer, balmy sleep! He, like the world, his ready visit pays Where fortune smiles; the wretched he forsakes, Swift on his downy pinion flies from woe, And lights on lids unsullied with a tear.

YOUNG.

SOLITUDE.

There is a pleasure in the pathless woods,
There is a rapture on the lonely shore,
There is society where none intrudes,
By the deep sea, and music in its roar:
I love not man the less, but nature more,
From these our interviews, in which I steal
From all I may be, or have been before,
To mingle with the universe, and feel
What I can ne'er express, yet can not all conceal.

SOLITUDE.

For solitude, however some may rave, Seeming a sanctuary, proves a grave; A sepulcher in which the living lie, Where all good qualities grow sick and die. I praise the Frenchman; his remark was shrewd: "How sweet, how passing sweet, is solitude! But grant me still a friend in my retreat, Whom I may whisper, 'Solitude is sweet!'"

COWPER.

SYMPATHY.

No radiant pearl which crested fortune wears, No gem that twinkling hangs from beauty's ears, Not the bright stars which night's blue arch adorn, Nor rising sun that gilds the vernal morn, Shine with such luster as the tear that flows Down virtue's manly cheek for others' woes.

DARWIN.

TRUTH.

Truth, crushed to earth, shall rise again:
The eternal years of God are hers;
But Error, wounded, writhes with pain,
And dies among his worshipers.

BRYANT.

TRUTH.

Dare to be true; nothing can need a lie; A fault which needs it most grows two thereby.

HERBERT.

KNOWLEDGE AND WISDOM.

Knowledge and Wisdom, far from being one,
Have oft-times no connection. Knowledge dwells
In heads replete with thoughts of other men;
Wisdom in minds attentive to their own.
Knowledge, a rude unprofitable mass,
The mere materials with which Wisdom builds,
Till smoothed, and squared, and fitted to its place,
Does but encumber whom it seems to enrich.
Knowledge is proud that he has learned so much;
Wisdom is humble that he knows no more.

COWPER.

ON THE RECEIPT OF A MOTHER'S PICTURE.

O that those lips had language! Life has passed With me but roughly since I heard thee last. Those lips are thine—thy own sweet smile I see, The same, that oft in childhood solaced me; Voice only fails, else how distinct they say, "Grieve not, my child, chase all thy fears away!" My Mother! when I learned that thou wast dead, Say, wast thou conscious of the tears I shed? Hovered thy spirit o'er thy sorrowing son,—Wretch even then, life's journey just begun? Perhaps thou gav'st me, though unfelt, a kiss; Perhaps a tear, if souls can weep in bliss—Ah that maternal smile! it answers—Yes.

COWPER.

LXXV.—POETICAL EXTRACTS.—DESCRIPTIONS.

NIGHT.

Night, sable goddess! from her ebon throne, In rayless majesty, now stretches forth Her leaden scepter o'er a slumbering world. Silence, how dead! and darkness, how profound! Nor eye, nor listening ear, an object finds: Creation sleeps. 'Tis as the general pulse Of life stood still, and nature made a pause; An awful pause! prophetic of her end.

YOUNG:

OCEAN.

Roll on, thou deep and dark blue ocean,—roll!
Ten thousand fleets sweep over thee in vain:
Man marks the earth with ruin,—his control
Stops with the shore; upon the watery plain
The wrecks are all thy deed, nor doth remain
A shadow of man's ravage, save his own,
When for a moment, like a drop of rain,
He sinks into thy depths, with bubbling groan,
Without a grave, unknelled, uncoffined and unknown.

Thou glorious mirror, where the Almighty's form Glasses itself in tempests: in all time, Calm or convulsed—in breeze, or gales or storm, Icing the pole, or in the torrid clime Dark - heaving — boundless, endless, and sublime —
The image of eternity — the throne
Of the invisible; even from out thy slime
The monsters of the deep are made; each zone
Obeys thee; thou goest forth, dread, fathomless, alone.

BYRON.

RAIN.

How beautiful is the rain! After the dust and heat, In the broad and fiery street, In the narrow lane, How beautiful is the rain!

How it clatters along the roofs, Like the tramp of hoofs! How it gushes and struggles out From the throat of the overflowing spout!

Across the window-pane
It pours and pours;
And swift and wide,
With a muddy tide,
Like a river down the gutter roars
The rain, the welcome rain!

LONGFELLOW.

THE SHIP.

How gloriously her gallant course she goes!
Her white wings flying—never from her foes;
She walks the water like a thing of life,
And seems to dare the elements to strife.
Who would not brave the battle-fire—the wreck—
To move the monarch of her peopled deck?

BYRON.

A VISION OF DROWNING.

O Lord! methought, what pain it was to drown, With dreadful noise of water in mine ears! What sights of ugly death within mine eyes! Methought I saw a thousand fearful wracks, A thousand men that fishes gnaw'd upon; Wedges of gold, great anchors, heaps of pearls,

Inestimable stones, unvalued jewels, All scattered in the bottom of the sea.

SHAKSPEARE.

STARS.

Stars of the many-spangled heaven!
Faintly this night your beams are given,
Though proudly where your hosts are driven
Ye wear your dazzling galaxy:
Since far and wide a softer hue
Is spread across the plains of blue,
Where in bright chorus, ever true,
Forever swells your harmony.

SANDS.

SUMMER.

- Bland as the morning breath of June
 The southwest breezes play;
 And through its haze, the winter noon
 Seems warm as summer's day.
 The snow-plumed angel of the north
 Has dropped his icy spear;
 Again the mossy earth looks forth,
 Again the streams gush clear.
- The fox his hill-side cell forsakes,
 The muskrat leaves his nook,
 The bluebird in the meadow-brakes
 Is singing with the brook.
 "Bear up, O mother Nature!" cry
 Bird, breeze, and streamlet free;
 "Our winter voices prophesy
 Of sunnier days to thee!"
- 3. So in these winters of the soul,
 By bitter blasts and drear
 O'erswept from Memory's frozen pole,
 Will sunny days appear.
 Reviving Hope and Faith, they show
 The soul its living powers,
 And how beneath the Winter's snow
 Lie germs of Summer flowers!
- The Night is mother of the Day, The Winter of the Spring, And ever upon old Decay The greenest mosses cling.

Behind the cloud the starlight lurks, Through showers the sunbeams fall; For God, who loveth all his works, Has left his Hope with all.

WHITTIER.

SPRING.

'Tis spring-time on the eastern hills!
Like torrents gush the summer rills;
Through Winter's moss and dry dead leaves
The bladed grass revives and lives,
Rushes the moldering waste away,
And glimpses to the April day.
In kindly shower and sunshine bud
The branches of the dull gray wood;
Out from its sunned and sheltered nooks
The blue eye of the violet looks;
The southwest wind is warmly blowing,
And odors from the springing grass,
The pine-tree and the sassafras,
Are with it on its errands going,

WHITTIER.

SPRING.

- I come, I come! ye have called me long;
 I come o'er the mountains with light and song;
 Ye may trace my step o'er the wakening earth,
 By the winds which tell of the violet's birth,
 By the primrose stars in the shadowy grass,
 By the green leaves opening as I pass.
- 2. I have breathed on the South, and the chestnut flowers By thousands have burst from the forest-bowers; And the ancient graves, and the fallen fanes, Are veiled with wreaths on Italian plains. But it is not for me, in my hour of bloom, To speak of the ruin or the tomb!

HEMANS

SPRING.

Come, gentle spring, ethereal mildness, come, And from the bosom of you dropping cloud, While music wakes around, veiled in a shower Of shadowy roses, on our plains descend.

THOMSON.

Spring.

- The spring-scented buds all around me are swelling,
 There are songs in the stream, there is health in the gale;
 A sense of delight in each bosom is dwelling,
 As floats the pure day-beams o'er mountain and vale:
 The desolate reign of old Winter is broken,
 The verdure is fresh upon every tree:
 Of Nature's revival the charm and a token
 Of love, O thou Spirit of Beauty! to thee.
- 2. The sun looketh forth from the halls of the morning,
 And flushes the clouds that begirt his career;
 He welcomes the gladness and glory returning
 To rest on the promise and hope of the year.
 He fills with rich light all the balm-breathing flowers,
 He mounts to the zenith, and laughs on the waves;
 He wakes into music the green forest-bowers,
 And gilds the gay plains which the broad river laves.

W. G. CLARK.

SUNSHINE.

Blest power of sunshine! genial day! What balm, what life, are in thy ray! To feel thee is such real bliss, That had the world no joy but this, To sit in sunshine calm and sweet, It were a world too exquisite For man to leave it for the gloom, The deep cold shadow of the tomb.

MOORE.

SUNRISE.

But yonder comes the powerful king of day, Rejoicing in the east. The lessening cloud, The kindling azure, and the mountain brow, Illumed with fluid gold, his near approach Betoken glad.

THOMSON.

THE IVY GREEN.

Oh, a dainty plant is the ivy green,
That creepeth o'er ruins old!
Of right choice food are his meals, I ween,
In his cell so low and cold.

The walls must be crumbled, the stones decayed,
To pleasure his dainty whim;
And the mold'ring dust that years have made
Is a merry meal for him.
Creeping where no life is seen,
A rare old plant is the ivy green.

DICKENS.

SPARE THAT TREE.

- Woodman, spare that tree!
 Touch not a single bough!
 In youth it shelter'd me,
 And I'll protect it now.
 'Twas my forefather's hand
 That placed it near his cot:
 There, woodman, let it stand;
 Thy ax shall harm it not!
- 2. That old familiar tree, Whose glory and renown Are spread o'er land and sea, And would'st thou hew it down? Woodman, forbear thy stroke! Cut not its earth-bound ties; Oh, spare that aged oak, Now towering to the skies!

MORRIS.

TREES.

The sailing Pine; the Cedar, proud and tall;
The vine-prop Elm; the Poplar never dry;
The builder Oak, sole king of forests all;
The Aspen, good for staves; the Cypress funeral;
The Laurel, meed for mighty conquerors
And poets sage; the Fir, that weepeth still;
The Willow, worn of hopeless paramours;
The Yew, obedient to the bender's will;
The Birch, for shafts; the Sallow, for the mill;
The Myrrh, sweet bleeding in the bitter wound.
The warlike Beech; the Ash, for nothing ill;
The fruitful Olive, and the Platane round;
The carver Holm; the Maple seldom inward sound.

SPENSER.

THE OAK.

- A glorious tree is the old gray oak:
 He has stood for a thousand years;
 Has stood and frowned
 On the trees around,
 Like a king among his peers;
 As round their king they stand, so now,
 When the flowers their pale leaves fold,
 The tall trees round him stand, arrayed
 In their robes of purple and gold.
- 2. He has stood like a tower
 Through sun and shower,
 And dared the winds to battle;
 He has heard the hail,
 As from plates of mail,
 From his own limbs shaken, rattle;
 He has tossed them about, and shorn the tops
 (When the storm had roused his might)
 Of the forest trees, as a strong man doth
 The heads of his foes in fight.

GEO. HILL.

LXXVI.—SKIPPER IRESON'S RIDE.

JOHN GREENLEAF WHITTIER.

- Of all the rides since the birth of time,
 Told in story or sung in rhyme,—
 On Apuleius's Golden Ass,
 Or one-eyed Calendar's horse of brass,
 Witch astride of a human hack,
 Islam's prophet on Al-Borak,—
 The strangest ride that ever was sped
 Was Ireson's out from Marblehead!
 Old Floyd Ireson, for his hard heart,
 Tarred and feathered and carried in a cart
 By the women of Marblehead!
- Body of turkey, head of owl,
 Wings a-droop like a rained-on fowl,
 Feathered and ruffled in every part,
 Skipper Ireson stood in the cart.
 Scores of women, old and young,
 Strong of muscle, and glib of tongue,

Pushed and pulled up the rocky lane,
Shouting and singing the shrill refrain:
"Here's Flud Oirson, fur his horrd horrt,
Torr'd an' futherr'd an' corr'd in a corrt
By the women o' Morble'ead!"

- 3. Wrinkled scolds with hands on hips,
 Girls in bloom of cheek and lips,
 Wild-eyed, free-limbed, such as chase
 Bacchus round some antique vase,
 Brief of skirt, with ankles bare,
 Loose of kerchief and loose of hair,
 With conch-shells blowing and fish-horns' twang,
 Over and over the Macnads sang:
 - "Here's Flud Oirson fur his horrd horrt, Torr'd an' futherr'd and corr'd in a corrt By the women o' Morble'ead!"
- 4. Small pity for him! He sailed away
 From a leaking ship, in Chaleur Bay,—
 Sailed away from a sinking wreck,
 With his own town's-people on her deck!
 "Lay by! lay by!" they called to him.
 Back he answered, "Sink or swim!
 Brag of your catch of fish again!"
 And off he sailed through the fog and rain!
 Old Floyd Ireson, for his hard heart,
 Tarred and feathered and carried in a cart
 By the women of Marblehead.
- 5. Fathoms deep in dark Chaleur
 That wreck shall lie for evermore,
 Mother and sister, wife and maid,
 Looked from the rocks of Marblehead
 Over the moaning and rainy sea,—
 Looked for the coming that might not be!
 What did the winds and sea-birds say,
 Of the cruel captain who sailed away?
 Old Floyd Ireson, for his hard heart,
 Tarred and feathered and carried in a cart
 By the women of Marblehead.
- Through the street, on either side,
 Up flew windows, doors swung wide;

Sharp -tongued spinsters, old wives gray,
Treble lent the fish - horn's bray.
Sea-worn grandsires, cripple-bound,
Hulks of old sailors run aground,
Shook head, and fist, and hat, and cane,
And cracked with curses the hoarse refrain:
"Here's Flud Oirson, fur his horrd horrt,
Torr'd an' futherr'd an' corr'd in a corrt
By the women o' Morble'ead!"

- 7. Sweetly along the Salem road
 Bloom of orchard and lilac showed.
 Little the wicked skipper knew
 Of the fields so green and the sky so blue.
 Riding there in his sorry trim,
 Like an Indian idol glum and grim,
 Scarcely he seemed the sound to hear
 Of voices shouting, far and near:
 "Here's Flud Oirson, fur his horrd horrt,
 Torr'd an' futherr'd an' corr'd in a corrt
- 8. "Hear me, neighbors!" at last he cried,—
 "What to me is this noisy ride?
 What is the shame that clothes the skin
 To the nameless horror that lives within?
 Waking or sleeping, I see a wreck,
 And hear a cry from a reeling deck!
 Hate me and curse me,—I only dread
 The hand of God and the face of the dead!"
 Said old Floyd Ireson, for his hard heart,
 Tarred and feathered and carried in a cart
 By the women of Marblehead!

By the women o' Morble'ead!"

9. Then the wife of the skipper lost at sea Said, "God has touched him! — why should we?" Said an old wife mourning her only son, "Cut the rogue's tether and let him run!" So with soft relentings and rude excuse, Half scorn, half pity, they cut him loose, And gave him a cloak to hide him in, And left him alone with his shame and sin.

Poor Floyd Ireson, for his hard heart,

Poor Floyd Ireson, for his hard heart, Tarred and feathered and carried in a cart By the women of Marblehead!

LXXVII.—FARMING.

RALPH WALDO EMERSON.

- 1. The glory of the farmer is that, in the division of labor, it is his part to create. All trade rests at last on his primitive activity. He stands close to nature; he obtains from the earth the bread and the meat. The food which was not, he causes to be. The first farmer was the first man, and all historic nobility rests on possession and use of land.
- 2. Men do not like hard work, but every man has an exceptional respect for tillage, and a feeling that this is the original calling of his race, that he himself is only excused from it by some circumstance which made him delegate it for a time to other hands. If he have not some skill which recommends him to the farmer, some product for which the farmer will give him corn, he must himself return into his due place among the planters. And the profession has in all eyes its ancient charm, as standing nearest to God, the first cause.
- 3. Then the beauty of nature, the tranquillity and innocence of the countryman, his independence, and his pleasing arts,—the care of bees, of poultry, of sheep, of cows, the dairy, the care of hay, of fruits, of orchards and forests, and the reaction of these on the workman, in giving him a strength and plain dignity, like the face and manners of nature, all men acknowledge. All men keep the farm in reserve as an asylum where, in case of mischance, to hide their poverty,—or a solitude, if they do not succeed in society.
- 4. And who knows how many glances of remorse are turned this way from the bankrupts of trade, from mortified pleaders in courts and senates, or from the victims of idleness and pleasure? Poisoned by town life and town vices, the sufferer resolves: "Well, my children, whom I have injured, shall go back to the land, to be recruited and cured

by that which should have been my nursery, and now shall be their hospital."

- 5. The farmer's office is precise and important, but you must not try to paint him rose-color; you can not make pretty compliments to fate and gravitation, whose minister he is. He represents the necessities. It is the beauty of the great economy of the world that makes his comeliness. He bends to the order of the seasons, the weather, the soils and crops, as the sails of a ship bend to the wind. He represents continuous hard labor, year in, year out, and small gains. He is a slow person, timed to nature, and not to city watches. He takes the place of seasons, plants, and chemistry.
- 6. Nature never hurries: atom by atom, little by little, she achieves her work. The lesson one learns in fishing, yachting, hunting, or planting, is the manners of Nature; patience with the delays of wind and sun, delays of the seasons, bad weather, excess or lack of water,—patience with the slowness of our feet, with the parsimony of our strength, with the largeness of sea and land we must traverse.
- 7. The farmer is a hoarded capital of health, as the farm is the capital of wealth; and it is from him that the health and power, moral and intellectual, of the cities come. The city is always recruited from the country. Men in cities who are the centers of energy, the driving-wheels of trade, politics, or practical arts, the women of beauty and genius, are the children or grandchildren of farmers, and are spending the energies which their fathers' hardy, silent life accumulated in frosty furrows, in poverty, necessity and darkness.
- 8. He is a continuous benefactor. He who digs a well, constructs a stone fountain, plants a grove of trees by the roadside, plants an orchard, builds a durable house, reclaims a swamp, or so much as puts a stone seat by the wayside, makes the land so far lovely and desirable, makes a fortune which he can not carry away with him, but which is useful to his country long afterwards.

LXXVIII.—THE COLISEUM BY MOONLIGHT.

NATHANIEL HAWTHORNE.

- 1. As usual of a moonlight evening, several carriages stood at the entrance of this famous ruin, and the precincts and interior were any thing but a solitude. The French sentinel on duty beneath the principal archway eyed our party curiously, but offered no obstacle to their admission. Within, the moonlight filled and flooded the great empty space; it glowed upon tier upon tier of ruined, grassgrown arches, and made them even too distinctly visible.
- 2. The splendor of the revelation took away that inestimable effect of dimness and mystery by which the imagination might be assisted to build a grander structure than the Coliseum, and to shatter it with a more picturesque decay. Byron's celebrated description is better than the reality. He beheld the scene in his mind's eye, through the witchery of many intervening years, and faintly illuminated as if with starlight instead of this broad glow of moonshine.
- 3. The party of our friends sat down, three or four of them on a prostrate column, another on a shapeless lump of marble, once a Roman altar; others on the steps of one of the Christian shrines. Goths and barbarians though they were, they chatted as gaily together as if they belonged to the gentle and pleasant race of people who now inhabit Italy.
- 4. There was much pastime and gayety just then in the area of the Coliseum, where so many gladiators and wild beasts had fought and died, and where so much blood of Christian martyrs had been lapped up by that fiercest of wild beasts, the Roman populace of yore.
- 5. Some youths and maidens were running merry races across the open space, and playing hide-and-seek a little way within the duskiness of the ground-tier of arches,

whence now and then you could hear the half-shriek, half-laugh of a frolicsome girl, whom the shadow had betrayed into a young man's arms. Elder groups were seated on the fragments of pillars and blocks of marble that lay round the verge of the arena, talking in the quick, short ripple of the Italian tongue. On the steps of the great black cross in the center of the Coliseum, sat a party singing scraps of songs, with much laughter and merriment between the stanzas.

- 6. It was a strange place for song and mirth. That black cross marks one of the special blood-spots of the earth, where thousands of times over the dying gladiator fell, and more of human agony has been endured for the mere pastime of the multitude than on the breadth of many battle-fields. From all this crime and suffering, however, the spot has derived a more than common sanctity.
- 7. An inscription promises seven years' indulgence, seven years of remission from the pains of purgatory, and earlier enjoyment of heavenly bliss, for each separate kiss imprinted on the black cross. What better use could be made of life, after middle-age, when the accumulated sins are many and the remaining temptations few, than to spend it all in kissing the black cross of the Coliseum!
- 8. Besides its central consecration, the whole area has been made sacred by a large number of shrines, which are erected round the circle, each commemorating some scene or circumstance of the Savior's passion and suffering. In accordance with an ordinary custom, a pilgrim was making his progress from shrine to shrine upon his knees, and saying a penitential prayer at each.
- 9. Light-footed girls ran across the path along which he crept, or sported with their friends close by the shrines where he was kneeling. The pilgrim took no heed, and the girls meant no irreverence; for in Italy religion jostles along side by side with business and sport, after a fashion of its own, and people are accustomed to kneel down and

pray, or see others praying between two fits of merriment, or between two sins.

10. To make an end of our description, a red twinkle of light was visible amid the breadth of shadow that fell across the upper part of the Coliseum. Now it glimmered through a line of arches, or through a broader gleam as it rose out of some profound abyss of ruin; now it was muffled by heaps of shrubbery which had adventurously clambered to that dizzy height; and so the red light kept ascending to loftier and loftier ranges of the structure until it stood like a star where the blue sky rested against the Coliseum's topmost wall. It indicated a party of English or Americans paying the inevitable visit by moonlight,—and exalting themselves with raptures that were Byron's, not their own.

LXXIX.—ROMAN SCENERY.

NATHANIEL HAWTHORNE.

- 1. The scenery amid which the youth now strayed was such as arrays itself in the imagination when we read the beautiful old myths, and fancy a brighter sky, a softer turf, a more picturesque arrangement of venerable trees, than we find in the rude and untrained landscapes of the Western world.
- 2. The ilex-trees, so ancient and time-honored were they, seemed to have lived for ages undisturbed, and to feel no dread of profanation by the ax any more than overthrow by the thunder-stroke. It had already passed out of their dreamy old memories that only a few years ago they were grievously imperiled by the Gaul's last assault upon the walls of Rome.
- 3. As if confident in the long peace of their lifetime, they assumed attitudes of indolent repose. They leaned over the green turf in ponderous grace, throwing abroad their great branches without danger of interfering with other trees, though other majestic trees grew near enough

for dignified society, but too distant for constraint. Never was there a more venerable quietude than that which slept among their sheltering boughs; never a sweeter sunshine than that now gladdening the gentle gloom which these leafy patriarchs strove to diffuse over the swelling and subsiding lawns.

- 4. In other portions of the grounds the stone-pines lifted their dense clump of branches upon a slender length of stem, so high that they looked like green islands in the air, flinging down a shadow upon the turf so far off that you hardly knew which tree had made it. Again, there were avenues of cypress, resembling dark flames of huge funeral candles, which spread dusk and twilight round about them instead of cheerful radiance.
- 5. The more open spots were all abloom, even so early in the season, with anemones of wondrous size, both white and rose-colored, and violets that betrayed themselves by their rich fragrance, even if their blue eyes failed to meet your own. Daisies, too, were abundant, but larger than the modest little English flower, and therefore of small account.
- 6. These wooded and flowery lawns are more beautiful than the finest of English park-scenery, more touching, more impressive, through the neglect that leaves nature so much to her own ways and methods. Since man seldom interferes with her, she sets to work in her quiet way and makes herself at home.
- 7. There is enough of human care, it is true, bestowed long ago and still bestowed, to prevent wildness from growing into deformity; and the result is an ideal landscape, a woodland scene that seems to have been projected out in the poet's mind. If the ancient Faun were other than a mere creation of old poetry, and could have re-appeared anywhere, it must have been in such a scene as this.
- 8. In the openings of the wood there are fountains plashing into marble basins, the depths of which are shaggy with water-weeds; or they tumble like natural cascades from rock to rock, sending their murmur afar, to make the

quiet and silence more appreciable. Scattered here and there with careless artifice, stand old altars bearing Roman inscriptions. Statues, gray with the long corrosion of even that soft atmosphere, half hide and half reveal themselves, high on pedestals, or perhaps fallen and broken on the turf.

- 9. Terminal figures, columns of marble or granite, porticoes, arches are seen in the vistas of the wood-paths,
 either veritable relics of antiquity, or with so exquisite a
 touch of artful ruin on them, that they are better than if
 really antique. At all events, grass grows on the tops of
 the shattered pillars, and weeds and flowers root themselves
 in the chinks of massive arches and fronts of temples, and
 clamber at large over their pediments, as if this were the
 thousandth Summer since their winged seeds alighted there.
- 10. What a strange idea—what a needless labor—to construct artificial ruins in Rome, the native soil of ruin! But even these sportive imitations, wrought by man in emulation of what time has done to temples and palaces, are perhaps centuries old, and, beginning as illusions, have grown to be venerable in sober earnest. The result of all is a scene, pensive, lovely, dream-like, enjoyable and sad, such as is to be found nowhere save in these princely villaresidences in the neighborhood of Rome; a scene that must have required generations and ages, during which growth, decay, and man's intelligence wrought kindly together, to render it so gently wild as we behold it now.

LXXX.-AN ELEPHANT RIDE.

PALMER.

1. A few rods up the road, five elephants, substantial monsters, stood flapping their cape-like ears, and pendulating their short, ridiculous tails. They twinkled their bright, little, black eyes, that were polished like horn buttons on an india-rubber over-coat, and fly-brushed

themselves with wisps of paddy straw, featly flourished with their trunks.

- 2. Seeing an elephant in a menagerie, may naturally be attended with sensations more or less flattering to the spectator, in view of the "admittance, 25 cents"—he is conscious of patronizing Behemoth. But to stand under a roadside precipice of animated india-rubber, having already (being a green tourist to that spot) foolishly made grand flourishes of your intention to ascend without assistance, is to look up at Peter Botte, and suddenly recollect that you have left your windlass and rope-ladder at home; you are reduced, with ridiculous abruptness, to a sense of your situation—a confession of your own insignificance, and the magnitude of the Almighty's works.
- 3. When my kitmudgar, pointing to Behemoth's Jehu, perched on his neck with a boat-hook contrivance for a whip, said, "S'pose Sahib likee, Sahib can go up," that somewhat saturnine heathen had no intention to be funny. Most of our party had been "up" before, and, with slight assistance—by pushing from below, by Jehu's pulling from above—were soon to be seen leaning over the rails of the howdahs, surveying the surrounding country from their commanding eminence.
- 4. "Our Yankee friend," being neither active nor light, of course came last. The mountain had partly come down to the other Mahomets, and Behemoth was kneeling. Our company was uncomfortably masculine, so there were no steps provided; the livery-stable keepers, from whom we hired our nags, would not insult the Sahibs, forsooth—"The Sahibs were birds, the Sahibs were serpents, the Sahibs were monkeys." (Thank you!) "Must birds, must serpents, must monkeys have ladders?"
- 5. So they boosted their Yankee friend from below, and they hoisted their Yankee friend from above; but they were weak with laughter, and they let go, and the sides of the mountain were no less slippery than steep, and the feet of their Yankee friend were false to him, his temper

impatient, his wonted philosophy forgotten; so he slid down.

- 6. Thrice he slid down discomfited, and, the third time, he carried with him the bamboo front of the howdah. Then Behemoth rose to his feet, contemptuous, indignant, with "too bad" in his eye, impatience in his uplifted trunk, and offended dignity in his short, huffish grunt.
- 7. But Jehu, patient and busy, picked away at his organ of amativeness with the boat-hook; there was another small land-slide—and then, with unanimity of extraordinary boosting and hoisting, joined to a great feat of agility on the part of the acrobat, silently apprehensive of the mood of Behemoth, "our Yankee friend" reached the top, amid loud cheers, and "Yankee Doodle" from the band. Whereupon, Behemoth, with great upheavings, arose from his knees, and rolled forward.
- 8. If you have never doubled the cape, if your stomach is treacherous and your sea-legs uncertain, if sea-sickness is your idiosyncrasy, don't take passage on an elephant for a voyage of twenty-five miles; go by water, or try a palkee.
- 9. First, you are down by the stern—then bows under; now a lurch to leeward pitches you into the scuppers, and next you are in the trough of the sea, wallowing to windward. Like a Dutch galliot, under bare poles in a cross-sea—how she rolls! Like a whale in the wake of a steamer—how she blows! You ascend a slight irregularity in the road—how she labors up the slope! You pause on the ridge—for an instant she sways and surges, then

"Down topples to the gulf below."

10. You hold on by the howdah; you commend yourself to your usual good luck; you comfort your fears by observing how little Jehu minds it; you throw away your cheroot—it's too hot to smoke; you stop wishing for tiffin; you try to think it interesting, and commence instituting naturalistic researches into the sagacity of "old Injin-

Rubber," as that funny Smith, of the Company's service, nicknames the soft subject of your studies.

11. Thus you get through six miles of monotonous jungle, relieved only by its sequel of six miles of monotonous paddy-field. However often you may wish, inside, that you were dead, you never once say so—"you rather like it." At last you come to your "Caves," and with a "By Jove, boys,—this is capital!" you swing yourself off by the hands, and drop to the ground, as fearlessly as though you had never told a lie in your life.

LXXXI. — DAMASCUS.

ELIOT WARBURTON.

- 1. Day dawned upon our rocky couch in a couple of hours. We had been sleeping under our horses, and they had never stirred a limb for fear of hurting us. The evening before, our path had lain among bosomy hills, and quiet-looking, drab-colored valleys.
- 2. This scenery, if not attractive, was at least inoffensive; and when daylight came, and found where we had wandered to, the change was great indeed. It seemed as if some great battle of the elements had taken place during the night; the rocks been rent asunder in the struggle, and Nature horribly wounded in the fray.
- 3. Wildly distorted as the scenery seemed when the sun shone over it, there was a fearful silence and want of stir that enhanced its effect. Cliffs nodded over us as if they had been awake all night and could stand it no longer; precipices and dark ravines yawned beneath us, fixed, as it were, in some spasm of nightmare. Not a living thing was to be seen around, no drop of water, no leaf of tree—nothing but a calm, terrible sunshine above, and blackened rocks and burnt soil below.
 - 4. We emerged from these savage gorges into a wide,

disheartening plain, bounded by an amphitheater of dreary mountains. Our horses had had no water for twenty-four hours, and we no refreshment of any kind for twenty. Finding there was still a gallop in my steed's elastic limbs, I pushed on for Damascus, leaving my people to follow more slowly. After a couple of hours' hard riding, I came to another range of mountains, from beyond which opened the view of Damascus, that the Prophet abstained from as too delightful for this probationary world.

- 5. It is said that after many days of toilsome travel, beholding the city thus lying at his feet, he exclaimed, "Only one Paradise is allowed to man, I will not take mine in this world," and so he turned away his horse's head from Damascus, and pitched his tent in the desert.
- 6. I reined up my steed with difficulty on the side of the mountain; he had already, perhaps, heard the murmur of the distant waters, or instinct told him that Nature's lifestreams flowed beneath that bright green foliage. For miles around us lay the dead desert, whose sands appeared to quiver under the shower of sunbeams; far away to the south and east it spread like a boundless ocean; but there, beneath our feet, lay such an island of verdure as no where else perhaps exists.
- 7. Mass upon mass of dark, delicious foliage rolled like waves among garden tracts of brilliant emerald green. Here and there, the clustering blossoms of the orange or the nectarine lay like foam upon that verdant sea. Minarets, white as ivory, shot up their fairy towers among the groves; and purple mosque-domes, tipped with the golden crescent, gave the only sign that a city lay bowered beneath those rich plantations.
- 8. One hour's gallop brought me to the suburban gates of Mezzé, and thenceforth I ride on through streets, or rather lanes, of pleasant shadow. For many an hour we had seen no water: now it gushed, and gleamed, and sparkled all around us; from aqueduct above, and rivulet below, and marble fountain in the walls—everywhere it

poured forth its rich abundance; and my horse and I soon quenched our thirst in Abana and Pharphar.

- 9. On we went, among gardens, and fountains, and odors, and cool shade, absorbed in sensations of delight, like the knights of old, who had just passed from some ordeal to its reward.
- 10. Fruits of every delicate shape and color here bended the boughs hospitably over our heads; flowers hung in canopy upon the trees, and lay in variegated carpet on the ground; the lanes through which we went were long arcades of arching boughs; the walls were composed of large square blocks of dried mud, which in that bright, dazzling light somewhat resembled Cyclopean architecture, and gave, I know not what, of simplicity and primitiveness to the scene.
- 11. At length I entered the city, and thenceforth lost the sun while I remained there. The luxurious people of Damascus exclude all sunshine from their bazaars by awnings of thick mat, wherever vine-trellises or vaulted roofs do not render this precaution unnecessary.
- 12. The effect of this pleasant gloom, the cool currents of air created by the narrow streets, the vividness of the bazaars, the variety and beauty of the Oriental dress, the fragrant smell of the spice-shops, the tinkle of the brass cups of the seller of sherbets—all this affords a pleasant but bewildering change from the silent desert and glare of sunshine. And then the glimpses of places strange to your eye, yet familiar to your imagination, that you catch as you pass along. Here is the portal of a large khan, with a fountain and cistern in the midst.
- 13. Camels and bales of merchandize and turbaned negroes are scattered over its wide quadrangle, and an arcade of shops or offices surround it, above and below, like the streets of Chester. Another portal opens into a public bath, with its fountains, its reservoirs, its gay carpets, and its luxurious inmates, clothed in white linen, and reclining upon cushions as they smoke their chibouques.

LXXXII.-UP THE NILE.

ELIOT WARBURTON.

- 1. The sun was setting behind the Pyramids when I embarked; but night and day made little difference in this country, and the former is only associated with the idea of rest when it happens to be too dark to see. It was bright moonlight as I mustered our swarthy crew on the river's edge.
- 2. Their countenances were full of hope and eagerness; and, when their inspection was concluded, each kissed my hand and placed it on his head, in sign of devotion and fidelity. Their dress was principally a pair of loose cotton drawers reaching to the knee, a long blue shirt, and the red cloth cap called a "tarboosh," which, on state occasions, is wound round with a white turban by the lower classes.
- 3. The crew consisted of a rais, or captain, a pilot, and eight rowers, whom, with one exception, we found good-humored, faithful, honest, and affectionate fellows. Two servants completed the equipment. One of these, named Mahmoud, has the well-deserved character of being the best dragoman in Egypt. He had none of the indolence of his race; always actively employed, his song was never silent except when exchanged for conversation; strikingly handsome, keen, and intelligent, he had unbounded influence over the crew; and was welcomed eagerly by peasant and governor wherever we landed.
- 4. From Cairo to the depths of Nubia, he seemed intimately acquainted not only with every locality, but with every individual along the river. He had accompanied Lord Prudhoe on both expeditions into the interior of Africa, and spoke of him with gratitude and enthusiasm.
- 5. Now the cable is loosed, a long towing-line is drawn along the shore by the sailors; the pilot perches himself on the spar-deck; the rais squats at the bow; and the Nile

ripples round our prow, as we start on a two month's voyage, with as little ceremony as if only crossing the river in a ferry-boat.

- 6. Palms, palaces, and busy crowds glide by; the river bends, and the wind becomes favorable, the sailors wade or swim on board, enormous sails fall from the long yards, like wide unfolding wings; the union-jack floats from the poop, and our private flag from the lofty spars; the pyramids of Gizeh on our right, the distant minarets of Cairo on our left, slowly recede, and the cool night breezes follow us, laden with perfumes from Rhoda, and faint murmurs from the great city.
- 7. The crew gather about the fire with "dark faces pale around that rosy flame," and discuss, in a whisper, the appearance of the pale stranger, who reclines on a pile of Persian carpets as contentedly as if he had been born and bred under the shadow of the palm.
- 8. It was a lovely night, with just wind enough to bosom out our snowy sails that heaved as with a languid respiration; the moon shone forth in glory, as if she were still the bright goddess of the land, and loved it well.
- 9. No longer do the white-robed priests of Isis celebrate her mystic rites in solemn procession along these shadowy banks; no longer the Egyptian maidens move in choral dances through these darkling groves, with lotus garlands on their brow, and mirrors on their breasts, which flashed back the smile of the worshiped moon at every pant of those young bosoms, to typify that the heart within was all her own, and imaged but her deity.
- 10. There is no longer mystic pomp or midnight pageant in the land of Egypt; we may look in vain for venerable priest or vestal virgin now. Yet still does Isis seem to smile lovingly over her deserted shrines, and her pale light harmonizes well with the calm dwellings of the mighty dead. These, with their pyramids, their palaces, their temples, and their tombs, are the real inhabitants of this dreamy land.

- 11. This sailing on the moon lit Nile has an inexpressible charm; every sight is softened, every sound is musical, every air breathes balm. The pyramids, silvered by the moon, tower over the dark palms, and the broken ridges of the Arabian hills stand clearly out from the star-spangled sky.
- 12. Distant lights, gleaming faintly among the scarce seen minarets, mark the site of Cairo, whose voices come at intervals as faintly to the ear. Sometimes the scream of a startled pelican, or the gurgle of some huge fish as he wallows in the water, may disturb the silence for a moment, but it only makes the calm that follows more profound.
- 13. All nature seems so tranced, and all the world wound in such a dream, that we can scarcely realize our own identity; hark! to the jackal's cry among the Moslem tombs! See where the swarthy pilot sits, statue-like, with his turban and flowing beard: those plains before us have been trod by Pharaohs; these waters have borne Cleopatra; yonder citadel was the home of Saladin! We need not sleep to dream.
- 14. The night is gone—gone like a passing shadow; the sun springs suddenly into the throne of purple and rose-colored clouds that the mist arranges for him. There is scarcely a dawn—even now it was night—then day—suddenly as a cannon's flash. Our boat lay moored to the bank. Mahmoud started to his feet, and shouted "Yallough!" like a trumpet. Till then the deck seemed vacant; the crew sleeping in grave-like apertures between the planks, wrapped in their white capotes—a shroud-like garment that gives to their resurrection a rather ghostly appearance.
- 15. All nature seems to waken now; flocks of turtle-doves are rustling round the villages; dogs are barking the flocks to pasture, cocks are crowing, donkeys are braying, water-wheels are creaking, and the Moslems prostrate themselves in prayer with forehead to the ground, or hands crossed upon their bosoms—their eyes motionless, and their lips quivering with the first chapter of the Koran.

LXXXIII.—THE GLOVE.

SCHILLER.

- 1. Before his lion-court, To see the grisly sport, Sat the king: Beside him grouped his princely peers, And dames aloft, in circling tiers, Wreathed round their blooming ring, King Francis, where he sat, Raised a finger; yawned the gate, And slow from his repose, A LION goes! Dumbly he gazed around The foe-encircled ground; And, with a lazy gape, He stretched his lordly shape, And shook his careless mane, And — laid him down again.
- 2. A finger raised the king, And nimbly have the guard A second gate unbarred: Forth, with a rushing spring, A TIGER sprung! Wildly the wild one yelled, When the lion he beheld; And bristling at the look, With his tail his sides he strook, And rolled his rabid tongue; In many a wary ring He swept round the forest king, With a fell and rattling sound; And laid him on the ground, Grommelling.
- 3. The king raised his finger; then
 Leaped two LEOPARDS from the den
 With a bound;
 And boldly bounded they
 Where the crouching tiger lay
 Terrible!
 And he griped the beasts in his deadly hold;

In his grim embrace they grappled and rolled;
Rose the lion with a roar,
And stood the strife before;
And the wild-cats on the spot,
From the blood-thirst wroth and hot,
Halted still.

- 4. Now from the balcony above A snowy hand let fall a glove: Midway between the beasts of prey, Lion and tiger—there it lay, The winsome lady's glove!
- 5. Fair Cunigonde said, with a lip of scorn,To the knight Delorges, "If the love you have sworn Were as gallant and leal as you boast it to be,I might ask you to bring back that glove to me!"
- 6. The knight left the place where the lady sat; The knight he has passed through the fearful gate; The lion and tiger he stooped above, And his fingers have closed on the lady's glove! All shuddering and stunned, they beheld him there,— The noble knights and the ladies fair; But loud was the joy and the praise the while He bore back the glove with his tranquil smile!
- 7. With a tender look in her softening eyes, That promised reward to his warmest sighs, Fair Cunigonde rose her knight to grace; He tossed the glove in the lady's face; "Nay, spare me the guerdon, at least," quoth he; And he left for eyer that fair ladye!

LXXXIV.—INFLUENCE OF ATHENS.

THOMAS BABINGTON MACAULAY.

- 1. Of the indifference which Mr. Mitford shows on this subject, I will not speak, for I can not speak with fairness. It is a subject in which I love to forget the accuracy of a judge, in the veneration of a worshiper and the gratitude of a child.
 - 2. If we consider merely the subtlety of disquisition,

the force of imagination, the perfect energy and elegance of expression, which characterize the great works of Athenian genius, we must pronounce them intrinsically most valuable; but what shall we say when we reflect that from hence have sprung, directly or indirectly, all the noblest creations of the human intellect; that from hence were the vast accomplishments and the brilliant fancy of Cicero, the withering fire of Juvenal; the plastic imagination of Dante; the humor of Cervantes; the comprehension of Bacon; the wit of Butler; the supreme and universal excellence of Shakspeare?

- 3. All the triumphs of truth and genius over prejudice and power, in every country and in every age, have been the triumphs of Athens. Wherever a few great minds have made a stand against violence and fraud, in the cause of liberty and reason, there has been her spirit in the midst of them; inspiring, encouraging, consoling;—by the lonely lamp of Erasmus; by the restless bed of Pascal; in the tribune of Mirabeau; in the cell of Galileo; on the scaffold of Sidney.
- 4. But who shall estimate her influence on private happiness? Who shall say how many thousands have been made wiser, happier, and better, by those pursuits in which she has taught mankind to engage; to how many the studies which took their rise from her have been wealth in poverty, —liberty in bondage,—health in sickness,—society in solitude.
- 5. Her power is indeed manifested at the bar; in the senate; in the field of battle; in the schools of philosophy. But these are not her glory. Wherever literature consoles sorrow, or assuages pain,—wherever it brings gladness to eyes which fail with wakefulness and tears, and ache for the dark house and the long sleep,—there is exhibited, in its noblest form, the immortal influence of Athens.
- 6. The dervise, in the Arabian tale, did not hesitate to abandon to his comrade the camels with their load of jewels and gold, while he retained the casket of that mysterious

juice, which enabled him to behold at one glance all the hidden riches of the universe.

- 7. Surely it is no exaggeration to say, that no external advantage is to be compared with that purification of the intellectual eye, which gives us to contemplate the infinite wealth of the mental world; all the hoarded treasures of the primeval dynasties, all the shapeless ore of its yet unexplored mines.
- 8. This is the gift of Athens to man. Her freedom and her power have for more than twenty centuries been annihilated; her people have degenerated into timid slaves; her language into a barbarous jargon; her temples have been given up to the successive depredations of Romans, Turks, and Scotchmen; but her intellectual empire is imperishable.
- 9. And, when those who have rivaled her greatness shall have shared her fate: when civilization and knowledge shall have fixed their abode in distant continents; when the scepter shall have passed away from England; when, perhaps, travelers from distant regions shall in vain labor to decipher on some moldering pedestal the name of our proudest chief; shall hear savage hymns chanted to some misshapen idol over the ruined dome of our proudest temple; and shall see a single naked fisherman wash his nets in the river of ten thousand masts,—her influence and her glory will still survive,—fresh in eternal youth, exempt from mutability and decay, immortal as the intellectual principle from which they derived their origin, and over which they exercise their control.

LXXXV.—THE WARDEN OF THE CINQUE PORTS.

H. W. LONGFELLOW.

A mist was driving down the British Channel;
 The day was just begun;
 And through the window-panes, on floor and panel,
 Streamed the red autumn sun.

- It glanced on flowing flag and rippling pennon,
 And the white sails of ships;
 And, from the frowning rampart, the black cannon
 Hailed it with feverish lips.
- Sandwich, and Romney, Hastings, Hithe, and Dover, Were all alert that day,
 To see the French war-steamers speeding over When the fog cleared away.
- Sullen and silent, and like couchant lions,
 Their cannon through the night,
 Holding their breath, had watched in grim defiance,
 The sea-coast opposite;
- And now they roared, at drum beat from their stations
 On every citadel;
 Each answering each, with morning salutations,
 That all was well!
- And down the coast, all taking up the burden, Replied the distant forts —
 As if to summon from his sleep the warden
 And lord of the Cinque Ports.
- 7. Him shall no sunshine from the fields of azure, No drum-beat from the wall, No morning gun from the black forts' embrasure, Awaken with their call!
- 8. No more, surveying with an eye impartial The long line of the coast, Shall the gaunt figure of the old field-marshal Be seen upon his post!
- For in the night, unseen, a single warrior, In somber harness mailed,
 Dreaded of man, and surnamed the Destroyer, The rampart wall had scaled!
- He passed into the chamber of the sleeper,—
 The dark and silent room;
 And, as he entered, darker grew, and deeper
 The silence and the gloom.

- 11. He did not pause to parley, or dissemble, But smote the warden hoar — Ah! what a blow! that made all England tremble And groan from shore to shore.
- 12. Meanwhile, without, the surly cannon waited, The sun rose bright o'erhead,— Nothing in Nature's aspect intimated That a great man was dead!

LXXXVI.—LANDING OF THE PILGRIM FATHERS IN NEW ENGLAND.

MRS. HEMANS.

- The breaking waves dashed high
 On a stern and rock-bound coast,
 And the woods against a stormy sky
 Their giant branches tossed.
- And the heavy night hung dark
 The hills and waters o'er,
 When a band of exiles moored their bark
 On the wild New England shore.
- Not as the conqueror comes,
 They, the true-hearted, came;
 Not with the roll of the stirring drums,
 And the trumpet that sings of fame.
- Not as the flying come,
 In silence and in fear; —
 They shook the depths of the desert gloom With their hymns of lofty cheer.
- 5. Amidst the storm they sang, And the stars heard, and the sea: And the sounding aisles of the dim woods rang To the anthem of the free!
- 6. The ocean eagle soared From his nest by the white wave's foam: And the rocking pines of the forest roared,— This was their welcome home!

- There were men with hoary hair
 Amidst that pilgrim band; —
 Why had they come to wither there,
 Away from their childhood's land?
- There was woman's fearless eye,
 Lit by her deep love's truth;
 There was manhood's brow serenely high,
 And the fiery heart of youth.
- 9. What sought they thus afar? Bright jewels of the mine? The wealth of seas, the spoils of war?— They sought a faith's pure shrine!

LXXXVII.—POWER.

RALPH WALDO EMERSON.

- 1. All successful men have agreed in one thing,—that they were causationists. They believed that things went not by luck, but by law; that there was not a weak or a cracked link in the chain that joins the first and last of things. A belief in causality, or strict connection between every trifle and the principle of being, and, in consequence, belief in compensation, or, that nothing is got for nothing,—characterizes all valuable minds, and must control every effort that is made by an industrious one. The most valiant men are the best believers in the tension of the laws. "All the great captains," said Bonaparte, "have performed vast achievements by conforming with the rules of art,—by adjusting efforts to obstacles."
- 2. All power is of one kind, a sharing of the nature of the world. The mind that is parallel with the laws of nature will be in the current of events, and strong with

their strength. One man is made of the same stuff of which events are made; is in sympathy with the course of things; can predict it. Whatever befalls, befalls him first; so he is equal to whatever shall happen. A man who knows men, can talk well on politics, trade, law, war, religion. For, everywhere, men are led in the same manner.

- 3. There is always room for a man of force, and he makes room for many. Society is a troop of thinkers, and the best heads among them take the best places. A feeble man can see the farms that are fenced and tilled, the houses that are built. The strong man sees the possible houses and farms. His eye makes estates, as fast as the sun breeds clouds.
- 4. When a new boy comes into school, when a man travels, and encounters strangers every day, or, when into an old club a new comer is domesticated, that happens which befalls when a strange ox is driven into a pen or pasture where cattle are kept; there is at once a trial of strength between the best pair of horns and the new comer, and it is settled thenceforth which is the leader. So now there is a measuring of strength, very courteous, but decisive, and an acquiescence thenceforward when these two meet. Each reads his fate in the other's eyes. The weaker party finds, that none of his information or wit quite fits the occasion.
- 5. He thought he knew this or that: he finds that he omitted to learn the end of it. Nothing that he knows will quite hit the mark, whilst all his rival's arrows are good, and well thrown. But if he knew all the facts in the encyclopædia, it would not help him: for this is an affair of presence of mind, of attitude, of *aplomb*: the opponent has the sun and the wind, and, in every cast, the choice of weapon and mark; and, when he himself is matched with some other antagonist, his own shafts fly well and hit. 'Tis a question of stomach and constitution. The second man is as good as the first,—perhaps better; but he has not the

stoutness or stomach, as the first has, and so his wit seems over-fine or under-fine.

6. We watch in children, with pathetic interest, the degree in which they possess recuperative force. When they are hurt by us, or by each other, or go to the bottom of the class, or miss the annual prizes, or are beaten in the game,—if they lose heart, and remember the mischance in their chamber at home, they have a serious check. But if they have the buoyancy and resistance that pre-occupies them with new interest in the new movement,—the wounds cicatrize, and the fiber is the tougher for the hurt.

LXXXVIII.—BOYHOOD OF DEMOSTHENES.

C. C. FELTON.

- 1. A few years later, a sickly boy of seven, clad in mourning, might be seen shyly walking through the streets of Athens, under the care of a domestic, to one of the schools where the sons of the richer citizens received the elements of education.
- 2. The boy was too feeble and nervous to join in the rough play of his companions; but he was assiduous in his studies, easily roused to enthusiasm by noble and generous thoughts, serious and meditative altogether beyond his years. If he lingered on the way, it was to gaze on the Parthenon and the Propylæa, the beauty and the splendor of which, felt but not understood, filled his soul and overflowed his eyes.
- 3. Sometimes he would be seen at evening strolling in the shadows of Hymettus with a fair young girl two years younger than himself, his own orphan sister. The mother was still alive, and watched with tender care over these two children, whose education she managed with more than usual intelligence. As the boy grew up, his ardor for study increased, and the best teachers were employed to direct his pursuits. In the arts of composition he was

trained in the school of Isaeus, perhaps also in that of Isocrates.

- 4. Plato was then at the head of the Academy, and to that source of noble philosophy and splendid eloquence the youth resorted; and here he must often have met the young Aristotle, who, two years older, had come from Stageira to study under the same great master.
- 5. As he strolled thoughtfully past the theater, or through the Agora, or below the Pnyx, on his way to and from the place of instruction, he saw the dicasts assembling to sit in judgment on the lives and fortunes of the citizens, and the people crowding to the theater or the Pnyx to hear the reports of ambassadors, and to debate on public questions of peace and war.
- 6. Probably he would venture at times to follow the multitude upon the slope of the Pnyx, and, lingering upon the outskirts of the assembly, would catch the accents of the orators from the bema. No doubt his soul was often stirred to its depths by the animating sights and thrilling sounds that met the eye and ear in that central scene of throbbing democratic life; and the excited boy went to his quiet home under the shadows of Hymettus, musing on what he had beheld and heard, and full of vague aspirations and dreamy hopes.
- 7. But alas! nature had denied him the strength for the palæstra, and the sturdy boys of his age despised the slender and puny stripling, whose awkward manner, straggling motions, and lisping articulation made him the butt of their rude jests, and, as they thought, a proper subject of the barbarous wit which delights in giving insulting nicknames.
- 8. On one occasion, when he was still a youth of fifteen, he persuaded his attendant to accompany him to the court, where Callistratus, an orator, statesman, and general, was to be tried on the charge of treason. The tutor, having some acquaintance with the door-keepers, secured a place where the boy might sit unseen, and hear what was said.

- 9. The speech of Callistratus appears to have been powerful and eloquent, and to have excited the enthusiasm of the youth to the highest pitch. From this moment his career was chosen, in spite of every obstacle. From this moment he devoted himself to the studies which should qualify him to be an advocate and orator.
- 10. In the course of his reading he came upon the history of the Peloponnesian war, by Thucydides. There were in the style and sentiments of this immortal work just the qualities to seize upon the earnest spirit of the young man.
- 11. In the clear compact narrative, the profound philosophy, the nervous eloquence of the speeches, especially in the noble image of his country's glory presented in the great oration of Pericles over those who had fallen in the war, the student found a tone which made his heart-strings vibrate, and filled his soul with inexpressible delight. With his own hand he copied the work eight times, and thus made himself master of all its treasures of thought and style.

LXXXIX.—ORATORY OF DEMOSTHENES.

C. C. FELTON.

- 1. Demosthenes was one of the greatest and most perfect characters of antiquity. In his private life he was a man of gentle feelings, but of most austere virtue. In eating he was temperate; in drinking he took nothing but water, for which Æschines, who did not follow his example, jeered at him. On the formation of his style he bestowed unwearied pains.
- 2. From his earliest youth to the last oration he ever spoke, he never ceased to give the profoundest study both to matter and to form. He seldom addressed the assembly in extemporaneous speech, affirming that it was not respectful to the people to speak to them in the crude language of the moment; and Pytheas, one of his detractors, used to say that his orations smelt of the lamp.

- 3. If by this remark the critic meant to say that the style of the great orator was too labored, or overloaded with ornament, or artificial and formal, nothing can be more unfounded. Demosthenes studied, first, to make his thoughts clear, coherent, and logical; and next, to mold his language into the most absolutely transparent medium of thought.
- 4. In his manner of speaking, such as it became after he had conquered the awkwardness of his early attempts, he was considered like one inspired. When Æschines read to his pupils in Rhodes the Oration on the Crown, and they were filled with admiration, he said, "What would you say if you heard the beast deliver it himself?"
- 5. He begins in a moderate tone, and with undeniable propositions; he warms with the subject; he reasons with compact and irresistible force; a burst of impassioned eloquence electrifies the assembly; the forms of the mighty dead seem starting from their tombs in the Cerameicus, to stand before him in answer to his vehement apostrophe; the august image of his beloved country, while his memory recalls her glorious history and his eye wanders over the memorials of her great achievements, becomes a living presence to his excited imagination.
- 6. The language grows more simple, while the meaning deepens, and the passion kindles into a fiercer flame. What can resist this reasoning, this power, this honesty, this enthusiasm, this passion, this profound sagacity? Not the heart of man in Athens, not the heart of man in Boston, not the heart of man wherever genius is admired, patriotism cherished, virtue esteemed, or martyrdom held in honor.
- 7. Looking back on the history of Athens, three majestic figures stand before us;—Solon, the founder of her constitution; Pericles, who stands on the pinnacle of her renown; Demosthenes, the last and greatest, who, like a sinking sun, sheds his glory upon her fall;—the beginning, the middle, and the end of the greatest historical tragedy ever enacted on the theater of the world.

XC.—CONFESSIONS OF A DRUNKARD.

CHARLES LAMB.

- 1. Twelve years ago I had completed my six-and-twentieth year. I had lived from the period of leaving school to that time pretty much in solitude. My companions were chiefly books, or at most one or two living ones of my own book-loving and sober stamp. I rose early, went to bed betimes, and the faculties which God had given me, I had reason to think, did not rust in me unused.
- 2. About that time I fell in with some boisterous spirits, sitters up a nights, disputants, drunken; yet they seemed to have something noble about them. We dealt about the wit, or what passes for it after midnight, jovially. Of the quality called fancy I certainly possessed a larger share than my companions. Encouraged by their applause, I set up for a professed joker! I, who of all men am least fitted for such an occupation, having, in addition to the greatest difficulty which I experience at all times of finding words to express my meaning, a natural nervous impediment of speech.
- 3. Reader, if you are gifted with nerves like mine, aspire to any character but that of a wit. When you find a tickling relish upon your tongue disposing you to that sort of a conversation, especially if you find a preternatural flow of ideas setting in upon you at the sight of a bottle and fresh glasses, avoid giving way to it as you would fly to your greatest destruction.
- 4. If you can not crush the power of fancy, or that within you which you mistake for such, divert it, give it some other play. Write an essay, pen a character or description—but not, as I do now, with tears trickling down your cheeks.
- 5. To be an object of compassion to friends, of derision to foes; to be suspected by strangers, stared at by fools; to

be esteemed dull when you can not be witty; to be applauded for witty when you know that you have been dull; to be called upon for the extemporaneous exercise of that faculty which no premeditation can give; to be spurred on to efforts which end in contempt; to be set on to provoke mirth which procures the procurer hatred; to give pleasure, and be paid with squinting malice; to swallow draughts of life-destroying wine which are to be distilled into airy breaths to tickle vain auditors; to mortgage miserable morrows for nights of madness; to waste whole seas of time upon those who pay it back in little inconsiderable drops of grudging applause—are the wages of buffoonery and death.

- 6. I have seen a print after Correggio, in which three female figures are ministering to a man who sits fast bound at the root of a tree. Sensuality is soothing him, Evil Habit is nailing him to a branch, and Repugnance at the same instant of time is applying a snake to his side.
- 7. In his face is feeble delight, the recollection of past rather than the perception of present pleasures, languid enjoyment of evil with utter imbecility to good, a Sybaritic effeminacy, a submission to bondage, the springs of the will gone down like a broken clock, the sin and the suffering co-instantaneous, or the latter forerunning the former, remorse preceding action—all this is represented in one point of time. When I saw this, I admired the wonderful skill of the painter. But when I went away, I wept, because I thought of my own condition.
- 8. Yea, but (methinks I hear somebody object) if sobriety be that fine thing you would have us to understand, if the comforts of a cool brain are to be preferred to that state of heated excitement which you describe and deplore, what hinders in your own instance that you do not return to those habits from which you would induce others never to swerve? If the blessing be worth preserving, is it not worth recovering?
 - 9. Recovering! Oh, if a wish could transport me back

to those days of youth, when a draught from the next clear spring could slake any heats which summer suns and youthful exercise had power to stir up in the blood, how gladly would I return to thee, pure element, the drink of children, and of child-like holy hermit. In my dreams I can sometimes fancy thy cool refreshment purling over my burning tongue. But my waking stomach rejects it. That which refreshes innocence only makes me sick and faint.

- 10. But is there no middle way between total abstinence and the excess which kills you? For your sake, reader, and that you may never attain to my experience, with pain I must utter the dreadful truth, that there is none, none that I can find.
- 11. In my stage of habit (I speak not of habits less confirmed—for some of them I believe the advice to be most prudential), in the stage which I have reached, to stop short of that measure which is sufficient to draw on torpor and sleep, the benumbing, apoplectic sleep of the drunkard, is to have taken none at all. The pain of the self-denial is all one. And what that is, I had rather the reader should believe on my credit, than know from his own trial.
- at that state, in which, paradoxical as it may appear, reason shall only visit him through intoxication; for it is a fearful truth, that the intellectual faculties, by repeated acts of intemperance, may be driven from their ordinary sphere of action, their clear daylight ministries, until they shall be brought at last to depend, for the faint manifestations of their departing energies, upon the returning periods of the fatal madness to which they owe their devastation. The drinking man is never less himself than during his sober intervals. Evil is so far his good.
- 13. My favorite occupations in times past now cease to entertain. I can do nothing readily. Application for ever so short a time kills me. This poor abstract of my condition was penned at long intervals, with scarcely any attempt at connection of thought, which is now difficult

to me. The noble passages which formerly delighted me in history or poetic fiction, now only draw a few weak tears, allied to dotage.

- 14. My broken and dispirited nature seems to sink before anything great and admirable. I perpetually catch myself in tears, for any cause, or none. It is inexpressible how much this infirmity adds to a sense of shame, and a general feeling of deterioration.
- 15. I am a poor nameless egotist, who have no vanity to consult by these confessions. I know not whether I shall be laughed at, or heard seriously. Such as they are, I commend them to the reader's attention, if he finds his own case any way touched. I have told him what I am come to. Let him stop in time.

XCI.—L'ALLEGRO.

JOHN MILTON.

- Haste thee, nymph, and bring with thee
 Jest, and youthful Jollity,
 Quips, and cranks, and wanton wiles,
 Nods, and becks, and wreathéd smiles.
 Such as hang on Hebe's cheek,
 And love to live in dimple sleek;
 Sport that wrinkled Care derides.
 And Laughter holding both his sides.
- 2. Come and trip it as you go
 On the light fantastic toe;
 And in thy right hand lead with thee
 The mountain-nymph, sweet Liberty:
 And, if I give thee honor due,
 Mirth, admit me to thy crew,
 To live with her, and live with thee.
 In unreprovéd pleasures free:
 To hear the lark begin his flight,
 And singing startle the dull night.
 From his watch-tower in the skies,
 Till the dappled dawn doth rise.

Then to come, in spite of sorrow, And at my window bid good-morrow, Through the sweet-brier, or the vine, Or the twisted eglantine:

- 3. While the cock with lively din, Scatters the rear of darkness thin, And to the stack, or the barn door, Stoutly struts his dames before: Oft list'ning how the hounds and horn Cheerly rouse the slumbering morn, From the side of some hoar hill, Through the high wood echoing shrill: Sometimes walking not unseen, By hedge-row elms, on hillocks green, Right against the eastern gate, Where the great sun begins his state, Robed in flames and amber light, The clouds in thousand liveries dight: While the ploughman near at hand Whistles o'er the furrowed land. And the milk - maid singeth blithe, And the mower whets his scythe, And every shepherd tells his tale, Under the hawthorn in the dale.
- 4. Straight mine eye hath caught new pleasures, Whilst the landskip round it measures; Russet lawns, and fallows gray, Where the nibbling flocks do stray; Mountains on whose barren breast The laboring clouds do often rest; Meadows trim and daisies pied; Shallow brooks, and rivers wide; Towers and battlements it sees Bosomed high in tufted trees, Where perhaps some beauty lies, The Cynosure of neighboring eyes.
- Sometimes, with secure delight,
 The upland hamlets will invite,
 When the merry bells ring round,
 And the jocund rebecks sound
 To many a youth, and many a maid,

Dancing in the checkered shade, And young and old come forth to play On a sunshine holiday, Till the livelong daylight fail.

XCII.—ACCOMPLISHMENTS OF HUDIBRAS.

SAMUEL BUTLER.

- When civil dudgeon first grew high,
 And men fell out, they knew not why:
 When hard words, jealousies and fears,
 Set folks together by the ears;
 When gospel-trumpeter, surrounded
 With long-eared rout, to battle sounded,
 And pulpit, drum ecclesiastic,
 Was beat with fist, instead of a stick:
 Then did Sir Knight abandon dwelling,
 And out he rode a colonelling.
- 2. A wight he was, whose very sight would Entitle him, mirror of knighthood:
 That never bowed his stubborn knee
 To anything but chivalry;
 Nor put up blow, but that which laid
 Right-worshipful on shoulder blade;
 Chief of domestic knights and errant,
 Either for chartel or for warrant;
 Great on the bench, great on the saddle,
 That could as well bind o'er as swaddle.
 Mighty he was at both of these,
 And styled of war as well as peace.
 (So some rats, of amphibious nature,
 Are either for the land or water.)
- 3. But here our authors make a doubt,
 Whether he were more wise or stout;
 Some hold the one, and some the other:
 But howsoe'er they make a pother,
 The diff'rence was so small, his brain
 Outweighed his rage but half a grain;
 Which made some take him for a tool
 That knaves do work with, call'd a fool.
 For't has been held by many, that

As Montaigne, playing with his cat, Complains she thought him but an ass, Much more she would Sir Hudibras. (For that's the name our valiant knight To all his challenges did write.)

- 4. But they're mistaken very much; 'Tis plain enough he was no such: We grant, although he had much wit, He was very shy of using it; As being loath to wear it out, And therefore bore it not about, Unless on holidays, or so, As men their best apparel do: Besides, 'tis known he could speak Greek As naturally as pigs squeak; That Latin was no more difficile, Than to a blackbird 'tis to whistle: Being rich in both, he never scanted His bounty unto such as wanted: But much of either could afford To many, that had not one word.
- 5. He was in logic a great critic,
 Profoundly skilled in analytic;
 He could distinguish, and divide
 A hair 'twixt south and southwest side;
 On either which he would dispute,
 Confute, change hands, and still confute;
 He'd undertake to prove by force
 Of argument a man's no horse;
 He'd prove a buzzard is no fowl,
 And that a lord may be an owl,
 A calf an alderman, a goose a justice,
 And rooks committee-men and trustees.
- 6. He'd run in debt by disputation,
 And pay with ratiocination:
 All this by syllogism, true
 In mood and figure, he would do.
 For rhetoric, he could not ope
 His mouth, but out there flew a trope:
 And when he happened to break off
 I' th' middle of his speech, or cough,
 He'd hard words ready to show why,

And tell what rules he did it by: Else, when his greatest art he spoke, You'd think he talked like other folk; For all a rhetorician's rules Teach nothing but to name his tools.

- 7. But, when he pleas'd to show't, his speech
 In loftiness of sound was rich;
 A Babylonish dialect,
 Which learned pedants much affect;
 It was a party colored dress
 Of patched and piebald languages;
 'Twas English cut on Greek and Latin,
 Like fustian heretofore on satin.
 It had an odd promiscuous tone,
 As if he had talked three parts in one;
 Which made some think, when he did gabble,
 They'd heard three laborers of Babel;
 Or Cerberus himself pronounce
 A leash of languages at once.
- 8. This he as volubly would vent
 As if his stock would ne'er be spent;
 And truly, to support that charge
 He had supplies as vast and large:
 For he could coin or counterfeit
 New words, with little or no wit;
 Words so debased and hard, no stone
 Was hard enough to touch them on:
 And when with hasty noise he spoke 'em,
 The ignorant for current took 'em:
 That had the orator, who once
 Did fill his mouth with pebble stones
 When he harangued, but known his phrase.
 He would have used no other ways.

XCIII. - ALEXANDER'S FEAST.

JOHN DRYDEN.

 'Twas at the royal feast, for Persia won, By Philip's warlike son:
 Aloft in awful state
 The godlike hero sate
 On his imperial throne:

His valiant peers were placed around, Their brows with roses and with myrtle bound: So should desert in arms be crowned. The lovely Thais by his side Sat, like a blooming Eastern bride. In flower of youth and beauty's pride. Happy, happy, happy pair:

None but the brave. None but the brave.

None but the brave deserve the fair.

2. Timotheus, placed on high Amid the tuneful quire, With flying fingers touched the lyre: The trembling notes ascend the sky, And heavenly joys inspire. The song began from Jove, Who left his blissful seats above, Such is the power of mighty Love! The list'ning crowd admire the lofty sound; A present deity, they shout around; A present deity, the vaulted roofs rebound:

With ravished ears The monarch hears. Assumes the god, Affects to nod,

And seems to shake the spheres.

The praise of Bacchus then the sweet musician sung, 3. Of Bacchus ever fair, and ever young; The jolly god in triumph comes; Sound the trumpets, beat the drums; Flushed with a purple grace He shows his honest face.

Now, give the hautboys breath: he comes! he comes! Bacchus ever fair and young, Drinking joys did first ordain:

Bacchus' blessings are a treasure: Drinking is the soldier's pleasure:

Rich the treasure, Sweet the pleasure; Sweet is pleasure after pain. Soothed with the sound, the king grew vain;
 Fought all his battles o'er again;
 And thrice he routed all his foes, and thrice he slew the slain.

The master saw the madness rise; His glowing cheeks, his ardent eyes; And, while he heaven and earth defied, Changed his hand, and cheeked his pride.

> He chose a mournful muse, Soft pity to infuse:

He sung Darius great and good,
By too severe a fate
Fall'n, fall'n, fall'n, fall'n,
Fall'n, from his high estate,

And welt'ring in his blood;

Deserted at his utmost need By those his former bounty fed, On the bare earth exposed he lies, With not a friend to close his eyes.

With downcast look the joyless victor sate,
Revolving in his altered soul
The various turns of fate below;
And now and then a sigh he stole,
And tears began to flow.

5. The mighty master smiled to see
That love was in the next degree:
'Twas but a kindred sound to move;
For pity melts the mind to love.
Softly sweet in Lydian measures,
Soon he soothed his soul to pleasures;
War, he sung, is toil and trouble;
Honor but an empty bubble;

Never ending, still beginning,
Fighting still, and still destroying;
If the world be worth thy winning,
Think, O think it worth enjoying!
Lovely Thais sits beside thee,
Take the good the gods provide thee.
The many rend the skies with loud applause;
So love was crowned, but music won the cause.

Gazed on the fair
Who caused his care.

The prince, unable to conceal his pain,

And sighed, and looked, sighed and looked, Sighed and looked, and sighed again. At length with love and wine at once oppressed, The vanquished victor sunk upon her breast.

6. Now strike the golden lyre again;

And louder yet, and yet a louder strain.

Break his bands of sleep asunder,

And rouse him like a rattling peal of thunder.

Hark! hark! the horrid sound

Has raised up his head,

As awaked from the dead,

And, amazed, he stares around.

Revenge! revenge! Timotheus cries;

See the Furies arise;

See the snakes that they rear!

How they hiss in their hair.

And the sparkles that flash from their eyes!

Behold a ghastly band,

Each a torch in his hand!

These are the Grecian ghosts, that in battle were slain,

And unburied remain

Inglorious on the plain;

Give the vengeance due

To the valiant crew:

Behold how they toss their torches on high!

How they point to the Persian abodes,

And glitt'ring temples of their hostile gods!

The princes applaud, with a furious joy:

And the king seized a flambeau, with zeal to destroy;

Thaïs led the way,

To light him to his prey,

And, like another Helen, fired another Troy.

7. Thus, long ago,

Ere heaving bellows learn'd to blow,

While organs yet were mute,

Timotheus to his breathing flute

And sounding lyre,

Could swell the soul to rage, or kindle soft desire.

At last divine Cecilia came,

Inventress of the vocal frame,

The sweet enthusiast, from her sacred store,

Enlarged the former narrow bounds,
And added length to solemn sounds,
With Nature's mother wit, and arts unknown before.
Let old Timotheus yield the prize,
Or both divide the crown:
He raised a mortal to the skies;
She drew an angel down.

XCIV.—THE BARD.

GRAY.

- "Ruin seize thee, ruthless king,
 Confusion on thy banners wait;
 Though fanned by Conquest's crimson wing.
 They mock the air with idle state.
 Helm nor hauberk's twisted mail,
 Nor e'en thy virtues, tyrant, shall avail
 To save thy secret soul from mighty fears,
 From Cambria's curse, from Cambria's tears!"
 Such were the sounds, that o'er the crested pride
 Of the first Edward scattered wild dismay.
 As down the steep of Snowdon's shaggy side
 He wound with toilsome march his long array.
 Stout Glo'ster stood aghast in speechless trance;
 "To arms!" cried Mortimer, and couched his quivering lance.
 - Frowns o'er old Conway's foaming flood,
 Robed in the sable garb of woe,
 With haggard eyes the poet stood,
 Loose his beard, and hoary hair
 Streamed, like a meteor, to the troubled air;
 And with a master's hand, and prophet's fire,
 Struck the deep sorrows of his lyre.
 "Hark, how each giant oak, and desert cave,
 Sighs to the torrent's awful voice beneath!
 O'er thee, oh king! their hundred arms they wave,
 Revenge on thee in hoarser murmurs breathe;
 Vocal no more, since Cambria's fatal day,
 To high-born Hoel's harp, or soft Llewellyn's lay,"

On a rock whose haughty brow

[The bard proceeds to pronounce a curse upon the race of Edward, and foretells the fate of his line. The following applies to the Black

Prince, great-grandson of Edward I., who won the great victory of Poictiers in 1356, over the French.]

Low on his funeral couch he lies!

No pitying heart, no eye afford

A tear to grace his obsequies.

Is the sable warrior fled?

Thy son is gone. He rests among the dead.

The swarm, that in thy noon-tide beam were born?

Gone to salute the rising morn.

Fair laughs the morn, and soft the zephyr blows,

While proudly riding o'er the azure realm,

In gallant trim the gilded vessel goes;

Youth on the prow, and pleasure at the helm;

Regardless of the sweeping whirlwind's sway,

That, hushed in grim repose, expects his evening prey.

XCV.—BRIEF EXTRACTS IN PROSE.

1. Imagination.

It is this talent of affecting the imagination that gives an embellishment to good sense, and makes one man's compositions more agreeable than another's. It sets off all writings in general, but it is the very life and highest perfection of poetry. Where it shines in an eminent degree, it has preserved several poems for many ages, that have nothing else to recommend them; and where all the other beauties are present, the work appears dry and insipid if this single one is wanting. It has something in it like creation. It bestows a kind of existence, and draws up to the reader's view several objects which are not to be found in being. It makes additions to nature, and gives a greater variety to God's works. In a word, it is able to beautify and adorn the most illustrious scenes in the universe, or to fill the mind with more glorious shows and apparitions than can be found in any part of it. ADDISON.

2. Reading.

Readers in general who have an object beyond amuse-

ment, yet are not apprised of the most important use of reading, the acquisition of power. Their knowledge is not power; and, too, the memory retains but the small part of the knowledge of which the book should be full. The grand object, then, should be to improve the strength and tone of the mind by a thinking, analyzing, discriminating manner of reading.

How often have I been struck at observing that no effect at all is produced by the noblest works of genius on the habits of thought, sentiment and talk, of the generality of readers; their mental tone becomes no deeper, no mellower; they are not equal to a fiddle, which improves by being repeatedly played upon. I should not expect one in twenty of even educated readers, so much as to recollect one singularly sublime, and by far the noblest, part of the poem in question; so little emotion does anything awake, even in the moment of reading: if it did, they would not forget it so soon.

3. Reform.

That advice so pernicious will not be followed, I am well assured; yet I can not but listen to it with uneasiness. I can not but wonder that it should proceed from the lips of men who are constantly lecturing us on the duty of consulting history and experience. Have they never heard what effects counsels like their own, when too faithfully followed, have produced? Have they never visited that neighboring country which still presents to the eve, even of a passing stranger, the signs of a great dissolution and renovation of society? Have they never walked by those stately mansions now sinking into decay, and portioned out into lodging - rooms, which line the silent streets of the Faubourg St. Germain? Have they never seen the ruins of those castles whose terraces and gardens overhang the Loire? Have they never heard that from those magnificent hotels, from those ancient castles, an aristocracy as splendid, as brave, as proud, as accomplished, as ever Europe saw, was driven

forth to exile and beggary, to implore the charity of hostile governments and hostile creeds, to cut wood in the back settlements of America, or to teach French in the school-rooms of London? And why were those haughty nobles destroyed with that utter destruction? Why were they scattered over the face of the earth, their titles abolished, their escutcheons defaced, their parks wasted, their palaces dismantled, their heritage given to strangers? Because they had no sympathy with the people, no discernment of the signs of their times; because in the pride and narrowness of their hearts, they called those whose warnings might have saved them theorists and speculators; because they refused all concession till the time arrived when no concession would avail.

4. Religion.

Of all the dispositions and habits which lead to political prosperity, Religion and Morality are indispensable supports. In vain would that man claim the tribute of Patriotism who should labor to subvert those pillars of human happiness, these firmest props of the duties of men and citizens. The mere politician, equally with the pious man, ought to respect and cherish them. A volume could not trace all their connections with private and public felicity. Let it simply be asked, Where is the security for property, for reputation, for life, if the sense of religious obligation deserts the oaths which are the instruments of investigation in Courts of Justice? And let us with caution indulge the supposition that morality can be maintained without religion. Whatever may be conceded to the influence of refined education on minds of peculiar structure, reason and experience both forbid us to expect that national morality can prevail in exclusion of religious principle. WASHINGTON:

Shakspeare.

The same distinction is found in the drama and in fictitious narrative. Highest among those who have exhibited

human nature by means of dialogue stands Shakspeare. His variety is like the variety of nature, endless diversity, scarcely any monstrosity. The characters of which he has given us an impression as vivid as that which we receive from the characters of our own associates are to be reckoned by scores. Yet in all these scores hardly one character is to be found which deviates widely from the common standard, and which we should call very eccentric if we met it in real life. The silly notion that every man has one ruling passion, and that this clue, once known, unravels all the mysteries of his conduct, finds no countenance in the plays of Shakspeare. There man appears as he is, made up of a crowd of passions, which contend for the mastery over him, and govern him in turn. What is Hamlet's ruling passion? Or Othello's? Or Harry the Fifth's? Or Wolsey's? Or Lear's? Or Shylock's? Or Benedick's? Or Macbeth's? Or that of Cassius? Or that of Falconbridge? But we might go on for ever. Take a single example, Shylock. Is he so eager for money as to be indifferent to revenge? Or so eager for revenge as to be indifferent to money? Or so bent on both together as to be indifferent to the honor of his nation and the law of Moses? All his propensities are mingled with each other, so that, in trying to apportion to each its proper part, we find the same difficulty which constantly meets us in real life. A superficial critic may say that hatred is Shylock's ruling passion. But how many passions have amalgamated to form that hatred? It is partly the result of wounded pride: Antonio has called him a dog. It is partly the result of covetousness: Antonio has hindered him of half a million; and, when Antonio is gone, there will be no limit to the gains of usury. It is partly the result of national and religious feeling: Antonio has spit on the Jewish gaberdine; and the oath of revenge has been sworn by the Jewish Sabbath. We might go through all the characters which we have mentioned, and through fifty more in the same way; for it is the constant manner of

Shakspeare to represent the human mind as lying, not under the absolute dominion of one despotic propensity, but under a mixed government, in which a hundred powers balance each other. Admirable as he was in all parts of his art, we most admire him for this, that while he has left us a greater number of striking portraits than all other dramatists put together, he has scarcely left us a single caricature.

MACAULAY.

6. SILENCE.

What a strange power there is in silence! How many resolutions are formed—how many sublime conquests effected - during that pause when the lips are closed and the soul secretly feels the eye of her Maker upon her! When some of those cutting, sharp, blighting words have been spoken which send the hot indignant blood to the face and head, if those to whom they are addressed keep silence, look on with awe: for a mighty work is going on within them, and the spirit of evil, or their guardian angel, is very near to them in that hour. During that pause they have made a step toward heaven or toward hell, and an item has been scored in the book which the day of judgment shall see opened. They are the strong ones of the earth, the mighty food for good or evil, -those who know how to keep silence when it is a pain and grief to them; those who give time to their own souls to wax strong against temptation, or to the powers of wrath to stamp upon them their withering passage.

R. W. EMERSON.

7. Stupidity.

For of a truth stupidity is strong—most strong, as the poet Schiller sings, "Against stupidity the very gods fight unvictorious." There is in it a placid inexhaustibility—a calm viscous infinitude—which will baffle even the gods—which will say calmly, "Try all your lightnings here; see whether I can not quench them."

8. Dr. Johnson's Style.

Mannerism is pardonable, and is sometimes even agreeable, when the manner, though vicious, is natural. Few readers, for example, would be willing to part with the mannerism of Milton or Burke. But a mannerism which does not sit easy on the mannerist, which has been adopted or principle, and which can be sustained only by conscious effort, is always offensive. And such is the mannerism of Johnson.

The characteristic faults of his style are so familiar to all our readers, and have been so often burlesqued, that it is almost superfluous to point them out. It is well known that he made less use than any other prominent writer of those strong plain words, Anglo Saxon or Norman French, of which the roots lie in the inmost depths of our language; and that he felt a vicious partiality for terms which, long after our speech had been fixed, were borrowed from the Greek and Latin, and which, therefore, even when lawfully naturalized, must be considered as born aliens, not entitled to rank with the Queen's English. His constant practice of padding out a sentence with useless epithets, till it became as stiff as the bust of an exquisite; his antithetical forms of expression, constantly employed even where there is no opposition in the ideas expressed; his big words wasted on little things; his harsh inversions, so widely different from those graceful and easy inversions which give variety, spirit and sweetness to the expression of our great old writers; all these peculiarities have been imitated by his admirers and parodied by his assailants till the public has become sick of the subject.

MAGAULAY.

9. STYLE.

For the attainment of correctness and purity in the use of words, the rules of grammarians and critics may be a sufficient guide; but it is not in the works of this class of authors that the higher beauties of style are to be studied.

As the air and manner of a gentleman can be acquired only by living habitually in the best society, so grace in composition must be attained by an habitual acquaintance with classical writers. It is, indeed, necessary for our information that we should peruse occasionally many books which have no merit in point of expression; but I believe it to be extremely useful to all literary men to counteract the effect of this miscellaneous reading by maintaining a constant and familiar acquaintance with a few of the most faultless models which the language affords. For want of some standard of this sort we frequently see an author's taste in writing alter much to the worse, in the course of his life; and his later productions fall below the level of his early essays. D'Alembert tells us that Voltaire had always lying on his table the Petit Carême of Massilon and the tragedies of Racine; the former to fix his taste in prose composition, the latter in poetry.

DUGALD STEWART.

10. Sympathy.

Every man rejoices twice when he has a partner of his joy; a friend shares my sorrow and makes it but a moiety; but he swells my joy and makes it double. For so two channels divide the river, and lessen it into rivulets, and make it fordable, and apt to be drunk up by the first revels of the Sirian star; but two torches do not divide but increase the flame; and though my tears are sooner dried up when they run on my friend's cheeks in the furrows of compassion, yet when my flame hath kindled its lamp, we unite the glories and make them radiant, like the golden candlesticks that burn before the throne of God, because they shine by numbers, by unions, and confederations of light and joy.

11. WAR.

Where communities are very large, the heavier evils of war are felt but by few. The plow-boy sings, the spinning-wheel turns round, the wedding-day is fixed,

whether the last battle were lost or won. In little states it can not be thus; every man feels in his own property and person the effect of a war. Every man is a soldier, and a soldier fighting for his nearest interests. His own trees have been cut down - his own corn has been burnt - his own house has been pillaged - his own relations have been killed. How can be entertain toward the enemies of his country the same feelings with one who has suffered nothing from them, except perhaps the addition of a small sum to the taxes which he pays? Men in such circumstances can not be generous. They have too much at stake. It is when they are, if I may so express myself, playing for love, it is when war is a mere game of chess, it is when they are contending for a remote colony, a frontier town, the honors of a flag, a salute, or a title, that they can make fine speeches, and do good offices to their enemies. The Black Prince waited behind the chair of his captive; Villars exchanged repartees with Eugene; George II. sent congratulations to Louis XV. during a war upon occasion of his escape from the attempt of Damiens; and these things are fine and generous, and very gratifying to the author of the Broad Stone of Honor, and all other wise men who think, like him, that God made the world only for the use of gentlemen. But they spring in general from utter heartlessness. No war ought ever to be undertaken but under circumstances which render all interchange of courtesy between combatants impossible. It is a bad thing that men should hate each other; but it is far worse that they should contract the habit of cutting one another's throats without hatred. War is never lenient but where it is wanton; when men are compelled to fight in self-defense, they must hate and avenge; this may be bad; but it is human nature; it is the clay as it came from the hand of the potter. MACAULAY.

12. Women.

I have observed among all nations that the women ornament themselves more than the men; that, wherever found.

they are the most civil, kind, obliging, humane, tender beings; that they are ever inclined to be gav and cheerful, timorous and modest. They do not hesitate, like man, to perform a hospitable and generous action; not haughty, nor arrogant, nor supercilious, but full of courtesy and fond of society; industrious, economical, ingenuous; more liable, in general, to err than man, but in general, also, more virtuous, and performing more good actions than he. I never addressed myself in the language of decency and friendship to a woman, whether civilized or savage, without receiving a decent and friendly answer. With man it has often been otherwise. In wandering over the barren plains of inhospitable Denmark, through honest Sweden, frozen Lapland, rude and cheerless Finland, unprincipled Russia, and the wide-spread regions of the wandering Tartar, if hungry, dry, cold, wet, or sick, woman has ever been friendly to me, and uniformly so: and, to add to this virtue, so worthy of the appellation of benevolence, these actions have been performed in so free and so kind a manner, that, if I was dry, I drank the sweet draught, and if hungry, ate the coarse morsel, with a double relish.

JOHN LEDYARD.

13. Addison.

But that which chiefly distinguishes Addison from Swift, from Voltaire, from almost all the other great masters of ridicule, is the grace, the nobleness, the moral purity, which we find even in his merriment. Severity, gradually hardening and darkening into misanthropy, characterizes the works of Swift. The nature of Voltaire was, indeed, not inhuman; but he venerated nothing. Neither in the masterpieces of art nor in the purest examples of virtue, neither in the Great First Cause nor in the awful enigma of the grave, could he see anything but subjects of drollery. The more solemn and august the theme, the more monkeylike was his grimacing and chattering. The mirth of Swift is the mirth of Mephistopheles; the mirth of Vol-

taire is the mirth of Puck. If, as Soame Jenyns oddly imagined, a portion of the happiness of seraphim and just men made perfect be derived from an exquisite perception of the ludicrous, their mirth must surely be no other than the mirth of Addison; a mirth consistent with tender compassion for all that is frail, and a profound reverence for all that is sublime. Nothing great, nothing amiable, no moral duty, no doctrine of natural or revealed religion, has ever been associated by Addison with any degrading idea. His humanity is without a parallel in literary history. The highest proof of virtue is to possess boundless power without abusing it. No kind of power is more formidable than the power of making men ridiculous; and that power Addison possessed in a boundless measure. How grossly that power was abused by Swift and by Voltaire is well known. But of Addison it may be confidently affirmed that he has blackened no man's character, nav, that it would be difficult, if not impossible, to find, in all the volumes which he has left us, a single taint which can be called ungenerous or unkind. Yet he had detractors whose malignity might have seemed to justify as terrible a revenge as that which men not superior to him in genius wreaked on Bettesworth and on Franc de Pompignan. He was a politician; he was the best writer of his party; he lived in times of fierce excitement, in times when persons of high character and station stooped to scurrility such as is now practiced only by the basest of mankind. Yet no provocation and no example could induce him to return railing for railing.

MACAULAY.

14. Ambition.

There are few men who are not ambitious of distinguishing themselves in the nation or country where they live, of growing considerable with those with whom they converse. There is a kind of grandeur and respect which the meanest and most insignificant part of mankind endeavor to produce in the little circle of their friends and acquaint-

ance. The poorest mechanic, nay, the man who lives upon common alms, gets him his set of admirers, and delights in that superiority which he enjoys over those who are in some respects beneath him. This ambition, which is natural to the soul of man, might, methinks, receive a very happy turn, and, if it were rightly directed, contribute as much to a person's advantage as it generally does to his uncasiness and disquiet.

ADDISON.

15. Ancestry.

Human and mortal though we are, we are, nevertheless, not mere insulated beings, without relation to the past or future. Neither the point of time nor the spot of earth in which we physically live, bounds our rational and intellectual enjoyments. We live in the past by a knowledge of its history, and in the future by hope and anticipation. By ascending to an association with our ancestors; by contemplating their example, and studying their character; by partaking their sentiments, and imbibing their spirit; by accompanying them in their toils; by sympathizing in their sufferings and rejoicing in their successes and their triumphs—we mingle our own existence with theirs, and seem to belong to their age. We become their contemporaries, live the lives which they lived, endure what they endured, and partake in the rewards which they enjoyed.

DANIEL WEBSTER.

16. Cromwell.

The ambition of Oliver was of no vulgar kind. He never seems to have coveted despotic power. He at first fought sincerely and manfully for the Parliament, and never deserted it till it had deserted its duty. If he dissolved it by force, it was not till he found that the few members who remained after so many deaths, secessions, and expulsions were desirous to appropriate to themselves a power which they held only in trust, and to inflict upon England the curse of a Venetian eligarchy. But even

when thus placed by violence at the head of affairs, he did not assume unlimited power. He gave the country a constitution far more perfect than any which had at that time been known in the world. He reformed the representative system in a manner which has extorted praise even from Lord Clarendon. For himself he demanded indeed the first place in the Commonwealth; but with powers scarcely so great as those of a Dutch stadtholder or an American president. He gave the parliament a voice in the appointment of ministers, and left to it the whole legislative authority, not even reserving to himself a veto on its enactments; and he did not require that the chief magistracy should be hereditary in his family. Thus far, we think, if the circumstances of the time and the opportunities which he had of aggrandizing himself be fairly considered, he will not lose by comparison with Washington or Bolivar.

MACAULAY.

17. THE MIGHTY NATION.

Methinks I see in my mind a noble and puissant nation rousing herself like a strong man after sleep, and shaking her invincible locks; methinks I see her as an eagle mewing her mighty youth, and kindling her undazzled eyes at the full mid-day beam; purging and unsealing her long-abused sight at the fountain itself of heavenly radiance; while the whole noise of timorous and flocking birds, with those also that love the twilight, flutter about, amazed at what she means.

18. TRUTH.

Though all the winds of doctrine were let loose to play upon the earth, so Truth be in the field, we do injuriously, by licensing and prohibiting, to misdoubt her strength. Let her and falsehood grapple; who ever knew Truth put to the worse in a free and open encounter? Her confuting is the best and surest suppressing. He who hears what praying there is for light and clear knowledge to be sent

down among us, would think of other matters to be constituted beyond the discipline of Geneva, framed and fabricked already to our hands. Yet when the new light which we beg for shines in upon us, there be who envy and oppose, if it come not first at their casement.

What a collusion is this, when as we are exhorted by the wise man to use diligence, "to seek for wisdom as for hidden treasures," early and late, that another order shall enjoin us to know nothing but by statute! When a man hath been laboring the honest labor in the deep mines of knowledge, hath furnished out his findings in all their equipage, drawn forth his reasons, as it were a battle ranged, scattered and defeated all objections in his way, calls out his adversary into the plain, offers him the advantage of wind and sun, if he please, only that he may try the matter by dint of argument; for his opponents then to skulk, to lay ambushments, to keep a narrow bridge of licensing where the challenger should pass, though it be valor enough in soldiership, it is but weakness and cowardice in the war of Truth. For who knows not that Truth is strong, next to the Almighty? She needs no policies, nor stratagems, nor licensings, to make her victorious; those are the shifts and defenses that error uses against her power; give her but room, and do not bind her when she sleeps.

19. Charity.

Is any man fallen into disgrace? Charity doth hold down its head, is abashed and out of countenance, partaking of his shame. Is any man disappointed of his hopes or endeavors? Charity crieth out, alas! as if it were itself defeated. Is any man afflicted with pain or sickness? Charity looketh sadly, it sigheth and groaneth, it fainteth and languisheth with him. Is any man pinched with hard want? Charity, if it can not succor it, will condole. Doth ill news arrive? Charity doth hear it with an unwilling ear and a sad heart, although not particularly concerned in

it. The sight of a wreck at sea, of a field spread with carcasses, of a country desolated, of homes burnt and cities ruined, and of the like calamities incident to mankind, would touch the bowels of any man; but the very report of them would affect the heart of charity.

BARROW.

XCVI.—FALSTAFF'S COURAGE.

SHAKSPEARE.

Enter Prince Henry, Poins; also the robbers, Falstaff, Gads-Hill, Bardolph, and Peto; also Francis, with wine.

Poins. Welcome, Jack: where hast thou been?

Fal. A plague of all cowards, I say, and a vengeance too! marry, and amen!—Give me a cup of sack, boy. Ere I lead this life long, I'll sew nether-stocks, and mend them, and foot them too. A plague of all cowards!—Give me a cup of sack, rogue.—Is there no virtue extant? [He drinks.]

Prince. Didst thou never see Titan kiss a dish of butter? pitiful-hearted butter, that melted at the sweet tale of the sun? If thou didst, then behold that compound.

Fal. You rogue, here's lime in this sack, too: there is nothing but roguery to be found in villainous man. Yet a coward is worse than a cup of sack with lime in it; a villainous coward.—Go thy ways, old Jack; die when thou wilt, if manhood, good manhood, be not forgot upon the face of the earth, then am I a shotten herring. There live not three good men unhanged in England; and one of them is fat, and grows old: God help the while! a bad world, I say. I would I were a weaver; I could sing psalms or anything. A plague of all cowards! I say still.

Prince. How now, woolsack! what mutter you?

Fal. A king's son! If I do not beat thee out of thy kingdom with a dagger of lath, and drive all thy subjects afore thee like a flock of wild geese, I'll never wear hair on my face more. You Prince of Wales!

Prince. Why, you round man, what's the matter?

Ful. Are you not a coward? answer me to that;—and Poins there?

Poins. 'Zounds, you fat fellow, an ye call me coward, I'll stab thee.

Fal. I call thee coward! I'll see thee hanged ere I call thee coward: but I would give a thousand pound, I could run as fast as thou canst. You are straight enough in the shoulders; you care not who sees your back: call you that backing of your friends? A plague on such backing! give me them that will face me.—Give me a cup of sack:

—I am a rogue, if I drunk to-day.

Prince. O villain! thy lips are scarce wiped since thou drunk'st last.

Fal. All's one for that. [He drinks.] A plague of all cowards! still say I.

Prince. What's the matter?

Fal. What's the matter! there be four of us here have ta'en a thousand pound this morning.

Prince. Where is it, Jack? where is it?

Fal. Where is it? taken from us it is; a hundred upon poor four of us.

Prince. What, a hundred, man?

Fal. I am a rogue, if I were not at half-sword with a dozen of them two hours together. I have 'scaped by miracle. I am eight times thrust through the doublet, four through the hose; my buckler cut through and through; my sword hacked like a hand-saw; ecce signum! I never dealt better since I was a man: all would not do. A plague of all cowards!—Let them speak: if they speak more or less than truth, they are villains and sons of darkness.

Prince. Speak, sirs; how was it?

Gads. We four set upon some dozen,—

Fal. Sixteen, at least, my lord.

Gads. — and bound them.

Peto. No, no; they were not bound.

Fal. You rogue, they were bound, every man of them; or I am a Jew else, an Ebrew Jew.

Gads. As we were sharing, some six or seven fresh men set upon us,—

Fal. And unbound the rest, and then came in the other.

Prince. What, fought ye with them all?

Fal. All! I know not what ye call all; but if I fought not with fifty of them, I am a bunch of radish; if there were not two or three and fifty upon poor old Jack, then I am no two-legged creature.

Prince. Pray God you have not murdered some of them.

Fal. Nay, that's past praying for: I have peppered two of them; two, I am sure, I have paid; two rogues in buckram suits. I tell thee what, Hal,—if I tell thee a lie, spit in my face, call me horse. Thou knowest my old ward; here I lay; and thus I bore my point. Four rogues in buckram let drive at me.—

Prince. What, four? thou saidst but two even now.

Fal. Four, Hal; I told thee four.

Poins. Ay, ay, he said four.

Fal. These four came all a-front, and mainly thrust at me. I made me no more ado, but took all their seven points in my target, thus.

Prince. Seven? why there were but four even now.

Ful. In buckram?

Poins. Ay, in buckram suits.

Fal. Seven, by these hilts, or I am a villain else.

Prince. [Aside.] Pr'ythee, let him alone: we shall have more anon.

Fal. Dost thou hear me, Hal?

Prince. Ay, and mark too, Jack.

Fal. Do so, for it is worth the listening to. These nine in buckram that I told thee of,—

Prince. [Aside.] So, two more already.

Fal. — their points being broken,—

Poins. Down fell their hose.

Fal. - began to give me ground; but I followed me

close, came in, foot and hand, and with a thought seven of the eleven I paid.

Prince. [Aside.] O monstrous! eleven buckram men grown out of two.

Fal. But three misbegotten knaves in Kendal green came at my back and let drive at me;—for it was so dark, Hal, that thou could'st not see thy hand.

Prince. These lies are like the father that begets them; gross as a mountain, open, palpable. Why, thou nottpated fool, thou obscene, greasy tallow-keech,—

Fal. What, art thou mad? art thou mad? is not the truth the truth?

Prince. Why, how could'st thou know these men in Kendal green, when it was so dark thou could'st not see thy hand! Come, tell us your reason; what say'st thou to this?

Poins. Come, your reason, Jack, your reason.

Fal. What, upon compulsion? No; were I at the strappado, or all the racks in the world, I would not tell you on compulsion. Give you a reason on compulsion! if reasons were as plenty as blackberries, I would give no man a reason upon compulsion, I.

Prince. I'll be no longer guilty of this sin: this sanguine coward, this bed-presser, this horse-back-breaker, this huge hill of flesh,—

Fal. Away, you starveling, you eel-skin, you dried neat's tongue, you stock-fish,—O, for breath to utter what is like thee!—you tailor's yard, you sheath, you bow-case, you vile standing tuck,—

Prince. Well breathe awhile, and then to't again; and when thou hast tired thyself in base comparisons, hear me speak but this:

Poins. Mark, Jack.

Prince. We two saw you four set on four: you bound them, and were masters of their wealth.—Mark now, how plain a tale shall put you down.—Then did we two set on you four, and, with a word, outfaced you from your prize,

and have it; yea, and can show it you here in the house. And, Falstaff, you carried yourself away as nimbly, with as quick dexterity, and roared for mercy, and still ran and roared, as ever I heard bull-calf. What a slave art thou, to hack thy sword as thou hast done, and then to say it was in fight! What trick, what device, what starting-hole, canst thou now find out, to hide thee from this open and apparent shame?

Poins. Come, let's hear, Jack: what trick hast thou new? Fal. Why look you, I knew you as well as He that made ye. Why, hear ye, my masters: Was it for me to kill the heir-apparent? Should I turn upon the true prince? Why, thou knowest I am as valiant as Hercules; but beware instinct: the lion will not touch the true prince. Instinct is a great matter; I was a coward on instinct. I shall think the better of myself and thee during my life; I for a valiant lion, and thou for a true prince. But, lads, I am glad you have the money. (To Mrs. Quickly, within.) Hostess, clap-to the doors: watch to-night, pray to-morrow.—Gallants, lads, boys, hearts of gold, all the titles of good fellowship come to you! What, shall we be merry? Shall we have a play extempore?

Prince. Content; —and the argument shall be thy running away.

Fal. Ah, no more of that, Hal, an thou lovest me!

XCVII.—CHARLES XII.

SAMUEL JOHNSON.

- On what foundations stands the warrior's pride, How just his hopes, let Swedish Charles decide; A frame of adamant, a soul of fire, No dangers fright him, and no labors tire; O'er love, o'er fear, extends his wide domain, Unconquered lord of pleasure and of pain.
- No joys to him pacific scepters yield, War sounds the trump, he rushes to the field;

Behold surrounding kings their power combine,
And one capitulate, and one resign;
Peace courts his hand, but spreads her charms in vain;
"Think nothing gained," he cries, "till nought remain,
On Moscow's walls till Gothic standards fly,
And all be mine beneath the polar sky."

- 3. The march begins in military state,
 And nations on his eye suspended wait;
 Stern famine guards the solitary coast,
 And winter barricades the realms of frost;
 He comes; nor want, nor cold, his course delay;
 Hide, blushing glory, hide Pultowa's day:
 The vanquished hero leaves his broken bands,
 And shows his miseries in distant lands;
 Condemned a needy suppliant to wait,
 While ladies interpose, and slaves debate.
- 4. And did not chance at length her error mend? Did no subverted empire mark his end? Did rival monarchs give the fatal wound, Or hostile millions press him to the ground? His fall was destined to a barren strand, A petty fortress, and a dubious hand; He left the name, at which the world grew pale, To point a moral, or adorn a tale.

XCVIII.—THE MARINER'S WIFE.

WILLIAM J. MICKLE.

- But are ye sure the news is true?
 And are ye sure he's weel?
 Is this a time to think o' wark?
 Ye jauds, fling bye your wheel.
 For there's nae luck about the house,
 There's nae luck about the house,
 When our gudeman's awa'.
- Is this a time to think o' wark,
 When Colin's at the door?
 Rax doun my cloak I'll to the key,
 And see him come ashore.

- Rise up and make a clean fireside, Put on the mickle pat;
 Gie little Kate her cotton goun, And Jock his Sunday's coat.
- And mak' their shoon as black as slaes,
 Their stockings white as snaw;
 It's a' to pleasure our gudeman –
 He likes to see them braw.
- There are twa hens into the crib,
 Hae fed this month and mair,
 Mak haste and thraw their necks about,
 That Colin weel may fare.
- My Turkey slippers I'll put on, My stockings pearl blue — It's a' to pleasure my gudeman, For he's baith leal and true.
- Sae sweet his voice, sae smooth his tongue;
 His breath's like caller air;
 His very fit has music in't,
 As he comes up the stair.
- And will I see his face again?
 And will I hear him speak?
 I'm dounright dizzy wi' the thought:
 In troth I'm like to greet.

XCIX.—THE RE-WEDDED WIFE.

SAMUEL BISHOP.

"Thee, Mary, with this ring I wed,"—
So, fourteen years ago, I said.
Behold another ring!—"For wnat?"
"To wed thee o'er again? Why not?
With that first ring I marrige youth,
Grace, beauty, innocence, and truth;
Taste long admired, sense long revered,
And all my Molly then appeared.
If she by merit since disclosed,
Prove twice the woman I supposed,

I plead that double merit now, To justify a double vow. Here, then, to-day (with faith as sure, With ardor as intense, as pure, As when, amidst the rites divine, I took thy troth, and plighted mine), To thee, sweet girl, my second ring A token and a pledge I bring. With this I wed, till death us part, Thy riper virtues to my heart; Those virtues which, before untried, The wife has added to the bride: Those virtues, whose progressive claim, Endearing wedlock's very name, My soul enjoys, my song approves, For conscience' sake as well as love's. And why? - They show me every hour Honor's high thought, Affection's power, Discretion's deed, sound Judgment's sentence, And teach me all things - but repentance."

C.—A SCENE AT LANARK.

TOBIAS GEORGE SMOLLETT.

- 1. We set out from Glasgow, by way of Lanark, the county town of Clydesdale, in the neighborhood of which the whole river Clyde, rushing down a steep rock, forms a very noble and stupendous cascade. Next day we were compelled to halt in a small borough, until the carriage, which had received some damage, should be repaired; and here we met with an incident which warmly interested the benevolent spirit of Mr. Bramble.
- 2. As we stood at the window of an inn that fronted the public prison, a person arrived on horseback, genteelly, though plainly dressed in a blue frock, with his own hair cut short, and a gold-laced hat upon his head. Alighting, and giving his horse to the landlord, he advanced to an old man who was at work in paving the street; and accosted him in these words,—"This is hard work for such an old

man as you." So saying, he took the instrument out of his hand, and began to thump the pavement.

- 3. After a few strokes, "Have you never a son," said he, "to ease you of this labor?" "Yes, an' please your honor," replied the senior, "I have three hopeful lads, but at present they are out of the way." "Honor not me," cried the stranger; "it more becomes me to honor thy gray hairs. Where are those sons you talk of?" The ancient pavior said, his eldest son was a captain in the East Indies, and the youngest had lately enlisted as a soldier, in hopes of prospering like his brother. The gentleman desiring to know what was become of the second, he wiped his eyes, and owned he had taken upon him his old father's debts, for which he was now in prison hard by.
- 4. The traveler made three quick steps toward the jail, when turning short, "Tell me," said he, "has that unnatural captain sent you nothing to relieve your distress?" "Call him not unnatural," replied the other, "God's blessing be upon him! he sent me a great deal of money, but I made bad use of it; I lost it by being security for a gentleman that was my landlord, and was stripped of all I had in the world besides."
- 5. At that instant a young man, thrusting out his head and neck between two iron bars in the prison window, exclaimed, "Father! father! if my brother William is in life, that's he." "I am! I am!" cried the stranger, clasping the old man in his arms, and shedding a flood of tears, "I am your son Willy, sure enough." Before the father, who was quite confounded, could make any return to this tenderness, a decent old woman, bolting out from the door of a poor habitation, cried, "Where is my bairn? Where is my dear Willy?" The captain no sooner beheld her than he quitted his father, and ran to her embrace.
- 6. I can assure you, my uncle, who saw and heard every thing that passed, was as much moved as any one of the parties concerned in this pathetic recognition. He sobbed, and wept, and clapped his hands, and shouted, and finally

ran down the street. By this time the captain had retired with his parents, and all the inhabitants of the place were assembled at the door.

7. Mr. Bramble, nevertheless, pressed through the crowd, and entering the house, "Captain," said he, "I beg the favor of your acquaintance. I would have traveled a hundred miles to see this affecting scene; and I shall think myself happy if you and your parents will dine with me at the public house." The captain thanked him for his kind invitation, which, he said, he would accept with pleasure; but in the meantime he could not think of eating or drinking while his poor brother was in trouble. He forthwith deposited a sum equal to the debt in the hands of the magistrate, who ventured to set his brother at liberty without further process; and then the whole family repaired to the inn with my uncle, attended by the crowd, the individuals of which shook their townsman by the hand, while he returned their caresses without the least sign of pride or affectation.

CI.—ANATOMY OF CHARACTER.

RICHARD B. SHERIDAN.

Maria enters to Lady Sneerwell and Joseph Surface.

Lady S. Maria, my dear, how do you do? What's the matter?

Maria. Oh! there is that disagreeable lover of mine, Sir Benjamin Backbite, has called at my guardian's with his odious uncle, Crabtree; so I slipped out and ran hither to avoid them.

Lady S. Is that all?

Joseph S. If my brother Charles had been of the party, madam, perhaps you would not have been so much alarmed.

Lady S. Nay, now you are severe; for I dare say the truth of the matter is, Maria heard you were here. But, my dear, what has Sir Benjamin done that you should avoid him so?

Maria. Oh, he has done nothing—but 'tis for what he said: his conversation is a perpetual libel on all his acquaintance.

Joseph S. Ay, and the worst of it is, there's no advantage in not knowing him—for he'll abuse a stranger just as soon as his best friend; and his uncle Crabtree's as bad.

Lady S. Nay, but we should make allowance. Sir Benjamin is a wit and poet.

Maria. For my part, I own, madam, wit loses its respect with me when I see it in company with malice. What do you think, Mr. Surface?

Joseph S. Certainly, madam; to smile at the jest which plants a thorn in another's breast is to become a principal in the mischief.

Lady S. Pshaw!—there's no possibility of being witty without a little ill nature: the malice of a good thing is the barb that makes it stick. What's your opinion, Mr. Surface?

Joseph S. To be sure, madam; that conversation where the spirit of raillery is suppressed, will ever appear tedious and insipid.

Maria. Well, I'll not debate how far scandal may be allowable; but in a man, I am sure, it is always contemptible. We have pride, envy, rivalship, and a thousand little motives to depreciate each other; but a male slanderer must have the cowardice of a woman before he can traduce one.

Enter SERVANT.

Serr. Madam, Mrs. Candor is below, and if your lady-ship's at leisure, will leave her carriage.

Lady S. Beg her to walk in. [Exit Servant.] Now, Maria, however, here is a character to your taste; for though Mrs. Candor is a little talkative, everybody allows her to be the best-natured and best sort of woman.

Maria. Yes, with a very gross affectation of good nature and benevolence, she does more mischief than the direct malice of old Crabtree.

Joseph S. I'faith, that's true, Lady Sneerwell: whenever I hear the current running against the characters of my friends, I never think them in such danger as when Candor undertakes their defense.

Lady S. Hush! here she is!

Mrs. C. My dear Lady Sneerwell, how have you been this century? Mr. Surface, what news do you hear?—though, indeed, it is no matter, for I think one hears nothing else but scandal.

Joseph S. Just so, indeed, ma'am.

Mrs. C. Oh, Maria! child—what! is the whole affair off between you and Charles? His extravagance, I presume—the town talks of nothing else.

Maria. I am sorry, ma'am, the town has so little to do.

Mrs. C. True, true, child: but there's no stopping people's tongues. I own I was hurt to hear it, as I was indeed to learn, from the same quarter, that your guardian, Sir Peter and Lady Teazle, have not agreed lately as well as could be wished.

Maria. 'Tis strangely impertinent for people to busy themselves so.

Mrs. C. Very true, child; but what's to be done? People will talk—there's no preventing it. Why, it was but yesterday I was told that Miss Gadabout had eloped with Sir Filligree Flirt. But there's no minding what one hears; though, to be sure, I had this from very good authority.

Maria. Such reports are highly scandalous.

Mrs. C. So they are, child—shameful, shameful! But the world is so censorious, no character escapes. Well, now, who would have suspected your friend, Miss Prim, of an indiscretion? Yet such is the ill nature of people that they say her uncle stopped her last week, just as she was stepping from the York mail with her dancing-master.

Maria. I'll answer for't there are no grounds for that report.

Mrs. C. Ah, no foundation in the world, I dare swear; no more, probably, than for the story circulated last month

of Mrs. Festino's affair with Colonel Cassino; though, to be sure, that matter was never rightly cleared up.

Joseph S. The license of invention some people take is monstrous indeed.

Maria. 'Tis so—but in my opinion, those who report such things are equally culpable.

Mrs. C. To be sure they are; tale-bearers are as bad as tale-makers—'tis an old observation, and a very true one: but what's to be done, as I said before? How will you prevent people from talking? To-day Mrs. Clackitt assured me Mr. and Mrs. Honeymoon were at last become mere man and wife, like the rest of their acquaintance.

* No, no! tale-bearers, as I said before, are just as bad as tale-makers.

Joseph S. Ah! Mrs. Candor, if everybody had your forbearance and good nature!

Mrs. C. I confess, Mr. Surface, I can not bear to hear people attacked behind their backs; and when ugly circumstances come out against our acquaintance, I own I always love to think the best. By the bye, I hope 'tis not true that your brother is absolutely ruined?

Joseph S. I am afraid his circumstances are very bad indeed, ma'am.

Mrs. C. Ah! I heard so—but you must tell him to keep up his spirits; everybody almost is in the same way—Lord Spindle, Sir Thomas Splint, and Mr. Nickit—all up, I hear, within this week; so if Charles is undone, he'll find half his acquaintance ruined too; and that, you know, is a consolation.

Joseph S. Doubtless, ma'am - a very great one.

Enter SERVANT.

Serv. Mr. Crabtree and Sir Benjamin Backbite. (Exit Nervant.)

Lady S. So, Maria, you see your lover pursues you; positively you shan't escape.

CII.—THE BEGGAR AND HIS DOG.

HENRY MACKENZIE.

- 1. He sat down on a large stone to take a little pebble from his shoe, when he saw at some distance, a beggar approaching him. He had on a loose sort of coat, mended with different-colored rags, amongst which the blue and the russet were predominant. He had a short knotty stick in his hand, and on the top of it was stuck a ram's horn; his knees (though he was no pilgrim) had worn the stuff of his breeches; he wore no shoes, and his stockings had entirely lost that part of them which should have covered his feet and ankles. In his face, however, was the plump appearance of good humor: he walked a good round pace, and a crooked-legged dog trotted at his heels.
- 2. "Our delicacies," said Harley, to himself, "are fantastic: they are not in nature! that beggar walks over the sharpest stones barefooted, while I have lost the most delightful dream in the world from the smallest of them happening to get into my shoe!" The beggar had by this time come up, and, pulling off a piece of hat, asked charity of Harley; the dog began to beg too. It was impossible to resist both; and, in truth, the want of shoes and stockings had made both unnecessary, for Harley had destined sixpence for him before.
- 3. The beggar, on receiving it, poured forth blessings without number; and, with a sort of smile on his countenance, said to Harley, "that if he wanted his fortune told—" Harley turned his eye briskly on the beggar: it was an unpromising look for the subject of a prediction, and silenced the prophet immediately. "I would much rather learn," said Harley, "what is in your power to tell me; your trade must be an entertaining one: sit down on this stone and let me know something of your profession; I have often thought of turning fortune teller for a week or two myself.

- 4. "Master," replied the beggar, "I like your frankness much; God knows I had the humor of plain dealing in me from a child; but there is no doing with it in this world; we must live as we can, and lying is, as you call it, my profession. But I was in some sort forced to the trade, for I dealt once in telling truth. I was a laborer, sir, and gained as much as to make me live: I never laid by indeed; for I was reckoned a piece of a wag, and your wags, I take it, are seldom rich, Mr. Harley." "So," said Harley, "you seem to know me." "Ay, there are few folks in the country that I don't know something of; how should I tell fortunes else?" "True, but go on with your story: you were a laborer, you say, and a wag; your industry left you, I suppose, with your old trade; but your humor you preserve to be of use to you in your new."
- 5. "What signifies sadness, sir? a man grows lean on't: but I was brought to my idleness by degrees; first I could not work, and it went against my stomach to work ever after. I was seized with the jail fever at the time of the assizes being in the county where I lived; for I was always curious to get acquainted with the felons, because they are commonly fellows of much mirth and little thought, qualities I had ever an esteem for. In the height of this fever, Mr. Harley, the house where I lay took fire and burnt to the ground. I was carried out in that condition, and lay all the rest of my illness in a barn.
- 6. "I got the better of my disease, however, but I was so weak that I spit blood whenever I attempted to work. I had no relation living that I knew of, and I never kept a friend above a week when I was able to joke; I seldom remained above six months in a parish, so that I might have died before I found a settlement in any: thus I was forced to beg my bread, and a sorry trade I found it, Mr. Harley. I told all my misfortunes truly, but they were seldom believed; and a few who gave me a half-penny as they passed, did it with a shake of the head, and an injunction not to trouble them with a long story.

- 7. "In short, I found that people do not care to give alms without some security for their money; a wooden leg or a withered arm is a sort of a draught upon heaven for those who choose to have their money placed to account there; so I changed my plan, and, instead of telling my own misfortunes began to prophesy the happiness of others. This I found by much the better way: folks will always listen when the tale is their own, and of the many who say they do not believe in fortune-telling, I have found few on whom it had not a very sensible effect.
- 8. "I pick up the names of their acquaintance; amours and little squabbles are easily gleaned among servants and neighbors; and indeed people themselves are the best intelligencers in the world for our purpose; they dare not puzzle us for their own sakes, for every one is anxious to hear what they wish to believe; and they who repeat it, to laugh at it, when they are done, are generally more serious than their hearers are apt to imagine. With a tolerable good memory and some share of cunning, with the help of walking a-nights over heaths and churchyards, with this, and showing the tricks of that there dog, which I stole from the sergeant of a marching regiment (and, by the way, he can steal too upon occasion), I make a shift to pick up a livelihood.
- 9. "My trade, indeed, is none of the honestest; yet people are not much cheated neither, who give a few half-pence for a prospect of happiness, which I have heard some people say is all a man can arrive at in this world. But I must bid you good-day, sir; for I have three miles to walk before noon, to inform some boarding-school young ladies whether their husbands are to be peers of the realm or captains in the army; a question which I promised to answer them by that time."
 - 10. Harley had drawn a shilling from his pocket; but Virtue bade him consider on whom he was going to bestow it. Virtue held back his arm; but a milder form, a younger sister of Virtue's, not so severe as Virtue, nor so serious as

Pity, smiled upon him; his fingers lost their compression; nor did Virtue offer to catch the money as it fell. It had no sooner reached the ground, than the watchful cur (a trick he had been taught) snapped it up; and, contrary to the most approved method of stewardship, delivered it immediately into the hands of his master.

CIII.—CONCILIATION WITH AMERICA.

EDMUND BURKE.

- 1. Mr. Speaker, I can not prevail on myself to hurry over the great consideration. It is good for us to be here. We stand where we have an immense view of what is, and what is past. Clouds, indeed, and darkness, rest upon the future. Let us, however, before we descend from this noble eminence, reflect that this growth of our national prosperity has happened within the short period of the life of man. It has happened within sixty-eight years. There are those alive whose memory might touch the two extremities.
- 2. For instance, my Lord Bathurst might remember all the stages of the progress. He was, in 1704, of an age at least to be made to comprehend such things. He was then old enough already to read the deeds of his ancestors, and to learn what excellence means.
- 3. Suppose, sir, that the angel of this auspicious youth, foreseeing the many virtues that made him one of the most amiable, as he is one of the most fortunate men of his age, had opened to him in vision, that, when in the fourth generation, the third prince of the house of Brunswick had sat twelve years on the throne of that nation, which (by the happy issue of moderate and healing counsels) was to be made Great Britain, he should see his son, lord-chancellor of England, turn back the current of hereditary dignity to its fountain, and raise him to a higher rank of peerage, whilst he enriched the family with a new one.

- 4. If among these bright and happy scenes of domestic honor and prosperity that angel should have drawn up the curtain, and unfolded the rising glories of his country, and whilst he was gazing with admiration upon the then commercial grandeur of England, the Genius should point out to him a little speck, scarce visible in the mass of the national interest, a small seminal principle, rather than a formed body, and should tell him - "Young man, there is America - which at this day serves for little more than to amuse you with stories of savage men and uncouth manners; yet shall, before you taste of death, show itself equal to the whole of that commerce which now attracts the attention of the world. Whatever England has been growing to by a progressive increase of improvement, brought in by varieties of people, by succession of civilizing conquests and civilizing settlements in a series of seventeen hundred years, you shall see as much added to her by America in the course of a single life."
- 5. If this state of his country had been foretold to him, would it not require all the sanguine credulity of youth, and all the fervid glow of enthusiasm, to make him believe it? Fortunate man, he has lived to see it! Fortunate, indeed, if he lives to see nothing that shall vary the prospect and cloud the setting of his day.

CIV.—HOHENLINDEN.

THOMAS CAMPBELL.

- On Linden, when the sun was low, All bloodless lay the untrodden snow, And dark as winter was the flow Of Iser, rolling rapidly.
- But Linden saw another sight, When the drum beat at dead of night, Commanding fires of death to light The darkness of the scenery.

- By torch and trumpet fast arrayed, Each horseman drew his battle-blade, And furious every charger neighed To join the dreadful revelry.
- Then shook the hills, with thunder riven,
 Then rushed the steed to battle driven,
 And louder than the bolts of heaven
 Far flashed the red artillery.
- But redder yet that light shall glow
 On Linden's hills of blood-stained snow,
 And bloodier yet the torrent flow
 Of Iser, rolling rapidly.
- 'Tis morn, but scarce yon level sun Can pierce the war-clouds, rolling dun, Where furious Frank and fiery Hun Shout in their sulphurous canopy.
- The combat deepens. On, ye brave, Who rush to glory, or the grave! Wave, Munich! all thy banners wave, And charge with all thy chivalry.
- Few, few shall part where many meet!
 The snow shall be their winding sheet;
 And every sod beneath their feet
 Shall be a soldier's sepulcher.

CV.—YOUNG LOCHINVAR.

SIR WALTER SCOTT.

- Oh, young Lochinvar is come out of the west,
 Through all the wide Border his steed was the best:
 And save his good broad-sword he weapon had none,
 He rode all unarmed, and he rode all alone;
 So faithful in love, and so dauntless in war,
 There never was knight like the young Lochinvar!
- He stayed not for brake, and he stopped not for stone, He swam the Esk river where ford there was none— But, ere he alighted at Netherby gate,

The bride had consented, the gallant came late: For a laggard in love, and a dastard in war, Was to wed the fair Ellen of brave Lochinvar.

- 3. So boldly he entered the Netherby hall,
 'Mong bride's-men, and kinsmen, and brothers and all:
 Then spoke the bride's father, his hand on his sword—
 For the poor craven bridegroom said never a word—
 "O come ye in peace here, or come ye in war?
 Or to dance at our bridal, young Lord Lochinvar?"
- 4. "I long wooed your daughter, my suit was denied; Love swells like the Solway, but ebbs like its tide! And now am I come, with this lost love of mine, To tread but one measure, drink one cup of wine! There be maidens in Scotland, more lovely by far, That would gladly be bride to the young Lochinvar."
- 5. The bride kissed the goblet; the knight took it up, He quaffed off the wine, and he threw down the cup! She looked down to blush, and she looked up to sigh, With a smile on her lips and a tear in her eye. He took her soft hand ere her mother could bar— "Now tread we a measure!" said young Lochinvar.
- 6. So stately his form, and so lovely her face, That never a hall such a galliard did grace! While her mother did fret and her father did fume, And the bridegroom stood dangling his bonnet and plume, And the bride-maidens whispered, "'Twere better by far, To have matched our fair cousin to young Lochinvar!"
- 7. One touch to her hand, and one word to her ear,
 When they reached the hall door, and the charger stood near.
 So light to the croupe the fair lady he swung,
 So light to the saddle before her he sprung!"She is won! we are gone, over bank, bush, and scaur;
 They'll have fleet steeds that follow!" quoth young Lochinvar.
- 8. There was mounting 'mong Graemes of the Netherby clan; Fosters, Fenwicks, and Musgraves, they rode and they ran; There was racing and chasing on Cannobie Lea, But the lost bride of Netherby ne'er did they see! So daring in love, and so dauntless in war, Have ye e'er heard of gallant like young Lochinvar!

CVI.- NASEBY.

THOMAS BABINGTON MACAULAY.

- They are here! they rush on! we are broken! we are gone!
 Our left is borne before them like stubble on the blast;
 O Lord, put forth thy might! O Lord, defend the right!
 Stand back to back in God's name, and fight it to the last.
- 2. Stout Skippon hath a wound—the center hath given ground— Hark! hark! what means the trampling of horsemen on our rear?
 - Whose banner do I see, boys? 'tis he, thank God 'tis he, boys! Bear up another moment. Brave Oliver is here.
- Their heads all stooping low, their points all in a row,
 Like a whirlwind on the trees, like a deluge on the dykes,
 Our cuirassiers have burst on the ranks of the accurst,
 And at a shock have scattered the Forest of his Pikes.
- 4. Fast, fast the gallants ride in some safe nook to hide Their coward heads, predestined to rot on Temple Bar; And he—he turns and flies! shame to those cruel eyes That bore to look on torture, and fear to look on war.
- Ho! comrades, scour the plain, and ere ye strip the slain,
 First give another stab to make your quest secure:
 Then shake from sleeves and pockets their broad pieces and
 lockets,

The tokens of the wanton, the plunder of the poor.

CVII. - FONTENOY.

THOMAS DAVIS.

1. Thrice at the huts of Fontenoy the English column failed; And twice the lines of Saint Antoine, the Dutch in vain assailed; For town and slope were filled with fort and flanking battery, And well they swept the English ranks and Dutch auxiliary. As vainly through De Barri's wood the British soldiers burst, The French artillery drove them back, diminished and dispersed. The bloody Duke of Cumberland beheld with anxious eye, And ordered up his last reserve, his latest chance to try. On Fontenoy, on Fontenoy, how fast his generals ride! And mustering come his chosen troops like clouds at eventide.

2. Six thousand English veterans in stately column tread, Their cannon blaze in front and flank, Lord Hay is at their head; Steady they step a-down the slope, steady they mount the hill; Steady they load, steady they fire, moving right onward still, Betwixt the wood and Fontenoy, as through a furnace blast, Through rampart, trench and palisade, and bullets showering fast:

And on the open plain above they rose, and kept their course, With ready fire and grim resolve that mocked at hostile force. Past Fontenoy, past Fontenoy, while thinner grow their ranks, They break as breaks the Zuyder Zee through Holland's ocean banks.

More idly than the summer flies, French tirailleurs rush round;
 As stubble to the lava tide, French squadrons strew the ground;
 Bomb-shell and grape and round-shot tore, still on they marched and fired;

Fast, from each volley, grenadier and voltigeur retired.

"Push on, my household cavalry!" King Louis madly cried:

To death they rush, but rude their shock, not unavenged they died.

On, through the camp the column trod, King Louis turned his

"Not yet, my liege," Saxe interposed, "the Irish troops remain;" And Fontenoy, famed Fontenoy, had been a Waterloo, Had not these exiles ready been, fresh, vehement, and true.

4. "Lord Clare," he says, "you have your wish; there are your Saxon foes!"

The marshal almost smiles to see how furiously he goes!

How fierce the look these exiles wear, who're wont to be so gay!

The treasured wrongs of fifty years are in their hearts to-day;

The treaty broken ere the ink wherewith 'twas writ could dry;

Their plundered homes, their ruined shrines, their women's parting cry,

Their priesthood hunted down like wolves, their country over-thrown;

Each looked as though revenge for all was staked on him alone. On Fontenoy, on Fontenoy, nor ever yet elsewhere Rushed on to fight a nobler band than these proud exiles were.

5 O'Brien's voice is hoarse with joy, as, halting, he commands, "Fix bayonets—charge!" Like mountain storm rush on these fiery bands! Thin is the English column now, and faint their volleys grow, Yet mustering all the strength they have, they make a gallant show.

They dress their ranks upon the hill, to face that battle wind;
Their bayonets the breaker's foam; like rocks the men behind!
One volley crashes from their line, when through the surging smoke,

With empty guns clutched in their hands, the headlong Irish broke.

On Fontenoy, on Fontenoy, hark to that fierce huzza! Revenge! remember Limerick! dash down the Sassanagh!"

 Like lions leaping at a fold, when mad with hunger's pang, Right up against the English line, the Irish exiles sprang; Bright was their steel. 'tis bloody now, their guns are filled with gore;

Through shattered ranks, and severed files, and trampled flags, they tore;

The English strove with desperate strength, paused, rallied, scattered, fled;

The green hill-side is matted close with dying and with dead.

Across the plain and far away passed on that hideous wrack.

While cavalier and fantassin dashed in upon their track.

On Fontenoy, on Fontenoy, like eagles in the sun,

With bloody plumes the Irish stand; the field is fought and won!

CVIII.—REVISITING CHILDHOOD'S SCENES.

WM. COBBETT.

- 1. After living within a few hundred yards of Westminster Hall, and the Abbey Church, and the Bridge, and looking from my own windows into St. James's Park, all other buildings and spots appear mean and insignificant. I went to-day to see the house I formerly occupied. How small! It is always thus: the words large and small are carried about with us in our minds, and we forget real dimensions. The idea, such as it was received, remains during our absence from the object.
- 2. When I returned to England in 1800, after an absence from the country parts of it of sixteen years, the

trees, the hedges, and even the parks and woods, seemed so small! It made me laugh to hear little gutters, that I could jump over, called rivers! The Thames was but a "creek!" But when, in about a month after my arrival in London, I went to Farnham, the place of my birth, what was my surprise! Everything was become so pitifully small! I had to cross, in my post-chaise, the long and dreary heath of Bagshot. Then, at the end of it, to mount a hill called Hungry Hill; and from that hill I knew I could look down into the beautiful and fertile vale of Farnham.

- 3. My heart fluttered with impatience, mixed with a sort of fear, to see all the scenes of my childhood; for I had learned before of the death of my father and mother. There is a hill not far from the town called Crooksbury Hill, which rises up out of a flat in the form of a cone, and is planted with Scotch fir-trees. Here I used to take the eggs and young ones of crows and magpies. This hill was a famous object in the neighborhood. It served as the superlative degree of height. "As high as Crooksbury's Hill," meant with us the utmost degree of height. Therefore the first object that my eyes sought was this hill. I could not believe my eyes! Literally speaking, I for a moment thought the famous hill removed, and a little heap put in its stead; for I had seen in New Brunswick a single rock, or hill of solid rock, ten times as big, and four or five times as high!
- 4. The post-boy, going down hill, and not a bad road, whisked me in a few minutes to the Bush Inn, from the garden of which I could see the prodigious sand-hill where I had begun my gardening works. What a nothing! But now came rushing into my mind all at once my pretty little garden, my little blue smock-frock, my little nailed shoes, my pretty pigeons that I used to feed out of my hands, the last kind words and tears of my gentle and tender-hearted and affectionate mother! I hastened back into the room. If I had looked a moment longer I should have dropped.

5. When I came to reflect, what a change! I looked down at my dress. What a change! I had dined the day before at a secretary of state's in company with Mr. Pitt, and had been waited upon by men in gaudy liveries! I had nobody to assist me in the world. No teachers of any sort. Nobody to shelter me from the consequences of bad, and no one to counsel me to good behavior. I felt proud. The distinctions of rank, birth and wealth, all became nothing in my eyes; and from that moment (less than a month after my arrival in England) I resolved never to bend before them.

CIX. - MR. WINKLE'S RIDE.

CHARLES DICKENS.

1. "Now, about Manor Farm," said Mr. Pickwick. "How shall we go?"

"We had better consult the waiter, perhaps," said Mr. Tupman, and the waiter was summoned accordingly.

"Dingley Dell, gentlemen — fifteen miles, gentlemen — cross-road — post-chaise, sir?"

"Post-chaise won't hold more than two," said Mr. Pick-wick.

"True, sir—beg your pardon, sir. Very nice four-wheeled chaise, sir—seat for two behind—one in front for the gentleman that drives—oh! beg your pardon, sir,—that'll only hold three."

"What's to be done?" said Mr. Snodgrass.

2. "Perhaps one of the gentlemen would like to ride, sir!" suggested the waiter, looking toward Mr. Winkle; "very good saddle horses, sir—any of Mr. Wardle's men coming to Rochester bring 'em back, sir."

"The very thing," said Mr. Pickwick. "Winkle, will you go on horseback?"

Mr. Winkle did entertain considerable misgivings in the very lowest recesses of his own heart, relative to his equestrian skill; but, as he would not have them even suspected on any account, he at once replied with great hardihood,

"Certainly. I should enjoy it, of all things."

3. Mr. Winkle had rushed upon his fate; there was no resource. "Let them be at the door by eleven," said Mr. Pickwick.

"Very well, sir," replied the waiter.

The waiter retired; the breakfast concluded; and the travelers ascended to their respective bed-rooms, to prepare a change of clothing, to take with them on their approaching expedition.

Mr. Pickwick had made his preliminary arrangements, and was looking over the coffee-room blinds at the passengers in the street, when the waiter entered, and announced that the chaise was ready—an announcement which the vehicle itself confirmed, by forthwith appearing before the coffee-room blinds aforesaid.

- 4. It was a curious little green box on four wheels, with a low place like a wine-bin for two behind, and an elevated perch for one in front, drawn by an immense brown horse, displaying great symmetry of bone. A host-ler stood near, holding by the bridle another immense horse—apparently a near relative of the animal in the chaise—ready saddled for Mr. Winkle.
- "Bless my soul!" said Mr. Pickwick, as they stood upon the pavement while the coats were being put in. "Bless my soul! who's to drive? I never thought of that."
 - "Oh! you, of course," said Mr. Tupman.
 - "Of course," said Mr. Snodgrass.
 - "I?" exclaimed Mr. Pickwick.
- "Not the slightest fear, sir," interposed the hostler. "Warrant him quiet, sir; a hinfant in arms might drive him."
 - "He don't shy, does he?" inquired Mr. Pickwick.
- "Shy, sir? He would'nt shy if he was to meet a vagginload of monkeys with their tails burnt off."
 - 5. The last recommendation was indisputable. Mr.

Tupman and Mr. Snodgrass got into the bin; Mr. Pickwick ascended to his perch, and deposited his feet on a floor-clothed shelf, erected beneath it for that purpose.

"Now, shiny Villiam," said the hostler to the deputy hostler, "give the gen'lm'n the ribbons." "Shiny Villiam"—so called, probably, from his sleek hair and oily countenance—placed the reins in Mr. Pickwick's left hand; and the upper hostler thrust a whip into his right.

"Wo-o!" cried Mr. Pickwick, as the tall quadruped evinced a decided inclination to back into the coffee-room window.

"Wo-o!" echoed Mr. Tupman and Mr. Snodgrass, from the bin.

6. "Only his playfulness, gen'hn'n," said the head host-ler encouragingly; "jist kitch hold on him, Villiam." The deputy restrained the animal's impetuosity, and the principal ran to assist Mr. Winkle in mounting.

"Tother side, sir, if you please."

"Blowed if the gen'lm'n worn't a gettin' up on the wrong side!" whispered a grinning post-boy to the inexpressibly gratified waiter.

Mr. Winkle, thus instructed, climbed into his saddle, with about as much difficulty as he would have experienced in getting up the side of a first-rate man-of-war.

"All right?" inquired Mr. Pickwick, with an inward presentiment that all was wrong.

"All right," replied Mr. Winkle faintly.

"Let 'em go," cried the hostler,—"Hold him in, sir," and away went the chaise, and the saddle-horse, with Mr. Pickwick on the box of the one, and Mr. Winkle on the back of the other, to the delight and gratification of the whole inn yard.

"What makes him go sideways?" said Mr. Snodgrass in the bin, to Mr. Winkle in the saddle.

"I can't imagine," replied Mr. Winkle. His horse was drifting up the street in a most mysterious manner—side

first, with his head toward one side of the way, and his tail toward the other.

- 7. Mr. Pickwick had no leisure to observe either this or any other particular, the whole of his faculties being concentrated in the management of the animal attached to the chaise, which displayed various peculiarities, highly interesting to a by-stander, but by no means equally amusing to any one seated behind him. Besides constantly jerking his head up, in a very unpleasant and uncomfortable manner, and tugging at the reins to an extent which rendered it a matter of great difficulty for Mr. Pickwick to hold them, he had a singular propensity for darting suddenly every now and then to the side of the road, then stopping short, then rushing forward for some minutes, at a speed which it was wholly impossible to control.
- 8. "What can he mean by this?" said Mr. Snodgrass, when the horse had executed this maneuver for the twentieth time.
- "I don't know," replied Mr. Tupman; "it looks very like shying, don't it?" Mr. Snodgrass was about to reply, when he was interrupted by a shout from Mr. Pickwick.
- "Woo!" said that gentleman; "I have dropped my whip."
- "Winkle," said Mr. Snodgrass, as the equestrian came trotting up on the tall horse, with his hat over his eyes, and shaking all over, as if he would shake to pieces, with the violence of the exercise, "pick up the whip, there's a good fellow." Mr. Winkle pulled at the bridle of the tall horse till he was black in the face; and having at length succeeded in stopping him, dismounted, handed the whip to Mr. Pickwick, and grasping the reins prepared to remount.
- 9. Now whether the tall horse, in the natural playfulness of his disposition, was desirous of having a little innocent recreation with Mr. Winkle, or whether it occurred to him that he could perform the journey as much to his own satisfaction without a rider as with one, are points upon which, of course, we can arrive at no definite and dis-

tinct conclusion. By whatever motives the animal was actuated, certain it is that Mr. Winkle had no sooner touched the reins, than he slipped them over his head, and darted backward to their full length.

"Poor fellow," said Mr. Winkle, soothingly—"poor fellow—good old horse." The "poor fellow" was proof against flattery: the more Mr. Winkle tried to get nearer him, the more he sidled away; and notwithstanding all kinds of coaxing and wheedling, there were Mr. Winkle and the horse going round and round each other for ten minutes, at the end of which time each was at precisely the same distance from each other as when they first commenced—an unsatisfactory sort of thing under any circumstances, but particularly so in a lonely road, where no assistance can be procured.

10. "What am I to do?" shouted Mr. Winkle, after the dodging had been prolonged for a considerable time. "What am I to do? I can't get on him."

"You had better lead him till we come to a turnpike," replied Mr. Pickwick from the chaise.

"But he won't come!" roared Mr. Winkle. "Do come and hold him."

Mr. Pickwick was the very personation of kindness and humanity: he threw the reins on the horse's back, and having descended from his seat, carefully drew the chaise into the hedge, lest anything should come along the road, and stepped back to the assistance of his distressed companion, leaving Mr. Tupman and Mr. Snodgrass in the vehicle.

11. The horse no sooner beheld Mr. Pickwick advancing toward him with the chaise whip in his hand, than he exchanged the rotary motion in which he had previously indulged, for a retrograde movement of so very determined a character, that it at once drew Mr. Winkle, who was still at the end of the bridle, at a rather quicker rate than fast walking, in the direction from which they had just come Mr. Pickwick ran to his assistance, but the faster Mr. Pick-

wick ran forward the faster the horse ran backward. There was a great scraping of feet, and a kicking up of the dust; and at last Mr. Winkle, his arms being nearly pulled out of their sockets, fairly let go his hold. The horse paused, stared, shook his head, turned round, and quietly trotted home to Rochester, leaving Mr. Winkle and Mr. Pickwick gazing on each other with countenances of blank dismay. A rattling noise at a little distance attracted their attention. They looked up.

12. "Bless my soul!" exclaimed the agonized Mr. Pickwick, "there's the other horse running away!"

It was but too true. The animal was startled by the noise, and the reins were on his back. The result may be guessed. He tore off with the four-wheeled chaise behind him, and Mr. Tupman and Mr. Snodgrass in the four-wheeled chaise. The heat was a short one. Mr. Tupman threw himself into the hedge, Mr. Snodgrass followed his example, the horse dashed the four-wheeled chaise against a wooden bridge, separated the wheels from the body, and the bin from the perch; and finally stood stock still to gaze upon the ruin he had made.

13. The first care of the two unspilled friends was to extricate their unfortunate companions from their bed of quickset—a process which gave them the unspeakable satisfaction of discovering that they had sustained no injury, beyond sundry rents in their garments, and various lacerations from the brambles. The next thing to be done was, to unharness the horse. This complicated process having been effected, the party walked slowly forward, leading the horse among them, and abandoning the chaise to its fate.

CX.—THE CHARGE OF THE LIGHT BRIGADE.

G. J. WHYTE MELVILLE.

1. It was a wild, picturesque scene, not beautiful, yet full of interest and incident. Behind us lies Balaclava, with its thronging harbor and its busy crowds, whose hum reaches us even here, high above the din. It is like looking down on an ant-hill to watch the movements of the shifting swarm.

On our right, the plain, stretching far and wide, is dotted with the Land Transport—that necessary evil so essential to the very existence of an army; and their clustering wagons and scattered beasts carry the eye onwards to a dim white line formed by the neat tents and orderly encampment of the flower of French cavalry, the gallant and dashing Chasseurs d'Afrique.

2. On our left, the stable call of an English regiment of Light Dragoons reaches us even from the valley of Kadikoi, that Crimean Newmarket, the doings of which are actually chronicled in Bell's Life! Certainly an Englishman's nationality is not to be rooted out of him even in the jaws of death. But we have little time to visit the racecourse or the lines—to pass our comments on the condition of the troopers, or gaze open-mouthed at the wondrous field-batteries that occupy an adjoining encampment—moved by teams of twelve horses each, perhaps the finest animals of the class to be seen in Europe, with every accessory of carriage, harness, and appointments, so perfect as not to admit of improvement, yet, I believe, not found to answer in actual warfare. Our interest is more awakened by another scene.

We are on classic ground now, for we have reached the spot whence

"Into the valley of death Rode the six hundred!"

3. Yes, stretching down from our very feet, lies that

mile-and-a-half gallop which witnessed the boldest deed of chivalry performed in ancient or modern times. Well might the French general exclaim, "It is magnificent," (although he added significantly), "but it is not war." The latter part of his observation is a subject for discussion, but of the former there is and there can be but one opinion. Magnificent indeed it must have been to see six hundred horsemen ride gallantly to almost certain death—every heart beating equally high, every sword striking equally hard and true.

"Groom fought like noble, squire like knight, As fearlessly and well."

- 4. Not a child in England at this day but knows, as if he had been there, the immortal battle of Balaclava. It is needless to describe its situation, to dwell upon the position they were ordered to carry, or the fire that poured in upon front, flanks, ay, and rear, of the attacking force. This is all matter of history; but as the valley stretched beneath us, fresh, green, and smiling peacefully in the sun, it required but little imagination to call up the stirring scene of which it had been the stage. Here was the very ground on which the Light Brigade were drawn up; every charger quivering with excitement, every eye flashing, every lip compressed with the sense of coming danger. A staff officer rides up to the leader and communicates an order.
- 5. There is an instant's pause. Question and reply pass like lightning, and the aide-de-camp points to a dark, grim mass of artillery bristling far away down yonder in the front. Men's hearts stop beating, and many a bold cheek turns pale, for there is more excitement in uncertainty than in actual danger. The leader draws his sword, and faces flush, and hearts beat high once more. Clear and sonorous is his voice as he gives the well-known word; gallant and chivalrous his bearing as he takes his place—that place of privilege—in front—"Noblesse oblige;" and can he be otherwise than gallant, chivalrous and devoted,

for is he not a *gentleman?* and yet, to the honor of our countrymen be it spoken, not a man of that six hundred, of any rank, but was as gallant and chivalrous and devoted as he—he has said so himself a hundred times.

- 6. So the word is given, and the squadron leaders take it up, and the Light Brigade advances at a gallop; and a deadly grasp is on the sword, and the charger feels his rider's energy as he grips him with his knees, and holding him hard by the head urges him resolutely forward—to death!
- 7. And now they cross the line of fire: shot through the heart, an aide-de-camp falls headlong from the saddle, and his loose horse gallops on, wild and masterless, and wheels in upon the flank, and joins the squadron once more. It has begun now. Man upon man, horse upon horse, are shot down and rolled over; yet the survivors close in, sterner, bolder, fiercer than before, and still the death-ride sweeps on.
- 8. "Steady, men—forward," shouts a chivalrous squadron-leader, as he waves his glittering sword above his head, and points toward the foe. Clear and cheerful rings his voice above the tramp of horses and rattle of small-arms and deadly roar of artillery. He is a model of beauty, youth, and gallantry—the admired of men, the darling of women, the hope of his house. Do not look again. A round shot has taken man and horse; he is lying rolled up with his charger, a confused and ghastly mass. Forward! the squadron has passed over him, and still the death-ride sweeps on.
- 9. The gaps are awful now, the men told off by threes look in vain for the familiar face at right or left; every trooper feels that he must depend on himself and his good horse under him, but there is no wavering. Officers begin to have misgivings as to the result, but there is no hesitation. All know that they are galloping to destruction, yet not a heart fails, not a rein is turned. Few, very few are there by this time, and still the death-ride sweeps on.

- 10. They disappear in that rolling sulphurous cloud, the portal of another world; begrimed with smoke, ghastly with wounds, comrade can not recognize comrade, and officers look wildly round for their men; but the guns are still before them—the object is not yet attained—the enemy awaits them steadily behind his gabions, and the fire from his batteries is mowing them down like grass. If but one man is left, that one will still press forward: and now they are on their prey. A tremendous roar of artillery shakes the air. Mingled with the clash of swords and the plunge of horses, oath, prayer, and death-shriek fly to heaven. The batteries are reached and carried. The death-ride sweeps over them, and it is time to return. twos, and threes, and single files, the few survivors stagger back to the ground, from whence, a few short moments ago, a gallant band had advanced in so trim, so orderly, so soldierlike a line.
- 11. The object has been attained, but at what a sacrifice! Look at you stalwart trooper sinking on his saddle-bow, sick with his death-hurt, his head drooping on his bosom, his sword hanging idly in his paralyzed right hand, his failing charger, wounded and feeble, nobly bearing his master to safety ere he falls to rise no more. The soldier's eye brightens for an instant as he hears the cheer of the Heavy Brigade completing the work he has pawned his life to begin. Soon that eye will glaze and close forever.
- 12. Men look round for those they knew and loved, and fear to ask for the comrade who is down, stiff and stark, under those dismounted guns and devastated batteries; horses come galloping in without riders; here and there a dismounted dragoon crawls feebly back to join the remnants of what was once his squadron, and by degrees the few survivors get together, and form something like an ordered body once more. It is better not to count them, they are so few, so *very* few. Weep, England, for thy chivalry! mourn and wring thy hands for that disastrous day; but smile with pride through thy tears, thrill with

exultation in thy sorrow, to think of the sons thou canst boast, of the deeds of arms done by them in that valley, before the eyes of gathered nations—of the immortal six hundred—thy children, every man of them, that rode the glorious death-ride of Balaclava.

CXI.—THE PURITANS IN SCROOBY.

WM. CULLEN BRYANT.

- 1. In North Nottinghamshire, in the Hundred of Basset-Lawe, is the village of Scrooby. Though little more than a hamlet, it was of some importance three hundred years ago, as a post-town on the great road from London to Scotland, and as containing a manor place belonging to the Archbishop of York, then the Archbishop Sandys, one of whose sons was that Edwin Sandys who, in 1618, was made Treasurer of the Virginia Company in London. There were historical associations connected with the archbishop's residence at Scrooby other than those for which the descendants of the "Pilgrim Fathers" may cherish its memory, and which even now are not without some interest. Here Margaret, Queen of Scotland, daughter of Henry VII, slept for a night, on the way to her own kingdom, in 1503; here, also, Henry VIII passed a night on a northern progress in 1541; and in this manor - house Cardinal Wolsev lived some weeks after his fall, ministering to the poor in deeds of charity, saying mass on Sundays, and distributing alms in meat, drink, and money.
- 2. This house of the archbishop was the one great house of Scrooby; for the people of the neighborhood were, for the most part, plain yeomen, who followed what Bradford, the Plymouth Governor, called the innocent trade of husbandry. In the method and manners of their lives there was no very essential difference, except that they had enough to eat and wear, from that way of life which fell to the lot of some of them in an American wilderness.

3. For the habits of the common people of England at that time were exceedingly simple, and in some respects almost primitive. Only where wood was plentiful were their houses well and solidly built of timber; elsewhere they were mere frames filled in with clay. The walls of the rich only, who could afford such a luxury, were covered with hangings to keep out the dampness, and even plastered walls were uncommon. The floors of these houses were of clay, and covered, if at all, with rushes. Chimneys had come into use in the sixteenth century, though it was common long after to have a hole in the roof for the escape of smoke, as is done in Indian wigwams.

The windows were not glazed, for that was a luxury so costly that even noblemen when they left their country-houses to go to Court, had their glass-windows packed away with other precious furniture for safe-keeping. In the houses of the common people there was no better protection from the weather than panes of oiled paper.

- 4. A pallet of straw, with a rough mat for a covering, and a log for a pillow, was deemed a good bed. The food of the people was chiefly flesh, for gardening was an art confined to the very rich, for ornamental purposes, and few vegetables were cultivated. Even agriculture was in a rude state; the draining of land was almost unknown, and fever and ague consequently the common disease. clumsy wooden plough, a wooden fork, a spade, hoe, and flail were the only agricultural implements. The bread was the coarser kind of black bread made of the unbolted flour of oats, barley, or rye, and in times of scarcity this was mixed with ground acorns. Table-forks were unknown; the spoons and platters, where there were any, were of wood; with the use of a knife, the fingers, and a common dish, the civilities of the table were generally dispensed with.
- 5. The yeomen, who lived in this rude fashion, were not called Sir or Master, as gentlemen and knights were, but plain John or Thomas. Yet they were the "settled or

staid men"—from the Saxon Zeoman—the great middle class of England, the firm foundation on which the state rested; and in "foughten fields" the king remained among his yeomanry, or footmen, for on them he relied as his chief strength. The land they lived upon and cultivated was sometimes their own, and they often acquired wealth. Their sons were sent to the universities and the inns of court, and from the ranks of the yeomen great men and great names were given to England; to the class of gentry came recruits of fresh, healthy blood, quickened by new ambitions, strong in great purposes. It was good stock from which to settle a new country.

- 6. There was at Scrooby a congregation of Separatists, made up, for the most part, of people of this class; educated and enlightened enough to come to conclusions of their own upon questions of religious reformation; so stable in character as to hold firmly to convictions conscientiously formed; and endowed with enough of this world's goods to maintain their freedom of thought, even to banishment, if need be, from their native land. A body of their faith preceded them by some years, in emigrating to Holland, and, after their departure, the Scrooby people had no separate building in which to congregate for religious worship. Their usual place of meeting was the manor-house, belonging to the Archbishop of York.
- 7. The leading man among them was William Brewster, who afterwards became the ruling elder of the little church. Brewster held the office of postmaster—or post as it was then called—of Scrooby, a position of a good deal of importance, as it enjoined not only the charge of the mails and the dispatch of letters, but the entertainment and conveyance of travelers, in whatever direction they wished to go. The postmaster was, in one sense, an innkeeper; but an innkeeper for certain duties, by official appointment. As the incumbent of such an office, Brewster occupied the largest and most important house in Scrooby,—that belonging to the archbishop. And this, notwithstanding his

official relation to the state, and its dignity as an episcopal residence, he threw open, once a week, to those with whose opposition to the state and church he was in fullest sympathy.

CXII.—THE TRIAL OF FAITHFUL.

JOHN BUNYAN.

1. Then a convenient time being appointed, they brought them forth to their trial, in order to their condemnation. When the time was come, they were brought before their enemies, and arraigned. The judge's name was Lord Hate-good; their indictment was one and the same in substance, though somewhat varying in form; the contents whereof was this:

"That they were enemies to, and disturbers of, the town's trade; that they had made commotions and divisions in the town, and had won a party to their own most dangerous opinions, in contempt of the law of the prince."

2. Then Faithful began to answer that he had only set himself against that which had set itself against Him that is higher than the highest. And, said he, as for disturbance I make none, being myself a man of peace; the parties that were won to us, were won by beholding our truth and innocence, and they are only turned from the worse to the better. And as to the king you talk of, since he is Beelzebub, the enemy of our Lord, I defy him and all his angels.

3. Then proclamation was made, that they that had aught to say for their lord the king, against the prisoner at the bar, should forthwith appear and give in their evidence. So there came in three witnesses, to wit, Envy, Superstition, and Pickthank; they were then asked if they knew the prisoner at the bar; and what they had to say for their lord the king against him?

Then stood forth Envy, and said to this effect: My lord, I have known this man for a long time, and will attest upon my oath before this honorable bench, that he is——

Judge. Hold, give him his oath.

4. So they sware him. Then he said, My lord, this man, notwithstanding his plausible name, is one of the vilest men in our country; he neither regardeth prince nor people, law nor custom; but doeth all that he can to possess all men with certain of his disloyal notions, which he in the general calls "principles of faith and holiness." And, in particular, I heard him once myself affirm, that Christianity and the customs of our town of Vanity were diametrically opposite, and could not be reconciled. By which saying, my lord, he doth at once not only condemn all our laudable doings, but us in the doing of them.

Then said the judge unto him, Hast thou any more to say?

5. Envy. My lord, I could say much more, only I would not be tedious to the court. Yet, if need be, when the other gentlemen have given in their evidence, rather than anything shall be wanting that will dispatch him, I will enlarge my testimony against him. So he was bid to stand by.

Then they called Superstition, and bid him look upon the prisoner: they also asked, what he could say for their lord the king against him? Then they sware him; so he began:

- 6. My lord, I have no great acquaintance with this man, nor do I desire to have further knowledge of him; however, this I know, that he is a very pestilent fellow, from some discourse that the other day I had with him in this town; for then, talking with him, I heard him say that our religion was naught, and such by which a man could by no means please God. Which saying of his, my lord, your lordship very well knows, what necessarily thence will follow, to wit, that we still do worship in vain, are yet in our sins, and finally will be damned; and this is that which I have to say.
- 7. Then was Pickthank sworn, and bid say what he knew in behalf of their lord the king against the prisoner at the bar. My lord, and you, gentlemen all, this fellow I

have known for a long time, and have heard him speak things that ought not to be spoken; for he hath railed on our noble prince, Beelzebub, and hath spoke contemptibly of his honorable friends, whose names are Lord Old-man, the Lord Carnal-delight, the Lord Luxurious, the Lord Desire-of-vain-glory, my old Lord Lechery, Sir Havinggreedy, with all the rest of our nobility; and he hath said, moreover, that if all men were of his mind, if possible there is not one of these noblemen should have any longer a being in this town. Besides, he hath not been afraid to rail on you, my lord, who are now appointed to be his judge, calling you an ungodly villain, with many other such like vilifying terms, with which he hath bespattered most of the gentry of our town.

8. When this Pickthank had told his tale, the judge directed his speech to the prisoner at the bar, saying, Thou renegade, heretic, and traitor, hast thou heard what these honest gentlemen have witnessed against thee?

Faithful. May I speak a few words in my own defense? Judge. Sirrah, sirrah, thou deservest to live no longer, but to be slain immediately upon the place; yet, that all men may see our gentleness towards thee, let us hear what thou, vile renegade, hast to say.

Faithful. I say then, in answer to what Mr. Envy hath spoken, I never said aught but this, that what rule, or laws, or custom, or people, were flat against the word of God, are diametrically opposite to Christianity. If I have said amiss in this, convince me of my error, and I am ready here before you to make my recantation.

9. As to the second, to wit, Mr. Superstition, and his charge against me, I said only this, that in the worship of God there is required a divine faith; but there can be no divine faith without a divine revelation of the will of God. Therefore, whatever is thrust into the worship of God, that is not agreeable to divine revelation, can not be done but by an human faith, which faith will not be profitable to eternal life.

As to what Mr. Pickthank hath said, say I, (avoiding terms, as that I am said to rail, and the like,) that the prince of this town, with all the rabblement, his attendants, by this gentleman named, are more fit for being in hell than in this town and country; and so the Lord have merey on me.

- 10. Then the judge called to the jury, (who all the while stood by to hear and observe,) Gentlemen of the jury, you see this man, about whom so great an uproar hath been made in this town; you have also heard what those worthy gentlemen have witnessed against him; also you have heard his reply and confession; it lieth now in your breasts to hang him, or save his life; but yet I think meet to instruct you in our law.
- 11. There was an act made in the days of Pharaoh the Great, servant to our prince, that, lest those of a contrary religion should multiply and grow too strong for him, their males should be thrown into the river. There was an act also made in the days of Nebuchadnezzar the Great, another of his servants, that whoever would not fall down and worship his golden image, should be thrown into the fiery furnace. There was also an act made in the days of Darius, that whose for some time called upon any God but him, should be cast into the lions' den. Now the substance of these laws this rebel has broken, not only in thought, (which is not to be borne,) but also in word and deed; which must therefore needs be intolerable.

For that of Pharaoh: his law was made upon suspicion, to prevent mischief, no crime being yet apparent; but here is a crime apparent. For the second and third: you see he disputeth against our religion; and for the treason he hath confessed, he deserveth to die the death.

12. Then went the jury out, whose names were Mr. Blindman, Mr. No-good, Mr. Malice, Mr. Love-lust, Mr. Live-loose, Mr. Heady, Mr. High-mind, Mr. Enmity, Mr. Liar, Mr. Cruelty, Mr. Hate-light, and Mr. Implacable; who every one gave in his private verdict against him

among themselves, and afterwards unanimously concluded to bring him in guilty before the judge. And first among themselves - Mr. Blindman, the foreman, said, I see clearly that this man is an heretic. Then said Mr. No-good, Away with such a fellow from the earth. Ay, said Mr. Malice, for I hate the very looks of him. Then said Mr. Love-lust, I could never endure him. Nor I, said Mr. Live-loose, for he would always be condemning my way. Hang him, hang him, said Mr. Heady. A sorry scrub, said Mr. High-mind. My heart riseth against him, said Mr. Enmity. He is a rogue, said Mr. Liar. Hanging is too good for him, said Mr. Cruelty. Let us dispatch him out of the way, said Mr. Hate-light. Then said Mr. Implacable, Might I have all the world given me, I could not be reconciled to him: therefore let us forthwith bring him in guilty of death. And so they did; therefore he was presently condemned to be had from the place where he was, to the place from whence he came, and there to be put to the most cruel death that could be invented.

13. They therefore brought him out, to do with him according to their law; and first they scourged him, then they lanced his flesh with knives; after they stoned him with stones, they pricked him with their swords; and last of all they burned him to ashes at the stake. Thus came Faithful to his end.

CXIII.—INTIMATIONS OF IMMORTALITY.

WILLIAM WORDSWORTH.

There was a time when meadow, grove and stream,
 The earth and every common sight,
 To me did seem
 Appareled in celestial light,
 The glory and the freshness of a dream.

It is not now as it hath been of yore;—
Turn whereso'er I may

By night or day,

The things which I have seen I now can see no more.

The rainbow comes and goes, And lovely is the rose: The moon doth with delight

Look round her when the heavens are bare;

Waters on a starry night Are beautiful and fair;

The sunshine is a glorious birth:

But yet I know, where'er I go,

That there hath passed away a glory from the earth.

3. Now, while the birds thus sing a joyous song, And while the young lambs bound

As to the tabor's sound.

To me alone there came a thought of grief:

A timely utterance gave that thought relief,

And I again am strong:

The cataracts blow their trumpets from the steep:

No more shall grief of mine the season wrong: I hear the echoes through the mountains throng,

The winds come to me from the fields of sleep,

And all the earth is gay:

Land and sea

Give themselves up to jollity.

And with the heart of May

Doth every beast keep holiday:

Thou child of joy,

Shout round me, let me hear thy shouts, thou happy shepherd boy!

4. Ye blesséd creatures, I have heard the call

Ye to each other make; I see

The heavens laugh with you in your jubilee;

My heart is at your festival,

My head hath its coronal,

The fullness of your bliss, I feel—I feel it all.

Oh evil day! if I were sullen

While the earth herself is adorning,

This sweet May-morning,

And the children are culling

On every side,

In a thousand valleys far and wide,

Fresh flowers; while the sun shines warm,

And the babe leaps up on his mother's arm;-

I hear, I hear, with joy I hear!

— But there's a tree, of many one,
A single field which I have looked upon,
Both of them speak of something that is gone:
The pansy at my feet
Doth the same tale repeat;
Whither is fled the visionary gleam?
Where is it now, the glory and the dream?

- 5. Our birth is but a sleep and a forgetting: The soul that rises with us, our life's star, Hath had elsewhere its setting, And cometh from afar: Not in entire forgetfulness, And not in utter nakedness, But trailing clouds of glory do we come From God, who is our home: Heaven lies about us in our infancy! Shades of the prison-house begin to close Upon the growing boy, But he beholds the light, and whence it flows, He sees it in his joy; The youth, who daily farther from the east Must travel, still is Nature's priest, And by the vision splendid Is on his way attended; At length the man perceives it die away, And fade into the light of common day.
 - 6. Earth fills her lap with pleasures of her own; Yearnings she hath in her own natural kind, And, even with something of a mother's mind.

 And no unworthy aim,

 The homely nurse doth all she can

 To make her foster-child, her inmate man,

 Forget the glories he hath known,

 And that imperial palace whence he came.
- 7. Behold the child among his new-born blisses, A six years' darling of a pigmy size! See, where 'mid work of his own hand he lies, Fretted by sallies of his mother's kisses, With light upon him from his father's eyes! See, at his feet, some little plan or chart,

Some fragment from his dream of human life, Shaped by himself with newly-learnéd art;

A wedding or a festival,

A mourning or a funeral;

And this hath now his heart,

And unto this he frames his song:

Thus will he fit his tongue

To dialogues of business, love, or strife;

But it will not be long

Ere this be thrown aside,

And with new joy and pride

The little actor cons another part;

Filling from time to time his "humorous stage"

With all the persons, down to palsied age,

That Life brings with her in her equipage;

As if his whole vocation Were endless imitation.

8. Thou, whose exterior semblance doth belie

Thy soul's immensity;

Thou best philosopher, who yet dost keep Thy heritage: thou eve among the blind.

That, deaf and silent, read'st the eternal deep,

Haunted forever by the eternal mind,-

Mighty Prophet! Seer blest!

On whom those truths do rest, Which we are toiling all our lives to find;

(In darkness lost, the darkness of the grave;)

Thou, over whom thy immortality

Broods like the day, a master o'er a slave,

A presence which is not to be put by;

Thou little child, yet glorious in the might

Of heaven-born freedom, on thy being's height,

Why with such earnest pains dost thou provoke

The years to bring the inevitable yoke,

Thus blindly with thy blessedness at strife?
Full soon thy soul shall have her earthly freight,

And custom lie upon thee with a weight,

Heavy as frost, and deep almost as life.

O joy! that in our embers
 Is something that doth live,
 That Nature yet remembers
 What was so fugitive!

The thought of our past years in me doth breed Perpetual benedictions: not indeed For that which is most worthy to be blest; Delight and liberty, the simple creed Of childhood, whether busy or at rest, With new-fledged hope still fluttering in his breast:—

Not for these I raise

The song of thanks and praise;
But for those obstinate questionings
Of sense and outward things,
Fallings from us, vanishings;
Blank misgivings of a creature
Moving about in worlds not realized,

High instincts, before which our mortal nature Did tremble like a guilty thing surprised:

But for those first affections,

Those shadowy recollections,

Which, be they what they may,
Are yet the fountain light of all our day,
Are yet a master light of all our seeing;

Uphold us, cherish, and have power to make Our noisy years seem moments in the being Of the eternal silence: truths that wake,

To perish never;

Which neither listlessness, nor mad endeavor,

Nor man nor boy,

Nor all that is at enmity with joy, Can utterly abolish or destroy!

Hence, in a season of calm weather,

Though inland far we be,

Our souls have sight of that immortal sea

Which brought us hither,

Can in a moment travel thither,
And see the children sport upon the shore,
And hear the mighty waters rolling evermore.

10. Then sing, ye birds, sing, sing a joyous song!

And let the young lambs bound

As to the tabor's sound!

We in thought will join your throng,
Ye that pipe and ye that play,
Ye that through your hearts to-day
Feel the gladness of the May!

What though the radiance that was once so bright

Be now forever taken from my sight,

Though nothing can bring back the hour
Of splendor in the grass, of glory in the flower,

We will grieve not, rather find
Strength in what remains behind,
In the primal sympathy
Which having been, must ever be;
In the soothing thoughts that spring
Out of human suffering;
In the faith that looks through death,
In years that bring the philosophic mind.

11. And O ye fountains, meadows, hills and groves, Forebode not any severing of our loves! Yet in my heart of hearts I feel your might; I only have relinquished one delight, To live beneath your more habitual sway. I love the brooks which down their channels fret, Even more than when I tripped lightly as they: The innocent brightness of a new-born day

Is lovely yet;
The clouds that gather round the setting sun
Do take a sober coloring from an eye
That hath kept watch o'er man's mortality;
Another race hath been, and other palms are won.
Thanks to the human heart by which we live;
Thanks to its tenderness, its joys and fears,
To me the meanest flower that blows can give
Thoughts that do often lie too deep for tears.

NOTES.

I. CHARLES JAMES FOX, a celebrated English parliamentary orator and statesman, born 1749, died 1806. During the Revolutionary War he strenuously opposed the war party in the English parliament. He has been called by high authority "the greatest debater that the world ever saw." Fox, Pitt, and Burke were the "wondrous three" leaders of Parliament for many years. This speech was delivered November 20, 1775, in the House of Commons.

II. WALTER SCOTT, the most famous of Scotch novelists, and also noted as a poet, was born in 1771. He was educated for the law. From childhood he took intense interest in the old legends and ballads with which Scotland abounds, and one of his first works was a collection of ballads, entitled Border Minstrelsy. Soon after he published several long poems, the most noted of which are the Lay of the Last Minstrel, Marmion, and the Lady of the Lake. These were for a while very popular. Finding that Byron was eclipsing him as a poet, he turned his attention to prose, and in 1814 published anonymously the novel of Waverly. Several other novels followed in rapid succession, and "the author of Waverly," became the most famous of literary men; though his name was a secret for many years. He was often called "the Great Unknown," and the "Wizard of the North."

In 1826, by the failure of a publishing house, he became involved in debt to the amount of more than a half million of dollars. With stern integrity, he set himself to work to pay it all by literary labor, and in two years, actually earned and paid over to his creditors two hundred thousand dollars. He overworked himself cruelly in doing it, and died in 1832, having in this brief period written more than twenty volumes, and having earned nearly the amount required to satisfy his creditors. The "Waverly Novels" are still regarded as among the very best.

The extract quoted is from the Lay of the Last Minstrel.

JAMES RUSSELL LOWELL, an American poet and essayist, professor in Harvard University, was born in Boston in 1819. In force and originality he is among the first of American poets, but his verse is often rough, and his style obscure. His **Biglow**

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Papers, written in the New England dialect, abounds in wit of a high order. His Commemoration Ode to the Sons of Harvard who fell in the Defense of their Country, containing a noble tribute to Abraham Lincoln, is much praised. He has always been earnest in defense of right. He writes frequently for the Atlantic Monthly, and the North American Review.

The accompanying extract is from Mason & Slidell: a Yankee Idyll, in which Concord Bridge is represented as talking to Bunker Hill Monument about the great civil war then in progress.

The poet compares the American nation to Ishmael the son of Abraham, (Gen. xxi.) who was driven out of his father's house, to become the founder of a great people. What is meant by the last two lines of the first paragraph?

GEORGE GORDON NOEL, LORD BYRON, Was born in London, 1788; died at Missolonghi in Greece, 1824. He was an erratic genius, possessed of remarkable powers of poetic expression, but having plunged early into licentiousness and debauchery, he seemed to delight in venting upon all mankind that self-loathing that he necessarily experienced. Affecting to despise public opinion, he was nervously sensitive to it. His first poems were published when he was but nineteen years old. They were severely criticized in the Edinburgh Review, and the poet replied with a caustic satire, entitled English Bards and Scotch Reviewers, which at once gave him a great reputation. He afterwards published Childe Harold, containing many incidents of his own travels, The *Giaour, The Corsair, The Bride of Abydos, Lara, The Siege of Corinth, Manfred, Don Juan, and a great many shorter poems. He delighted in depicting dark and gloomy passions, and in expressing a contemptuous hatred toward mankind. He was for a while extravagantly praised, and then almost as extravagantly belittled, but he is now generally rated as among the most powerful of modern poets. He died while aiding the Greeks in recovering their freedom.

The first of the extracts from Byron is from an Ode to Napoleon — the second from Don Juan.

Leonidas was a Spartan king, who sacrificed his life in a brave but unavailing attempt to prevent the Persian invasion of Greece, 480 B.C. He fell at Thermopylae, in Locris, a narrow pass between the mountains and the sea.

Cincinnatus was a Roman noble, called from a humble farm to become Dictator or Commander-in-chief, with both civil and military power, at a very critical time. Having accomplished the object of his appointment, he voluntarily resigned his office before his term expired, and returned to his farm.

WILLIAM COLLINS, 1721-1756, was an English lyric poet, best known by his **Ode to the Passions**.

OLIVER WENDELL HOLMES, an American lyric poet and novelist, was born in Cambridge, Mass., in 1809. He is a physician, and professor in the Harvard Medical School. His writings are generally of a humorous character, and are highly esteemed. The Autocrat of the Breakfast Table and Elsie Venner are his best-known prose works.

Old Ironsides was a name popularly applied to the U. S. frigate Constitution, which was conspicuous in the battles of the War of 1812. It had been proposed to break up the old ship, but the popular attachment to her was so great that she was preserved as a valuable relic.

The **Harpies** were mythical monsters of Greek story, having human faces with bodies of birds. They were remarkable for voracity.

III. This exercise is taken from Scott's **Heart of Mid-Lothian**. The Heart of Mid-Lothian was a name applied to the prison, or "tolbooth," of Edinburgh. Effie Deans, the sister of Jeanie, has been condemned to death for the murder of her child, upon circumstantial evidence, afterwards shown to be incorrect. Jeanie starts for London on foot to beg for her sister's life, and is presented to Queen Caroline, queen of George II, by a Scotch nobleman, the Duke of Argyle. She supposes the queen to be a lady of influence at the court, but does not suspect her real character till the close of the interview. She obtains the desired pardon.

The Lowland Scotch speak a peculiar dialect of English, retaining many old Saxon sounds and words. Most of these will be understood by observing the connection.

Tail of ae tow; end of one rope.

The **Porteous Mob** occurred in 1736. John Porteous, Captain of the City Guard of Edinburgh, had been imprisoned for firing upon a mob. An armed band broke open the prison, and hanged the officer. None of the party were ever identified.

IV. **EDWARD EVERETT**, an eminent American scholar, orator, and statesman, was born in Dorchester, Mass., in 1794. He was for a while a clergyman. He was a member of both Houses of Congress, Minister to England, and President of Harvard College. He is best known by his orations on literary and political subjects. He died in 1865.

V. JOSEPH ADDISON, a famous English essayist and humorist, born 1672, died 1719. He is best known by his essays contributed to three literary periodicals, the **Tatler**, the **Spectator**, and the **Guardian**. His style is remarkable for its grace, ease, and dignity. (See page 292.) He also published several poems, and the tragedy of **Cato**. The essay on the Love of Country appeared in a series of political essays entitled the **Freeholder**.

VI. HENRY WADSWORTH LONGFELLOW, the most widely popular of American poets, was born in Portland, Me., in 1807. His poems are very numerous, all marked by clearness and purity of thought, a chaste imagination, and a deep tenderness of feeling. The best known are Voices of the Night, Evangeline, Hiawatha, and Tales of a Wayside Inn. He has translated many poems from foreign languages, among them the famous Divina Commedia, of Dante. This exercise is an extract from Evangeline.

Acadie or Acadia, was the name given by the French in 1604 to the territory east of the Penobscot River. It was settled by them, but by the Peace of Utrecht in 1713, the territory now called Nova Scotia was transferred to England. The inhabitants were required to take an oath of allegiance to the British Crown, and remained loyal, though often ill-treated, and strongly persuaded by the French to revolt. In 1755, however, on the charge of disloyally aiding their Canadian countrymen, their lands, houses and cattle were seized by the government, and they were removed to different parts of the British dominions. Several thousands, variously stated from three to seven, were dispersed in this way. Their descendants are still found in Louisiana, sadly degenerated from their original character as given in the poem.

The **Ave Maria**, or "Hail, Mary," is a prayer addressed to the Virgin Mary, commonly used in Roman Catholic worship.

For Elijah's ascending to heaven, see 2 Kings, xi. The Prophet Descending from Sinai; see Exodus, xxxiv. 29-35. The Angelus is a prayer of the Roman Catholic Church, recited or sung morning, noon and evening. A bell is rung before the service.

VII. SAMUEL L. CLEMENS is an American humorous writer, better known as "Mark Twain." He was born in 1835, and resides in Hartford, Ct. His Innocents Abroad, Roughing It, and Gilded Age, are widely known. The Somnambulist Pilot appeared in the Atlantic Monthly for 1875.

The texas is an upper cabin, above the hurricane deck, usually occupied by the officers of the boat.

VIII. WILLIAM CULLEN BRYANT was born in Cummington, Mass., 1794. His poem of Thanatopsis, published when he was but 19 years old, gave him a reputation which he has always maintained. None of his poems are long. They are characterized throughout by a thoughtful earnestness, an appreciative love of nature, and a careful finish of language. No writer of equal note in the English language is so uniformly excellent. Mr. Bryant has for fifty years been connected with the New York Evening Post. He has published translations of the Iliad and the Odyssey, and is now (1877) engaged upon a history of the United States.

The Cap with which the Roman Master. A Roman master upon freeing a slave presented him with a cap. Hence the well-known "Cap of Liberty."

IX. **EDWARD EVERETT HALE** is a Boston clergy-man and story-writer, born in 1822. Some of his stories, particularly **The Man Without a Country,** from which this lesson is taken, have had a very wide circulation. This story was published during the late Rebellion. Philip Nolan, its hero, is an officer in the U. S. army, who is persuaded by Aaron Burr to take a part in his conspiracy in 1805.

Hesiod was a Greek poet, living about eight centuries before Christ.

Lay of the Last Minstrel. See Exercise XXVI., and Note.

X. This exercise is a part of a poem entitled **Under the Great Elm**, read at Cambridge, Mass., July 3, 1875, the hundredth anniversary of Washington's assuming command of the army.

The **terse Roman** is Tacitus, a historian who flourished about a century after Christ, and was remarkable for emphatic brevity. He wrote a much-admired biography of his father-in-law, Agricola, who conquered Britain about 80 A. D.

XII. ALEXANDER POPE, the most noted of English poets of his time, was born in 1688. His principal works were an Essay on Criticism, Essay on Man, the Rape of the Lock, and a satire entitled the Dunciad. He also translated the Iliad and Odyssey of Homer, though he does not faithfully reproduce the original. His verse was remarkable for its careful finish rather than for its force. He died in 1744.

Jove or Jupiter, was the chief divinity of the ancient Romans.

XIII. This exercise is taken from Walter Scott's novel, entitled **Kenilworth.** Robert Dudley, Earl of Leicester, stood high in Elizabeth's favor, and it was even thought that she intended to give

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him her hand. He had, however, privately married Amy Robsart, and when he saw that this marriage stood in the way of his higher ambition, he attempted to pass off Amy as the wife of Varney, one of his attendants. Tressilian, a former loyer of Amy, attempts to right the injured lady. The queen at last discovers the truth, and her anger is depicted in the lesson. The unfortunate Amy, however, had been murdered by Varney before the arrival of those who were sent by the Queen's orders to bring her to Kenilworth Castle.

Henry himself, Henry VIII, the father of Queen Elizabeth, was very passionate and arbitrary.

William Cecil, Lord of Burleigh, was one of Elizabeth's most trusted councilors. Walsingham and Sussex were noblemen of her court. Wayland and Alasco are minor characters in the story.

Cumnor - Place is the house where Amy was in the custody of Leicester's servants.

XIV. JOHN TOWNSEND TROWBRIDGE is an American author, born in New York, in 1827. He is a frequent contributor to the leading magazines, and has written several novels. Neighbor Jackwood, Cudjo's Cave and Father Brighthopes, are among his works.

Cæsar (Julius) was a famous Roman general and usurper, living in the century before Christ. He was assassinated by Roman senators headed by Brutus and Cassius, 44 B.C.

Sardanapalus was a famous Assyrian king, noted for luxury. He is said to have consumed himself and all his treasures upon a funeral pile.

XV. This exercise is from the **Spectator**, (See Note on Ex. V) and is a good example of Addison's graver style.

XVI. THOMAS HOOD was an English poet, born in London in 1798, died in 1845. He was editor of several different periodicals. He is best known by his comic verses, which abound in puns, but his serious poems, the Song of the Shirt, the Bridge of Sighs, and the Dream of Eugene Aram are generally popular.

XVII. JOHN KYRLE, the "Man of Ross," died in 1724, at the age of ninety, at Ross, in Herefordshire. He carried out his many benevolent designs not altogether by his own resources, but by the aid of friends.

Vaga is the Latin name of the River Wye.

XVIII. CHARLES DICKENS, an English novelist, was born in 1812, and died in 1870. His works are very numerous. His

earliest books were published with the signature Boz. The Pickwick Papers are considered by many as the best specimen of a purely humorous book. David Copperfield is generally considered as his best work. At the time of his death, he was publishing in parts, a novel, entitled Edwin Drood, which promised to be of great interest. He has probably been more widely read, quoted and enjoyed than any other novelist.

This exercise is from the novel entitled Martin Chuzzlewit, the scene of which is partly in America.

XIX. WILLIAM SHAKSPEARE, the most famous dramatist of the world, was born at Stratford on Avon, 1564. Little is known of his personal history. He went to London in his early manhood, and became manager and owner of the Globe Theater. He wrote thirty-seven plays, many of which are still acted, and are known wherever English is spoken or read. His most famous tragedies are: Macbeth, King Lear, Hamlet, Othello, Romeo and Juliet, Julius Cæsar, Coriolanus, Anthony and Cleopatra, and Richard III.

His most noted comedies are: The Merchant of Venice, Twelfth Night, Measure for Measure, Taming of the Shrew, Tempest, All's Well that Ends Well, Two Gentlemen of Verona.

Many of his plays were historical, and are not acted now, but all are read with interest.

The claim of Shakspeare to be called the first of dramatists is based most of all upon his power of expression. No one has ever equaled him in the choice of words appropriate to his thought.

Hotspur is a name given to Harry Percy, son of the Earl of Northumberland. King Henry IV, surnamed Bolingbroke, from the place of his birth, had deposed his cousin, Richard II, and the latter soon after died in prison, generally supposed to have been murdered by the usurper. The rightful heir to the crown was Edmund Mortimer, who was nephew to Hotspur's wife, (not brother, as Shakspeare says here.) The Scotch were at war with England. Their forces had just been defeated by the Percys at Homildon, 1402, and many prisoners captured. The king demanded that these prisoners should be given over to him, and also refused to ransom Edmund Mortimer, who was then a prisoner in the hands of the Welsh. This Edmund was Lady Percy's nephew.

Cry you mercy. Beg your pardon.

Sword-and-buckler. Swaggering; fond of quarreling, "The madcap duke his uncle **kept.**" That is, lived. Often used in

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this sense in old English. In New England, a sitting-room is often called a **keeping-room**.

Cozeners. Notice the pun.

"The Douglas' son your only mean." Mean for means.

Powers. Auxiliaries. Estimation. Judgment.

Glendower was a Welsh chieftain who had vigorously and successfully opposed Henry's army in Wales.

Worcester was brother to the Earl of Northumberland. He calls Hotspur cousin, which in Shakspeare's time was a general term for kinsman.

XX. This poem was written at a time when there was great discontent among the laboring poor of England, and when burning of farm buildings and stacks of hay and grain was very common.

- 3. A haggard is a yard in which stacks of hay and grain are kept.
- 5. The **cover-side** is a thicket left for the shelter of game. The game-laws of England are exceedingly severe.
- 12. The Bastile was a famous prison in Paris, where prisoners of state were confined, without legal warrant or trial. The Spital (pronounced spittle) is a hospital. The English often use gaol instead of our jail.

XXI. This exercise is from Longfellow's **Tales of a Wayside Inn.** The story is that King Robert of Sicily, brother of Pope Urbane, is punished for his pride by being changed into the likeness of a jester, while his throne and likeness is assumed by an angel. The king in vain protests that he is the real sovereign; he is only treated with contempt. The angel rules in his stead to the great joy of all the people.

Valmond is a name of the poet's invention. Allemaine is the French name for Germany. There have been eight popes called Urbane. Of course, which one is meant is uncertain.

Saint Peter's is the great cathedral of Rome, the largest in the world.

Holy Thursday comes in the week before Easter It is celebrated as the anniversary of the institution of the Lord's Supper. The whole week preceding Easter is called Holy Week, and is observed by the Romish Church with great solemnity.

Easter is the anniversary of the resurrection of Christ. It is a movable festival, that is, comes on different days of the month in different years. It is the first Sunday after the full moon which happens on or first after the 21st of March.

XXII. JAMES ANTHONY FROUDE, an English historian and essayist, was born in 1818. He is best known by his History of England from the Fall of Wolsey (1531) to the Death of Elizabeth (1603). His favorable judgment of Henry VIII, and his treatment of Mary, Queen of Scots, have provoked several violent attacks upon his histories.

The **Spanish Armada** was a great naval expedition, sent out in 1588, by Philip II of Spain. One hundred and thirty great ships, carrying a force of over thirty thousand soldiers and sailors, were sent to receive another large force which was serving in Holland. The combined force was then to invade England. The English, however, made so vigorous an attack upon the Spaniards that they were unable to carry out their intention of landing in Holland; a violent southwest wind drove some of their ships on shore, and compelled the rest to escape northward; and the expedition accomplished nothing. Its defeat was considered as a special providence by the Protestant states.

Sidonia. The Duke of Medina Sidonia commanded the Armada. 4th - 14th of September. The 4th of September, Old Style, was the 14th by New Style. The change was made in Spain in 1582, but was not adopted in England till 1752. The Spaniards called the day the 14th, the English, the 4th.

Calderon was a Spanish commander, as was also Recalde.

The Peninsula means Spain and Portugal.

The Cry of the Egyptians. See Exodus xii. 29, 30.

The usurping queen was Elizabeth. The Catholics generally refused to acknowledge her claim.

Don Alonzo de Leyva was a Spanish admiral.

Parma was Alexander Farnese, (Far-nā'-sā) a famous Spanish general who commanded in the Netherlands.

Don Bernardino was the Spanish ambassador at Paris.

Sir Francis Drake, a famous English navigator and explorer, was one of the most active leaders in the attack on the Armada. He had fought the Spaniards repeatedly in their American possessions.

Snaphance, (Snap-hance) a kind of musket.

Philip (II) was king of Spain.

The **Escurial** was the royal palace, built on the plan of a rectangular gridiron.

The Admiral whom Parma supposed to be backward was Lord Howard, a Catholic nobleman, who, however, fought as well as the best; putting his allegiance to his country above his religious prejudices.

XXIII. ROBERT BROWNING, an English poet, was born in 1812. He has written many volumes, and is original and

profound, but generally obscure; so that none of his longer poems are popular. Pippa Passes, Sordello, The Ring and the Book, Red Cotton Nightcap Country, Men and Women, Dramatis Personae, are the titles of some of his books. His wife, Elizabeth Barrett Browning, was also an eminent poet.

Lokeren, pronounced Lo-ka'-ren.

The ride from Ghent to Aix is probably an invention of the poet.

XXIV The Song of Hiawatha is a collection of Indian legends, drawn largely from a collection made by Mr. H. R. Schoolcraft. Hiawatha is a fabulous hero and demigod.

Pau-wâ'-ting is the Indian name of the Sault St. Marie.

XXV. No-kó-mis is the mother of Hiawatha.

Mon-dä'-min is the Indian corn.

XXVI. This exercise is the opening of the poem entitled **The** Lay of the Last Minstrel. The scene of the poem is in the south of Scotland. The **Border** is the region along the dividing line between England and Scotland.

The Stuart line of sovereigns ended in 1714.

The lady before whom the bard sings was the Duchess of Monmouth and Buccleugh. Her husband, the Duke of Monmouth, son of Charles II, excited an insurrection against James II, and was beheaded in 1685.

Earl Francis (Scott) was the father, and Earl Walter the grandfather of the Duchess. Buccleugh was the name of their estate.

King Charles the Good was Charles II of England.

Holyrood (rood means cross,) was the royal palace of Scotland a little west of Edinburgh.

XXVII. JOHN ADAMS and THOMAS JEFFER-SON, both very prominent in the early struggles of the Americans for independence, and both Presidents of the U. S., died on the 4th of July, 1826, the fiftieth anniversary of the Declaration of Independence.

XXVIII. **THOMAS ERSKINE**, an eminent English lawyer and judge, born 1650, died 1723. He held for a long time the post of Lord Chancellor, an office corresponding to that of Chief Justice in the United States. As a lawyer, he was particularly successful in defending libel suits. XXIX. Marmion is the hero of a poem by Walter Scott. The time is 1513. Flodden is in Northumberland. The Scots had invaded England in aid of France. Marmion, an English knight, has in his custody the Lady Clare, whom he has taken against her will to convey to England, designing to make her his wife. When the battle is expected, he leaves her in the care of his squires.

No hope of gilded spurs to-day. That is, no hope of a battle in which they can so distinguish themselves as to be made knights, and thus be entitled to wear gilded spurs.

The **King James** of the story was James IV., who was killed in the battle.

The falcon was the emblem of Lord Marmion, pictured on his banner.

The **slogan** was the battle-cry of the Scotch Clans. **Home** and **Gordon** were Scottish chiefs. **Bid your beads. Bid** means **count**, or **tell over**.

Wilton was Clare's lover, who was engaged in the fight on the English side.

Dacre, Stanley, etc., were English leaders. Chester and Lancashire mean the troops of those counties or shires.

Constance was a nun whom Marmion had betrayed and abandoned, and who had been most cruelly put to death by the church authorities for breaking her vow.

Holy Isle, or Lindisfarne, is on the east coast of Northumberland. It was the seat of a famous abbey.

XXX. **Lord North** was Prime Minister of England, from 1770 to 1782. He was considered as largely responsible for the Revolutionary War.

XXXI. Homer, the most famous of epic poets, was an Ionian Greek, living about 1000 B.C. His birth-place is uncertain. He is said to have been blind, but no man could ever have written descriptions like Homer's, without having had sight. His two great poems are entitled the Iliad and the Odyssey. Both pertain to the Trojan War. The subject of the Iliad is the wrath of Achilles, and its consequences. Agamemnon, who was commander-in-chief of the Greek forces, had wronged and angered Achilles, their ablest champion, and in consequence the hero refused to fight, until victory had inclined to the Trojan side, and his dearest friend had been slain. This exercise is the opening of the Iliad.

Atrides is another name for Agamemnon, meaning son of Atreus. Latona's son is the god Apollo, the archer-god, who personified the Sun.

Juno was the queen of the gods, and wife of Zeus.

Hionward means toward Hion, another name of Troy, whence comes the name Iliad. The city stood near the entrance of the Dardanelles, on the Asiatic side.

Phœbus, or the Shining One, is another name of Apollo.

The Argives were the people of Agamemnon. Argos was in Argolis, in the south part of Greece.

Chrysa was the city of Chryses, the priest.

Phthia (ph silent) was the city of Achilles, in Thessaly.

The grudge of Menelaus. The Trojan war was caused by the carrying off of Helen, the wife of Menelaus, by Paris, son of Priam, King of Troy. Menelaus was a brother of Agamemnon.

The Myrmidons were the troops of Achilles.

Peleus' son, or Pelides, is Achilles,

Hector the son of Priam, was the great Trojan champion.

XXXII. The Cham is the title of the ruler of Tartary. The Nisam is a Hindoo title for ruler.

Julius Caesar, once at Alexandria, in Egypt, saved his life by swimming, while he carried with him the manuscript of his history of the Gallic War.

XXXIV. A good example of the author's punning style.

Eye-Water. The uneducated English often drop an initial h. Benbow was a famous English admiral, 1650–1702.

The Virgin and the scales are signs of the Zodiac. The author suggests that women born beneath these constellations ought, of course, to be fish-women.

Pipe his eye — weep.

Sailors in Benbow's time generally wore their hair in a queue or pig-tail. Pig-tail is also a kind of chewing-tobacco.

XXXV. VICTOR HUGO, born in 1802, is one of the most eminent of modern French writers. He has written poems, dramas, novels and political pamphlets, all characterized by brilliancy, force, and keen analysis. His most noted novel is entitled Les Miserables, or The Unfortunates. The Toilers of the Sea, The Man Who Laughs, and '93 are among his later works. This exercise, and the following, are taken from '93.

A Titanic Strife. The Titans were, in Greek mythology, giants personifying the great forces of nature.

Assignats were a sort of government bonds, current during the French Revolution.

XXXVI. The Cross of St. Louis was a highly-prized badge of honor.

The Vendee was the name of a province or department of France which rebelled against the rule of the Revolutionists in 1793, and made a desperate but unsuccessful effort to restore royal authority.

XXXVII. **FRANCIS BRET HARTE** is an American humorist, born in 1838. He has written, both in prose and verse, vigorous sketches of frontier life and character, as it appears in the mining regions. Some of his pieces have had an almost universal notoriety.

XXXIX. **FITZ-GREENE HALLECK,** an American lyric poet, born in 1795, died 1867. His poems, though few in number, are generally good.

Robert Burns is the most noted of Scotch lyric poets. He was born in Ayrshire, in the southwest of Scotland, 1759, in humble circumstances. He received only a common school education. His genius was of the most remarkable order. Some of his best poems were written while engaged in severe farm labor, and in extreme poverty. After acquiring a high reputation, he received a government appointment with a small salary, hardly enough to lift him above the constant pressure of poverty. He shortened his days by dissipation, and died at the age of 37. His poems have passed through more than a hundred editions, and his name is almost revered in Scotland. Most of his poems are in the Scotch dialect. Tam O'Shanter is the most noted of them. The Cotter's Saturday Night is a charming picture of home-life among the poor of Scotland. His songs are known wherever English is spoken.

Wallace (Sir Wm.) was a famous Scottish chief, who perished in a gallant attempt to free his country, 1305. Scots wha hae wi' Wallace bled is the title of one of Burns's spirited lyrics. Braes are low hills.

Alloway's witch-haunted wall. The scene of Tam O'Shanter is laid in a ruined church at Alloway, near Ayr.

- XL. **Red Jacket** was a noted chief of the Seneca Indians, who died in 1832. He was one of the ablest of his race, and a firm friend of the United States.
- 3. Coeur de Lion, or the Lion-hearted, was a common appellation of Richard I, King of England.
- 4. The **Argo's gallant sailors** were the great heroes of early Greek legends, who are said to have sailed, under the lead of Jason, to Colchis, at the eastern end of the Black Sea, to obtain a famous Golden Fleece. Their ship was called the Argo.

- 6. The Art Napoleon. Napoleon Bonaparte probably possessed more power of inspiring personal confidence in himself than any other great man in history.
- XLI. Although stang is not to be commended in common speech, so much of American humor consists in its use, that this exercise and the seventh are inserted as characteristic specimens.
 - 1. Stanislaus. Pronounced Stan-is-low.
- XLII, XLIII. These lessons are from Dickens' novel entitled **David Copperfield**, which is partly founded upon the author's own experiences. **Ham**, who swims out to the wreck, was a fisherlad, and the active figure upon the wreck was that of **Steerforth**, the villain of the story, who had deeply wronged the gallant fisherman.
- XLIV. JOHN GREENLEAF WHITTIER, a popular American lyric poet, was born in Haverhill, Mass., 1807. Some of his published works are entitled: Voices of Freedom, In War Time, The Tent on the Beach, Snow-Bound. He has been a life-long advocate of freedom, and an intense opposer of every form of wrong and oppression.

This lesson is from **Snow-Bound**, an exquisite picture of New England home-life, as it was in the poet's boyhood, in the family of a Friend.

Pisa's leaning miracle is a tower which, with a height of one hundred and eighty feet, overhangs its base fourteen feet.

Aladdin's wondrous cave is described in the Arabian Nights. It was the work of magic, and filled with jewels.

XLV. JOSEPH RODMAN DRAKE, an American lyric poet, was born in 1795, and died in 1820. His best-known piece is on the American Flag.

This lesson is from the poem entitled **The Culprit Fay.** It is a fairy poem into which no human characters are introduced, and is one of the most graceful and highly imaginative poems in the language. It was written before the author was twenty-one years old.

XLIX. **HENRY KINGSLEY** is an English novelist, born 1824. His principal works are **Geoffry Hamlyn** and **Ravenshoe**.

He resided for some years in Australia, where the scene of the story is laid.

Shifting the hurdles. Hurdles here means movable fences, used for confining animals. Quantongs are a small fruit.

5. The Bunyip is a water spirit. Pixies are fairies.

- 13. The jackass is an Australian bird, remarkable for its singular voice.
- L. THEODORE WINTHROP, an American magazine writer and novelist, was born in 1828, killed at Big Bethel 1861. His stories and novels gave promise of great literary excellence. Cecil Dreeme and John Brent were his best published novels. This lesson is taken from his story of Love and Skates. Mary Damer, the heroine of the story, is drifting away in the broken ice on the Hudson, when she is espied by her lover Richard Wade, who is superintendent of the Dunderbunk Iron-works.
- 2. **Doge** or duke was the title given to the chief magistrate of Venice. The **Bucentaur** was a state barge, splendidly decorated, and used only on important occasions.
- LI. **BENJAMIN DISRAELI,** Earl of Beaconsfield, an English novelist and statesman, was born in 1805. He is of Jewish descent, as his name implies. He wrote several novels in his early youth. **Vivian Grey** was the most noted of them. He has for forty years been prominent in English politics, and is now (1877) premier of England. In 1870, he published a novel entitled **Lothair,** which has been severly criticised.

Iskander or Scanderbeg, was a famous Albanian chief, born 1405, died 1467. He was the deliverer of his country from the Turks. He is celebrated among the Greeks of Albania and Epirus in countless songs and legends. One of Disraeli's novels is entitled the Rise of Iskander.

Hunniades or Hunyadi was a famous Hungarian chief of the 15th century, whose son became king of Hungary. The Turks were at that time threatening to overrun all Europe.

The **Greek Fire** was a compound whose secret is now lost. It could not be extinguished by any ordinary means, and burned with terrible fury. It often saved Constantinople from the Turks.

Vaivode or duke is the title of the seven great lords of Hungary.

Moslemin, the righteous, the plural of Moslem, a name applied by the followers of Mohammed to themselves.

Amurath was the Sultan of Turkey.

Uladislaus or Wladislaus was the king of Hungary.

The plan proposed by Iskander was carried out, and the result was the defeat of the Turks and the ultimate independence of Albania.

LII. This lesson is part of a poem read by the author at the fiftieth anniversary of his graduation at Bowdoin College. A **clerk** in old English, was a clergyman, or one in holy orders. None

except such were supposed to be able to write. Hence, clerk as a writer.

- LIII. **RICHARD LALOR SHIEL** was an Irish orator, born in 1791, died in 1851. He wrote several plays, and was somewhat noted for his magazine articles.
- St. Patrick was the apostle of the Irish. He flourished during the fifth century. He was of Scottish birth. In his youth he was seized by pirates and sold as a slave in Ireland. After recovering his liberty, he received an education in a monastery, and returned to preach the gospel, in which he was eminently successful. He is justly held in great respect among the Irish. The ancient religion of the Irish was that of the Druids, and the serpent was a famous Druidical emblem. St. Patrick's driving out the serpents from Ireland doubtless originally meant his overthrow of heathenism. The author quotes a familiar Irish song.

A five-pound freeholder means one who owns, or has a life-lease of real estate which brings an income of not less than five pounds per annum.

The tithe-proctor collected the tithes or tenths, which are exacted in Great Britain of all denominations for the benefit of the Episcopal Church.

The numbers 15, 16, 17 and 18 simply show the number of the indictments as recorded on the court register.

The Gordian Knot, famous in story, was tied by King Gordius of Phrygia. He who could loose it was to become sovereign of all Asia. Alexander cut it asunder.

Lay the venue of his absence. Venue means in law, the place where a fact is declared to have happened, or the county in which an action is properly tried. These witnesses were to prove that the venue in the first sense, was wrongly laid or alleged.

An alibi is proved when the person charged with an offense is shown to have been elsewhere when the act was committed.

O'Connell (Daniel) was a famous Irish orator, born 1775, died 1847. He was the great advocate of Catholic Emancipation and Irish rights, and unboundedly popular.

The native Irish or Erse is still spoken by about one fourth of the people of the island.

LIV. WILLIAM MAKEPEACE THACKERAY, an English novelist, was born in Calcutta, in 1811. He was educated as an artist, and used to illustrate his own books. He wrote largely for magazines, and published several brilliant novels. Vanity Fair, Pendennis, Henry Esmond, and The Newcomes are his

most successful works. He had an intense hatred of all meanness and shams, and his novels abound in sharp and bitter satires upon the prevailing customs of society. He died in 1863.

Michael Angelo Titmarsh was a signature often used by the author in his magazine articles.

Hoby was the most celebrated bootmaker in London.

The **Invalides** is the great soldiers' hospital in Paris. The **Emperor**, of course, is Napoleon I.

Eton is one of the noted schools of England where young men are prepared for the universities.

George Canning was a noted English statesman and orator who died in 1827. He was bitterly opposed to the French Revolution.

The French Revolution commenced in 1789. King Louis XVI was beheaded, and the monarchy became a republic.

Roland was a noted French politician. A **parvenu** is one who is pushed, by suddenly acquired wealth, into social positions for which he is wholly unqualified.

Ney, Lannes and Desaix were marshals of France in the time of Napoleon.

Marengo is a village in Italy where, in 1800, the Austrians were disastrously defeated by Napoleon. Desaix distinguished himself greatly in the battle, but was killed near its close.

The **Holy Roman Empire** was a name given to the German Empire, as it existed down to 1805. Austrians held the throne for about five hundred years.

The wretched imperial heraldry was the coat-of-arms assumed by the French empire under Napoleon.

Lord Londonderry, or Viscount Castlereagh, was the most intense of British aristocrats.

Mr. Vincent was a member of the House of Commons who represented democratic ideas.

LV. RALPH WALDO EMERSON, an American essayist and poet, was born in Boston, in 1803. He was for a time pastor of a Unitarian Church in Boston. He has written and lectured much upon religion, philosophy, literature and life, and is ranked among the foremost of thinkers. Many of his essays have appeared in the Atlantic Monthly. His residence is at Concord, Mass., and he is often called the "Concord sage." This lesson is from a volume entitled English Traits.

James Watt was the inventor of the steam-engine proper. George Stephenson made the first successful locomotive, and Richard Roberts was the inventor of the self-acting mule, by which several hundred threads are spun at once.

The **Banshee** is a spirit which, according to Irish superstition, attaches itself to the fortunes of noble houses, and appears to give warning of coming disaster.

Francis Bacon (died 1626) was the most eminent of English philosophers of his time.

The **Mark Lane Express** is a leading commercial paper in which prices current are given.

Bakewell was a noted stock-grower. The Bakewell sheep were once very widely known.

Chat-Moss is between Liverpool and Manchester. The first railroad over it was literally floated on masses of brush-wood laid down as a foundation.

Birminghamized. Birmingham is a great center of iron manufactures.

LVII. MARCUS TULLIUS CICERO, the most famous of Roman orators, was born 106 B.C., and was murdered by his political enemies, 43 B.C. He attained his eminence in oratory by hard study, in spite of great natural disadvantages. He held many important political offices, and was chosen consul, the highest civil officer of Rome, in a very trying time, and was styled the "Father of his Country." He left a large number of speeches and philosophical treatises, which are regarded as the best specimens of Latin prose.

Caius Verres had been appointed prætor or governor of the island of Sicily, in the year 73 B.C. During his administration he had been guilty of the most infamous cruelty and oppression, and he was impeached before the senate by Cicero, and sentenced to pay a very heavy fine.

The Quarries were worked by convicts.

Messana is the modern Messina, on the strait of the same name. Rhegium was on the opposite side of the strait.

Roman citizens were not allowed to be beaten, nor to be put to death, except by vote of the people. See Acts xxii. 25 – 29.

The slaves in Italy had been in revolt about this time.

The Porcian law forbade the scourging of a Roman citizen.

The **Sempronian law** forbade the death penalty to be inflicted upon a Roman citizen, except by direct vote of the people.

Privilege of the tribune. Right to plead one's own cause before the people. This right had been suspended during a long period of civil war.

A federal town was a town whose inhabitants had the full rights of Roman citizenship.

The rods and axes were the emblems of civil authority. An ax was encircled with a bundle of rods, called fasces. The fasces

were carried by officers called **lietors**, a kind of police-officers. A prætor in a province was attended by six of these officers whenever he appeared in public.

LVIII. ALFRED TENNYSON, poet-laureate of England, was born in 1810. His most noted poems are In Memoriam, The Princess, Maud, Idylls of the King, and Enoch Arden. The May Queen and the Charge of the Light Brigade are among his best-known minor poems. His verse is remarkable for its music, and for its purity and strength of feeling. His latest poem (1877) is a drama entitled Harold.

The first extract is from the **Passing of Arthur**, one of the Idylls of the King.

Arthur was a legendary king of Britain, supposed to have lived about the sixth century.

Excalibar was the name of his magic sword.

The **Lotos** was a fabled tree whose seeds gave dreamy forgetfulness to those who ate them. They forgot their cares, their homes and their ambitions.

Clomb is the old past tense of climb.

JOHN KEATS, an English poet, born in London, 1796, died in Rome in 1821. His poems are very remarkable for melody and fancy, and for their wonderful reproduction of the spirit of Greek literature. His most noted pieces are: The Eve of St. Agnes, Hyperion, Endymion, and his Ode to the Nightingale. His epitaph expresses his own view of his fame. "Here lies one whose name was writ on water."

The extract from Keats is from the poem of St. Agnes Eve. Madeline, the heroine, is trying a charm, expecting to see her lover in her dreams.

Gules is a heraldic term for red.

PERCY BYSSHE SHELLEY, an English poet, was born in 1792. He was sensitive, self-willed, and passionate, and his opinions in respect to religion, politics and marriage, were expressed with such vehemence and bitterness as to make him exceedingly unpopular. His poems abound in beautiful passages, but are not generally popular. Queen Mab, Alastor, Prometheus Unbound, and the Witch of Atlas, are among the most noted. The Sky-lark, and The Cloud are his best lyrics. He was drowned near Leghorn, in 1823.

The extract from Shelley is taken from Prometheus Unbound.

The Hours, in Greek mythology, were twelve beautiful youths who attended the chariot of the Sun, and of the Dawn.

SAMUEL TAYLOR COLERIDGE, an English poet and philosopher, was born in 1772, and died in 1834. He was a great reader, and was very prominent among the literary men of his time. He published many lyric poems, and made excellent translations of several German plays. His best-known poems are Christabel, and The Rhyme of the Ancient Mariner. He shortened his life, and weakened his intellect by his use of opium.

The extract from Coleridge is from an unfinished poem entitled, **Kubla Khan**, which the author composed in a dream. On waking, he commenced to write it out, but was interrupted before finishing it, and never could recall the rest. He had been reading a book of travels, and the opening of the poem was suggested by the book. Xanadu was in northeastern China.

Kubla Khan was a great Tartar conqueror of the fourteenth century.

LIX. The first passage is from Childe Harold.

The second and third extracts are from poems by Lowell.

Appledore is one of the Isles of Shoals.

Monadnock is a mountain in southern New Hampshire.

The personification of battle is from Childe Harold.

The battle-field is that of **Talavera**, in Spain, where a great battle was fought in 1809, won by the English and Spanish over the French.

HENRY H. BROWNELL was a native of Hartford, Conn., and served in the navy of the United States during the rebellion. He published a volume of poems, entitled War Lyries. The extract credited to him is from The Bay Fight, containing a graphic account of the passage of Forts Morgan and Gaines, at the entrance of Mobile Bay, by Admiral Farragut, in August, 1864. The author was on board the Hartford, the admiral's flag-ship. He died in 1872.

LX. The piece is taken from a volume of essays, entitled Among my Books.

LXI. Thanatopsis is a Greek word, signifying contemplation of death.

The Oregon was the former name of the Columbia.

LXII. WILLIAM COWPER, an English poet, was born in 1731, and died in 1800. He was of a delicate nervous constitution, and was insane during the latter part of his life. His longest poem was entitled The Task, and it gave him a high reputation. His Lines on the Receipt of my Mother's Picture, and his

comic ballad of **John Gilpin** are among his best-known writings. He made a fair translation of Homer, and wrote a great many hymns. His style was simple, natural and unaffected. His letters are considered models of graceful familiar prose.

LXIII. This extract is from a volume of essays entitled **Society** and **Solitude**. **Plutarch** was a famous Greek biographer of the second century. **Goldsmith** wrote several popular though not very accurate histories.

Macready, Booth, and Kemble were noted actors.

LXIV. **JEAN INGELOW** is an English lyric poet, born in 1830. Many of her pieces are exceedingly popular. The extract is from a poem entitled **Brothers**, and a **Sermon**. An old fisherman is telling the brothers of the wreck and of the parson's heroism.

LXV. The text of the sermon is "Behold, I stand at the door and knock."

LXVI. This less on is from ${\bf David\ Copperfield,}$ put into dialogue form.

Traddles is an old schoolmate of David, remarkable for his easy good-nature. Salem House was the name of their school.

LXVII. The first extract is from **Don Juan**; the second from the fourth Canto of **Childe Harold**, which treats of Italy.

Adria is the Adriatic Sea.

Niobe, according to Greek story, had seven sons and seven daughters, all of surpassing beauty. She boasted of them so much that she offended the goddess Latona, who had all the children of Niobe slain by the arrows of Apollo and Diana. Niobe wept herself to stone.

The **Scipios** were a famous Roman family. The **Tiber** was generally called by Roman poets the yellow, or the tawny Tiber. The third extract is from **Childe Harold**.

The author supposes himself to be in Venice. The mountains of **Friuli** lie in the Alps, nearly north of Venice.

Meek Dian's Crest is the moon. Diana personified the moon. The Alps northwest of Venice are sometimes called the Rhætian Alps.

The fourth extract is also from Childe Harold.

The tomb of Cecilia Metella is south of Rome, on the famous Appian Way, the great route of southern travel from Rome. It is lined with tombs for some miles out of the city.

Hesperus, or **Vesper** was the evening star, or sometimes the western sky at sunset.

LXVIII. The battle of Waterloo was fought on Sunday, June 18, 1815, between the French, commanded by Napoleon, and the English, with some German allies, commanded by the Duke of Wellington. Late in the day the Prussian army commanded by Blücher, came to the aid of the English; and the French were utterly defeated, and Napoleon's cause was ruined. The battle-field is about twelve miles south from Brussels.

Brunswick's fated chieftain was the son and heir of the Duke of Brunswick. His father had fallen fighting against the French, at Jena, in 1806.

The Camerons' gathering is a tune or march peculiar to the Cameron clan of Scotch Highlanders. Lochiel, or Cameron of Lochiel, was a famous chief of the clan, who was outlawed in 1746, for aiding Charles Edward, the young Pretender, in an attempt to gain the throne of England. Albyn is a poetic name for the Highlands. The Highlanders, who are of Celtic origin, generally call the Lowlanders and the English, Saxons.

A pibroch is a tune played upon the bagpipe.

Evan and Donald are common Highland names.

There were several Scotch regiments engaged at Waterloo.

Part of the route from Brussels to Waterloo passed through a forest, supposed by the poet to be a remnant of the famous old forest of Ardennes, mentioned by Shakspeare in "As You Like It."

LXIX. JOHN MILTON, the greatest epic poet of England, was born in London, 1608; died 1674. He was educated at Cambridge University. In college he wrote Latin poems, and a much admired Hymn on the Nativity of Christ. After leaving college, he wrote the Masque of Comus, L'Allegro, and Il Penseroso. While traveling in Italy, the Civil War broke out, and he immediately returned to take a part. He was upon the Puritan side, and held for some years the office of Latin secretary of the Commonwealth. He wrote many important political pamphlets. He lost his sight by his over-work, and was wholly blind for nearly twenty years. In 1667, he published Paradise Lost, his greatest poem. He received only a small sum for it; five pounds at its first appearance, and another five pounds about two years after. In 1671 he published Samson Agonistes and Paradise Regained. His style is always dignified, harmonious, lofty and solemn; often somewhat encumbered by a profusion of Latin words, but unequaled for stately pomp, and imagination of the highest order. His life was as pure and lofty as his verse.

Lycidas is the poet's name for a college friend, Edward King, who was drowned on a voyage to Ireland.

Yet once more. He had previously written Comus. He now turns, by bitter constraint, from his grave studies, to the laurels and myrtles by which he symbolizes verse.

He knew himself to sing; that is, knew how to write poems. Dear—costly.

To build the lofty rhyme. A Latin idiom.

The sisters of the sacred well are the Muses, nine goddesses of Greek mythology, who presided over poetry and the fine arts. The sacred well was Castalia, on Mt. Parnassus, in Greece, which the Muses were said to frequent.

Somewhat loudly—implying that his grief is clamorous.

Some gentle Muse. Muse is here put for poet.

For we were nursed upon the self-same hill. In this paragraph the poet sets forth their intimacy at school.

The **Satyrs** and **Fauns** were monsters, half human and half brute. They are represented as full of animal life and vigor. The Satyrs were more brutish than the Fauns.

Damoetas is a character in one of Virgil's poems. He listens to, and judges the songs of the shepherds. The poet means some teacher who had directed their studies.

The **Druids** were the priests of the ancient religion of Britain and Gaul. They were also bards or poets. The **steep** is Snowdon, in North Wales. **Mona** is a Latin name for Anglesea, a noted stronghold of the Druid faith. **Deva** is the Latin name of the Dee, called **wizard stream**, because associated with Druidical ceremonies.

Orpheus was a famous mythic Greek bard. He was reported to be the son of Apollo and the muse Calliope. His grief for the death of his wife, Eurydice, is said so to have angered the Thracian women that they tore him in pieces, and cast his head into the **Hebrus**, (now called Maritza) which empties into the Archipelago. The head was found in the island of Lesbos.

Amaryllis and **Neæra** are shepherdesses in Latin poetry. Milton asks if it would not be better to spend his time in wanton idleness rather than to practice the ill-requited trade of poetry.

The last infirmity of noble mind is that which is last to leave the mind—the love of Fame. It may be an infirmity, but it pertains only to noble minds.

The blind fury with the abhorred shears is Atropos, one of the three sisters properly called the Fates, who were represented as spinning and severing the thread of human life. But the praise or fame acquired is not destroyed by the shears that cut life short.

Broad rumor is wide-spread notoriety.

Phœbus was god of poetry and music, and therefore replies to the poet's complaint.

LXX Plato, a Greek philosopher of the fourth century B.C., wrote upon the Immortality of the soul. The first extract is from Addison's Tragedy of Cato. Cato, an eminent Roman patriot, is contemplating death, and is reading Plato's treatise.

FRANCIS BEAUMONT and JOHN FLETCHER were two English dramatists, of the latter part of the sixteenth and early part of the seventeenth centuries. They wrote all their dramas together, and their individual work can not be identified. Their plays are now never acted and seldom read.

OLIVER GOLDSMITH was an Irish dramatist, poet and historian, who died in 1774. His histories of England, Greece, and Rome are pleasantly written, but are not scholarly, nor always trustworthy. His poems of The Traveler and The Deserted Village, his comedy She Stoops to Conquer, and his little tale entitled, The Vicar of Wakefield, are among the classics of our language. His style is a model of grace, simplicity and natural ease.

The extract entitled **Death** is from the **Deserted Village.** The **reverend champion** is the good parson who is described in the poem. His brother was the original of the portrait.

THOMAS GRAY, an English lyric poet who died in 1771, is principally known by his Elegy written in a Country Church-yard, which has a general reputation. He also wrote the Bard. (Ex. XCIV.)

FELICIA DOROTHEA HEMANS, an English poet, was born in 1794; died 1835. She wrote a great many lyric poems, some of which are widely known, and are remarkable for pure and tender sentiment and deep pathos. The extract is from The Better Land.

THOMAS CAMPBELL, a Scotch poet, was born in 1777. His best-known longer poems are the Pleasures of Hope, and Gertrude of Wyoming. Hohenlinden, Ye Mariners of England, Lochiel's Warning, and Lord Ullin's Daughter, are among his best-known minor poems. He died in 1844. This extract is from the Pleasures of Hope.

The extract from Pope is from the Essay on Man.

THOMAS MOORE was an Irish lyric poet, best known by his oriental poem of Lalla Rookh, and by his Irish Melodies. He was an intimate friend of Lord Byron, and wrote his biography. He died in 1852. His poems are brilliant, but often immoral.

The first extract headed Man is from Henry VIII, and is

spoken by Cardinal Wolsey. The second is from Julius Cæsar, and is spoken of Brutus.

BEN JONSON, a noted English dramatist, and an intimate friend of Shakspeare, was born in 1574, died 1637. His comedies were popular in their day, but are not now acted.

JOSEPH BLANCO WHITE, born 1775, died 1841, was an English clergyman who wrote for magazines, and published several volumes upon religious questions.

This little poem is a good example of the sonnet.

LXXI The extract from Cowper is from his poem of Charity. The Peasantry is from the Traveler.

JAMES THOMSON was a Scotch poet, born in 1700, died in 1748. He is best known by his poems entitled **The Seasons** and **The Castle of Indolence.**

The extract is from Spring.

The extract from Pope is from the **Essay on Man.** The **Howards** are a noble English family, whose title (Duke of Norfolk) dates back to 1483.

Contentment is a translation of a stanza of Horace, a noted Roman lyric poet of the first century, B.C.

NATHANIEL COTTON was an English physician, who published a volume of miscellaneous poems. He died in 1778.

Domestic Happiness and Slavery are from the Task.

Sir WILLIAM JONES, an English scholar, was particularly known for his extensive learning in oriental languages. He founded the Royal Asiatic Society, and published many translations of Arabic and Hindoo poems. He died in Calcutta in 1794.

THOMAS BABINGTON MACAULAY, an English historian, essayist and poet, was born in 1800, died 1859. He was a remarkable scholar, possessing extraordinary knowledge upon almost every subject. His History of England, which was unfinished at his death, is remarkable for its interesting style and its vivid painting of character. His Lays of Ancient Rome are very excellent ballads. His fame as a writer depends largely upon his essays, which are models of style.

The extract quoted is from Horatius, one of his Roman ballads

LXXII. **JOHN PIERPONT** was an American clergyman, born 1785, died 1866. He wrote several popular lyrics, and was very active in the cause of temperance and anti-slavery.

Ambition is from Julius Cæsar.

Example is from the Essay on Criticism.

MATTHEW PRIOR was an English politician and poet, who died in 1721. His works are not much read at present.

Leasing is an obsolete word, meaning lying.

JOHN GAY, an English lyric poet and dramatist, who died in 1732, is principally known by his Fables and his **Beggar's Opera**. The passage entitled **Flattery** is from one of his fables.

JONATHAN SWIFT, Dean of St. Patrick's, was an English satirical writer, noted for the bitterness of his political attacks. He wrote several poems, but is best known by his satires entitled **The Tale of a Tub**, and **Gulliver's Travels**. He was often coarse and brutal in his writings, and was naturally of a selfish and violent temper. Probably no writer was ever more feared and less loved than Dean Swift. He was insane during the latter part of his life, and died in a madhouse in 1745.

Dr. SAMUEL JOHNSON, a famous English essayist, and author of the first valuable dictionary of the English language, was born in 1709, and died in 1784. He wrote several poems, the best-known of which are **London**, and **The Vanity of Human Wishes**. He published two periodicals, the **Rambler**, and the **Idler**, the contents of which he mostly wrote himself. His style is solemn and pompous, and abounds in learned words. His life has been written with great minuteness by James Boswell, a Scotch lawyer, who had an almost childish admiration for him.

Melancholy is from Macbeth. Opportunity from Julius Cæsar.

The extract from Scott is from Rokeby. Pleasures is from Tam O'Shanter.

JOHN DRYDEN was a famous English poet and dramatist of the seventeenth century. He was born in 1631, and died in 1700. His longer poems are not much read at present. He translated into English the poems of Virgil, a famous Latin author of the first century. His best known poem is that entitled Alexander's Feast. (See page 279.)

LETITIA ELIZABETH LANDON was an English lyric poet, born in 1802. She wrote many short poems, which are often compared to Byron's. She died at Cape Town, in South Λfrica, 1839 She is often called L. E. L.

Pride is from the Essay on Man.

The extract entitled **Remorse** is from the poem entitled **The Giaour** (pronounced *Jower*). **Scandal** is from **A Sketch from**

Private Life, a bitter attack upon a woman who had been in Byron's family, and aided in inducing the poet's wife to leave him.

EDWARD YOUNG was an English poet, who died in 1765. His principal poem was entitled **Night Thoughts.** It has passed through many editions. The extract given here is a good specimen of its general tone.

LXXIII. Westminster was the seat of the principal law-courts in Pope's time.

The three great poets are **Homer**, (see page 354), **Virgil**, a Latin poet, born 70 B. C., died 19 B.C., the author of the Æneid, and **Milton**. (See page 365.)

Hecuba was the wife of Priam, king of Troy. She witnessed the slaughter of her husband, and had lost several of her sons in the siege of Troy. A player has just been describing her frantic sorrow, and the extract is Hamlet's comment upon his acting.

The Schoolmaster is from the Deserted Village.

The **Stoics** were a sect of Greek philosophers, founded by **Zeno**. They took their name from *Stoa*, a porch, because Zeno frequented a certain porch in Athens. They taught that pain and pleasure are to be regarded with equal indifference.

The Poet is from the Midsummer Night's Dream.

The Preacher is from the Deserted Village.

Aurora was the goddess of the dawn.

Mrs. CAROLINE ELIZABETH NORTON is an English lyric poet and novelist. She was born in 1808. She is a grand-daughter of the celebrated orator Sheridan.

Style is from the Essay on Criticism.

Ajax was a Greek hero, prominent in the Trojan war. Camilla was a female warrior remarkable for swiftness. She figures in Virgil's Æneid.

LXXIV. The **Pierian Spring** was on Mt. Pierus in Thessaly, the northeastern province of ancient Greece. It was sacred to the Muses. Hence, to taste the Pierian Spring is to seek learning. The extract is from the **Essay on Criticism**.

Adversity is from the comedy entitled As You Like It.

Beauty is from the Passionate Pilgrim, a collection of short lyrics.

Eyes is from As You Like It.

Friendship is from a poem with the same title.

Friends, page 232, is from Hamlet.

Grief is from the preface to the fourth canto of Marmion.

Memory is from Hamlet,

Mercy is from the Merchant of Venice.

Rev. GEORGE BETHUNE, born 1805, died 1862, was a New York clergyman of note.

JAMES MONTGOMERY was an English lyric poet, of Scotch descent, born 1771, died 1854. His hymns are better known than any of his longer poems.

Nor is not moved. In Shakspeare's time the double negative was allowed for emphasis.

Erebus. A Greek name of the world of the dead. This passage is from the Merchant of Venice.

Sleave, untwisted thread, properly of raw silk.

The second extract entitled **Sleep** is from the second part of **King Henry IV.** The king is soliloquizing.

The third is from the Night Thoughts.

The first extract entitled **Solitude** is from **Childe Harold**. The second is from the poem entitled **Retirement**. The Frenchman referred to was Bruyere, an essayist of the seventeenth century.

ERASMUS DARWIN was an English physician, who died in 1802. He wrote several poems, the most noted of which are the Botanic Garden, and Loves of the Plants. He attempted, with fair success, to unite poetry and science.

Truth is from the lyric entitled The Battle Field.

GEORGE HERBERT was an English religious poet, who died in 1632, at the age of thirty-nine. "Holy George Herbert," he was called by an able critic. His poems are not popular, but contain many beautiful passages.

Knowledge and Wisdom is taken from the Task.

LXXV. Night is from the Night Thoughts.

Ocean is from Childe Harold.

The Ship is from the Corsair.

The Vision of Drowning is the dream of Clarence, in Richard III.

ROBERT C. SANDS was an American editor, born in 1799, died 1832.

The extract from Whittier entitled **Spring**, page 239, is from **Mogg Megone**, an Indian tale.

WILLIS GAYLORD CLARK was an American magazine writer, connected for many years with the Knickerbocker Magazine. He died in 1841.

Moore's Sunshine is from Lalla Rookh.

The Ivy Green is part of a song introduced in the Pickwick Papers.

GEORGE P. MORRIS was an American author, who was for many years editor of the Home Journal of New York. He wrote many lyric poems. He died in 1864.

EDMUND SPENSER, an epic poet of the age of Queen Elizabeth, was born in 1533, and died in 1599. He introduced into English verse the stanza known as the Spenserian, consisting of nine lines, rhyming as may be seen in the Battle of Waterloo, page 213, and other extracts from Childe Harold.

Spenser's most noted poem is an allegorical epic, entitled the **Faerie Queene.** He is ranked among the greatest of English poets.

The **yew** was much used for bows in the days when English archery was famous. The **shafts** mean the shafts of arrows. The **platane** was the plane-tree.

LXXVI. This story is founded upon fact. The Marblehead dialect resembles the Northumbrian of England.

Apuleius was a Numidian poet of the second century. The Golden Ass was the title of a satirical poem, in which the hero is transformed into a beast. The one-eyed Calendar's story is found in the Arabian Nights, a remarkable collection of oriental legends. Islam's prophet is Mohammed, whose religion is called, by its professors, Islam, or salvation. Al-Borak (the lightning) was the name of a horse which once, according to the Koran, carried Mohammed from Mecca to Jerusalem in an instant of time.

Bacchus was god of wine and revelry. The **Maenads** were women who worshiped Bacchus with frantic rites.

LXXVIII. NATHANIEL HAWTHORNE, an American novelist, was born in Salem, Mass., 1804, died 1864. His best-known works are the Scarlet Letter, the House of the Seven Gables, and the Marble Faun. He delighted in treating of passion and tragedy, and while his style is singularly clear, all his works are painful to read, and leave a gloomy impression. Their power of conception, however, and their grace of style cause many critics to call him the first of American novelists.

The **Coliseum** is a ruined amphitheater at Rome, of immense size. It is elliptical in shape. Its length is six hundred and twelve feet, and its greatest width is five hundred and fifteen feet. It could seat eighty-seven thousand people, and give fifteen thousand more standing room. It was built by the Emperor Titus, about 80 A.D.

Combats of wild beasts were among the common shows. Many Christians were here torn in pieces by lions. Bloody combats of professional fighters, called gladiators, were common.

This exercise is from the **Marble Faun.** The French were holding Rome at the time when the visit is supposed to have occurred. The outer wall of the Coliseum is composed of four tiers of arches, rising about one hundred and fifty feet in height. Byron's celebrated description is found in his tragedy of **Manfred**.

The ancient Romans called the people of northern Europe Goths.

Passion here means the Crucifixion (literally suffering).

LXXIX. This exercise is also from the Marble Faun.

The **Gauls** were the ancient Celtic races who inhabited what is now France. They took Rome 390 B.C.

This exercise and the preceding are excellent examples of quiet, graceful description.

LXXX. JOHN W. PALMER is an American physician who was in California in the early days of the gold excitement, and who contributed many graphic sketches of those times to Putnam's Magazine. The lesson is taken from **The Golden Dagon**, which describes his adventures in Burmah, in the English service, in 1852. The party are making an excursion into the country from Rangoon, to visit certain caves.

Paddy is rice. Behemoth is the name given in the book of Job to a monster, supposed to be the hippopotamus. Peter Botte is a remarkably sharp-pointed mountain in Mauritius, accessible only by ladders. Kitmudgar is an Hindostanee word for waiter or servant. Jehu, a king of Israel, was in the habit of driving furiously. Sahib is equivalent to "my lord," or "sir." There is an old proverb, "If the mountain will not come to Mohammed, Mohammed must go to the mountain." A howdah, is a kind of saddle used upon elephants. The organ of amativeness is located by phrenologists back of and below the crown of the head.

A palkee is a palanquin or litter, in which persons are carried upon men's shoulders. Under bare poles means without any sail spread. Tiffin: luncheon. The Company is the famous East India Company, which for many years realty governed India.

LXXXI. **ELIOT WARBURTON** was an English traveler, born 1812, lost at sea 1852. His **Crescent and Cross,** from which this exercise is taken, is a lively and interesting description of travels in Egypt and Syria. The Crescent is the symbol of the Mohammedan faith.

The Prophet was Mohammed. Abana and Pharpar are

the biblical names of two streams that water the plain of Damascus, and then lose themselves in the sands. **Cyclopean** architecture is remarkable for the large masses of stone employed. The Cyclops were fabled giants. **Khan** means an oriental inn, where lodging only is furnished. **Chester,** in England, has an old Roman street, in which the upper portions of the houses project over the street.

LXXXII. **Dragoman** is a corruption of a Turkish word signifying interpreter. The **Union Jack** is the flag of England. **Isis** was a divinity of ancient Egypt; the moon was one of her symbols. **Cleopatra** was a famous Egyptian queen, of Greek descent, living in the latter part of the first century B.C. **Saladin** was a famous Egyptian sultan, who was very conspicuous in the Third Crusade, about 1190. The **Koran** is the sacred book of the Moslems.

LXXXIII. JOHN CHRISTOPHER FREDERICK VON SCHILLER, one of the greatest of German poets and dramatists, was born in 1759. His plays of William Tell, Mary Stuart, and Wallenstein are very widely known, and many of his lyric poems are greatly admired. The Song of the Bell, and the Diver are among the most famous. He died in 1805.

The proper names in the piece are the poet's invention. Strook; old past tense of strike. Grommelling is an old word for groveling.

LXXXIV. This exercise is taken from a review of Mitford's History of Greece. The history speaks slightingly of the influence of Athens. The original essay appeared in the Edinburgh Review.

Juvenal was a Latin satirical poet, 1st century A.D. Dante (born at Florence, 1265, died 1321) was the greatest of Italian poets. His principal poem was the Divina Commedia. Cervantes was the greatest of Spanish novelists; born 1547, died 1616. His reputation rests upon his satirical novel of Don Quixote, which has been repeatedly translated into other languages. Butler (Sam-UEL) wrote a witty but coarse satire upon the English Puritans, during the latter half of the 17th century, entitled Hudibras. (See Exercise XCII.) Erasmus was a famous Dutch scholar, whose writings were in some measure influential in bringing about the Reformation, although he never was himself an active reformer. He attacked the abuses of the Catholic church with much wit and learning. Pascal was a noted French philosopher of the 17th century, who attacked the Jesuits with great vigor. Mirabeau was a great French orator, who was active in the Revolution of 1789. The tribune, in this connection, signifies the speaker's platform. Galileo was a famous Italian philosopher, who was imprisoned by the Inquisition for

teaching that the earth moves about the sun. (died 1642). Sidney (Algernon) was an English statesman, put to death unjustly for an alleged plot against Charles II, 1683. Her temples have been given up to—Romans, Turks and Scotchmen. The Romans carried off many sculptures; the Turks in their zeal against idolatry mutilate and deface them; and Lord Elgin, a Scotch nobleman, carried away to England the richly sculptured frieze of the Parthenon, the most famous of Athenian temples.

LXXXV. The Cinque Ports are the five English towns mentioned in the third stanza. They were made almost independent by William the Conqueror, and a warden was appointed to govern them in the king's name. The Duke of Wellington held this office at the time of his death in 1852.

Arthur Wellesley, Duke of Wellington, born 1769, died 1852, was the greatest English general of modern times. He was principally distinguished for his victories in India, afterwards in Spain against the French, and finally for his defeat of Napoleon at Waterloo in 1815.

"The French war steamers speeding over." There was a rumor abroad that the French intended to invade England.

LXXXVII. Aplomb means balance.

LXXXVIII. CORNELIUS C. FELTON was an American scholar, professor of Greek, and afterwards President of Harvard College. His lectures upon Greece, ancient and modern, are published in two volumes. He died in 1864. This lesson and the following are from a lecture upon Demosthenes, the greatest orator of the world, so far as we are able to judge. He lived in the 4th century, B.C. The Propylea was a magnificent marble porch in front of the principal entrance to the Acropolis, or citadel. Hymettus was a mountain south of Athens. Isaeus and Isocrates were noted teachers of rhetoric. Aristotle was a very famous philosopher, born in Stagira. The agora is the market, or forum: the place of public assembly. The dicasts were the judges who tried civil cases. The Pnyx was an eminence in the Acropolis where the people met for business pertaining to the foreign affairs of the state. The bema was the speaker's stand or rostrum. The palæstra was the gymnasium, in which all Greek youth were regularly trained. The Peloponnesian War was a series of conflicts between Athens and Sparta, lasting from 431 to 405, B.C., and involving almost every state of Greece. Athens was humbled and nearly ruined. Thucydides wrote its history. Pericles was the foremost man in Athens at the commencement of this war.

Æschines was a rival orator, and personal enemy. The Oration on the Crown (De Corona) is the best specimen of the eloquence of Demosthenes. Æschines, who opposed him, was so crushed by his rival's eloquence, that he left the country. The Cerameicus contained a public cemetery.

XC. CHARLES LAMB was an English essayist, born in London, 1775, died in 1835. He was for more than thirty years a clerk in the employ of the East India Company. He was a great lover of old books, and was intimate with some of the most noted literary men of his time. He was a very noted humorist, and his "Essays of Elia," which are mostly humorous, are very popular. The author was himself addicted to intoxication, and had an impediment in his speech, and some of this may be considered his own experience. Correggio was a noted Italian painter, of the 16th century. Sybaris was a Greek city of Southern Italy, whose inhabitants were noted for sloth and sensuality.

XCI. L'Allegro, an Italian phrase, means the lively, or the cheerful man. The quotation begins with an apostrophe to mirth. Hebe was the Greek goddess of youth. Why does the author call Liberty a mountain nymph? Landskip is the old form for landscape. The Cynosure is properly the dog-star Sirius—a "bright peculiar star." The rebec is a Spanish word for a stringed instrument.

XCII. Hudibras is modeled somewhat after Don Quixote. A Presbyterian knight goes forth to right wrongs and redress grievances. The long-eared rout are the Puritans. Ecclesiastic and a stick must be pronounced so as to rhyme. Pronounce colo-nell-ing. Blow that laid right-worshipful on shoulder-blade is the touch of the sword which is given in conferring knighthood. Stout: valiant. Rage: courage. Montaigne was a noted French essayist of the 16th century. Difficile: pronounce diffisle. Babel, alluding to the confusion of languages. Cerberus was a three-headed dog; the guardian of the entrance of Hades. A leash of dogs is properly three. The orator who filled his mouth, etc., was Demosthenes, who is said to have cured himself of a defect in speech.

XCIII. The full title is Alexander's Feast, An Ode for St. Cecilia's Day. St. Cecilia was the reputed inventor of the organ, and the patron saint of music.

Philip's warlike son is Alexander of Macedon, who conquered Persia about 330 B.C. **Timotheus** is a name of the poet's invention. The burning of the Persian temples is historical. Alexander was often called by his flatterers the son of Jove. **Darius** was the conquered king of Persia. **Lydian measures** were of a plaintive character. The **Furies** were three goddesses of vengeance, represented with snaky hair. **Helen** was the woman whose beauty caused the Trojan war, which ended with the burning of Troy.

- XCIV. Edward I, surnamed Longshanks, was king of England from 1272 to 1307. He conquered Wales, called **Cambria** in poetry. He is said, on doubtful authority, to have put to death the Welsh bards or minstrels, because their songs animated their countrymen to resistance. **Gloster** and **Mortimer** were Edward's noblemen. **Hoel** and **Llewellyn** were famous Welsh bards. The line "Youth on the prow and pleasure at the helm," suggested the picture of Youth, in Cole's well-known series of the Voyage of Life.
- XCV. Under this head are grouped choice extracts in prose, which may be assigned in longer or shorter lessons.
- $2.\ ^{\circ}\mathbf{JOHN}$ FOSTER was an English clergyman noted for his essays. He died in 1843.
- 3. The **Faubourg St. Germain** was once an aristocratic quarter of Paris. The Loire flows by the city of Orleans, once the residence of many French nobles.
- 7. THOMAS CARLYLE is a Scotch essayist and historian, born in 1795. He is principally known by his Sartor Resartus, History of the French Revolution, Life of Oliver Cromwell, Latter Day Pamphlets, and Life of Frederick the Great. His genius is great, but the rugged and irregular style which he affects, and his fierce denunciations of all things and persons which he dislikes, and they are many, do not tend to make him popular.
- 9. **DUGALD STEWART** was an eminent Scotch metaphysician, who died in 1828. He was professor of mental philosophy in the University of Edinburgh. **D'Alembert** was a French philosopher, who died in 1783. **Voltaire** was a noted French philosopher and wit, who wrote almost every kind of composition ever attempted, and always wrote well. He was a deist, and was exceed ingly bitter against the Christianity with which he was acquainted. The **Petit Careme** was a volume of sermons for Lent, by **Massillon**, who was a noted preacher during Voltaire's youth. **Racine** (died 1699), was the greatest of French tragedians.
- JEREMY TAYLOR was an English divine of the 17th century. He has been called the Shakspeare of the pulpit. The Sir-

ian Star is Sirius the dog-star, which rises nearly with the sun in the latter part of July, and was popularly supposed to cause the excessive heat of the "dog-days."

- 11. The Black Prince captured John II, king of France, at the battle of Poictiers, 1356. Villars was a French general in the great war of the Spanish succession, 1701–1713. Eugene of Savoy was a general on the side of the allies against France. George II was king of England from 1727 to 1760. Louis XV was king of France from 1715 to 1774. Damiens was a crazy fanatic who attempted the life of Louis, and was put to death with horrible barbarity. The Broad Stone of Honor is a book upon the institutions of chivalry, written by Henry Kenelm Digby.
- 12. **JOHN LEDYARD** was an American traveler, who died in 1788, at the age of 37. At that early age he had achieved a high reputation for enterprise and energy.
- 13. **Mephistopheles** is the name given to Satan in the famous German tragedy of Faust. He appears as a mocking, sneering fiend. **Puck** is a fairy in Shakspeare's Midsummer Night's Dream, full of wanton practical jokes. **Soame Jenyns** was an English essayist of the last century. **Bettesworth** was an English lawyer satirized by Swift, and **Franc de Pompignan** was bitterly assailed by Voltaire.
- 15. **DANIEL WEBSTER**, an eminent American orator and statesman, was born in Salisbury, N. H., 1782, died at Marshfield, Mass., 1852. He was in public office from 1812 to 1852, represented Massachusetts both in the House and Senate, and was Secretary of State from 1841 to 1845, and again in 1850. His most noted political speech was a reply to Hayne of South Carolina in 1830. He was of the Whig party in politics.
- 16. Oliver Cromwell was the great leader of the parliamentary forces in the English Civil War, 1642–50. He was Lord Protector of the Commonwealth from 1653 till '58—the time of his death. His character has been much commented upon, but he is more respected as he is better known. The Venetian oligarchy was a "Council of Ten" appointed by the nobles, and ruling almost without restraint. Edward Hyde (Lord Clarendon) was a devoted royalist who was opposed to Cromwell in battle, and wrote a history of the war. Simon Bolivar was a Spanish patriot, born 1783, died 1830. He led the movement by which the Spanish colonies of South America became independent. He is called the Washington of South America, and the country of Bolivia was named for him.

17 and 18 are from Milton's plea for a free press, addressed to the

Parliament, entitled Areopagitica. The discipline of Geneva was the Presbyterian form of faith, as received from Calvin of Geneva.

 ISAAC BARROW was an eminent English preacher who died in 1677.

XCVI. This exercise is from the first part of Henry IV. Prince Henry, afterwards Henry V, is given to keeping company with a disreputable set, among them the fat Falstaff. Marry; a corruption of Mary, a common oath. Sack: sherry wine. Nether stocks: stockings. Titan: the sun. Lime was added to sack to make it froth and sparkle. Shotten herring: a herring that has just spawned; hence lean, lank. Weavers were popularly reported to be specially fond of singing. A dagger of lath was carried by clowns in plays. An: old word for if, sometimes used with if. At half-sword: fighting at close quarters. Ecce Signum, (Latin): behold the proof. Ebrew: h dropped. My old ward: my way of fighting or defending myself. Prythee: I pray thee. Anon: presently. Their points being broken-down fell their hose. A quibble on points. The hose or trousers were tied to the doublet or jacket by cords called points. Kendal green was manufactured at a town in Westmoreland, and was famous for a long time. Nott-pated: with hair clipped close. Keech: lump. The strappado was a terrible torture, inflicted by drawing men upward by a rope fastened to their hands which were tied together behind the back. The rack was a machine for stretching the body. Tuck: a small sword. Hercules: a Greek demi-god, famous for strength and courage. Argument: subject.

XCVII. This exercise is from the Vanity of Human Wishes. Charles XII of Sweden reigned from 1697 to 1718. He was a most energetic warrior, and humbled Denmark, conquered Poland, won surprising and repeated victories over Russia, and made Sweden for a while very prominent in European politics. He received a disastrous defeat at Pultowa, in Poland, in 1709, and fled to Turkey, where he was for a while supported by the Turkish authorities. They finally compelled him to quit the country. He returned to Sweden in 1714. He was killed at the siege of Frederickshall, in Norway, by a stray shot, sometimes supposed to have come from one of his own soldiers.

The Gothic Standard means the Swedish flag.

While ladies interpose and slaves debate. The warlike measures which Charles urged in vain on the Turkish court were interfered with by the ladies of the harem and their slaves. of Scotch descent, who made an admirable translation of the Lusiad, the great epic poem of Portugal. He died 1788.

This little poem is in lowland Scotch. The pupil ought to recognize the words in which the principal change from English is in the vowel sounds.

Jauds, jades. A', all. Rax, reach. Key, quay. Mickle pat, large pot. Shoon, old plural of shoe. Braw, brave, fine. Pearl, pronounced purrul. Leal, faithful. Caller, fresh. Fit, foot. Greet, weep, shed tears.

XCIX. **SAMUEL BISHOP** was an English clergyman and school-teacher: died 1795. He wrote a few lyric poems.

C. TOBIAS GEORGE SMOLLETT (1721-1771) was a novelist of Scotch descent. He also wrote poems and a history of England. His novels of Roderick Random, Peregrine Pickle and Expedition of Humphrey Clinker are well known. The latter, from which this extract is taken, is considered the best, and is freest from the coarseness which disfigures almost all the light literature of the last century.

His own hair cut short. Full wigs were very fashionable in Smollett's time.

- CI. RICHARD BRINSLEY SHERIDAN (1751-1816) was a brilliant dramatic author, and distinguished parliamentary orator. His plays entitled **The Rivals, School for Scandal, The Stranger,** and **Pizarro,** are still popular. His most noted speech was made during the impeachment trial of Warren Hastings, Governor General of India. The exercise given is from the **School for Scandal.**
- CII. **HENRY MACKENZIE**, (1745-1831,) was a Scotch author, best known by his novel, **The Man of Feeling**, from which this exercise is taken.
- CIII. **EDMUND BURKE** was a distinguished parliamentary orator, born in Dublin, 1730, died 1797. This speech was made in 1775, when the American difficulties were under discussion, and was a most eloquent plea for conciliatory measures.

The Earl of Bathurst had a son who became Lord Chancellor of England. On his son's receiving this honor, the father received a higher title.

The House of Brunswick commenced to reign in England in 1714. George I and II had died, and George III was then on the throne, beginning his reign in 1760.

The name Great Britain dates from 1707, when England and Scotland were brought under one government.

CIV. The battle of **Hohenlinden** was fought in December, 1800. The French, under Moreau, won a hard-fought battle from the Austrians, commanded by the arch-duke John. Hohenlinden is near Munich, and the river Iser. The author witnessed the battle.

Frank, Frenchman. Hun, there were Hungarian troops in the Austrian army.

CV. The ballad of **Young Lochinvar** is introduced into the poem of **Marmion**. It is sung by Lady Heron, at the court of James IV.

Galliard, a lively dance. Scaur, (pronounced scar), steep bank.

CVI. This extract is from a ballad of Macaulay's not usually printed with his published works. It is supposed to be sung by a puritan sergeant in Ireton's regiment. The battle of Naseby was the most decisive of the Civil War. It was fought in 1645. Skippon was a parliamentary general. Oliver is Cromwell. Temple Bar was the west gate of old London. Traitors' heads were often exposed upon it.

He—he turns and flies. The king with his body-guard fled from the field, without taking any part in the battle.

CVII. THOMAS DAVIS was an Irish lyric poet, noted for his political writings, and attacks upon the English government.

The battle of **Fontenoy** was fought in 1745. The French, commanded by Marshal Saxe, defeated the English and Dutch, commanded by the Duke of Cumberland, son of George II. In the French army was a brigatle of Irish troops, descendants of families that had been driven into exile by English oppression, or had followed the fortunes of the fallen Stuart family.

The bloody Duke, so called for his cruelty to the Scotch adherents of the Stuarts after the battle of Culloden, 1746. Tirailleurs, skirmishers, or sharp-shooters. Voltigeurs, light troops. The household cavalry was the king's body-guard. King Louis, Louis XV. The treaty broken, the capitulation of Limerick in 1691. Religious liberty was promised to the Irish. Sassenagh, or Saxon, is the native Irish word for the English. Fantassin, foot soldier,

CVIII. WILLIAM COBBETT was an English editor and political writer, a self-educated man; opinionated, but of vigorous common sense. He was a common soldier in Nova Scotia for eight years. He edited a paper in Philadelphia during Washington's administration. He died in 1835.

Westminster Hall, Abbey, Bridge, and St. James' Park are all in the west of modern London. Mr. Pitt was the younger William Pitt, son of the Earl of Chatham, one of the "wondrous three." Cobbett's fierce attacks upon American and French democracy had made him known in England. This was just after Cobbett's return from America.

CIX. This extract is from the Pickwick Papers. Mr. Pickwick is a stout, elderly bachelor, a very kind-hearted, jolly gentleman, easily imposed upon, and always ready to help any one in difficulties, either with his purse or with advice. In company with his three inseparable friends, and his very original servant, Sam Weller he meets with a great variety of amusing adventures.

CX. G. J. WHYTE-MELVILLE is an officer in the English army, born about 1820. He was in the Crimean War. He has written several novels. Kate Coventry, and The Interpreter, from which this extract is taken, are the best of them.

Balaclava is a little town and harbor, about seven miles south of Sebastopol. It was the principal military depot of the English during the Crimean War —1854–6.

The Land Transport is what is called in America the wagon train.

The **Chasseurs d'Afrique**, or African light-guards, were so called from their being first employed in Algeria, in 1830.

Newmarket is especially noted for its horse races. Bell's Life is an English sporting paper, in which are published accounts of all noted races.

The Charge of the Light Brigade was made Oct. 25, 1854; 607 British soldiers, led by Lord Lucan, charged the Russian batteries, under fire of a whole army. Only 198 of the whole number returned.

The quotation in § 3 is from Marmion. **Noblesse oblige:** A French proverb, literally, *nobility compels*; a nobleman *must*.

CXI. This extract is from a history of the United States, now publishing under the supervision of Mr. Bryant.

Cardinal Wolsey was a dignitary of the Roman Catholic Church, and Lord Chancellor of England. He was disgraced by Henry VIII, and died in 1530.

Separatists, or Independents, were those Protestants who withdrew from the established Church of England, and maintained the right of local church government. They are now called Congregationalists.

CXII. **JOHN BUNYAN** was a tinker of Bedfordshire, England, born 1628, died 1688. He had very little education. He served as a soldier in the Civil War. After passing through an extraordinary religious experience, he became a Baptist preacher, and was very

successful. He was imprisoned in 1660, for preaching in violation of a law forbidding any preaching except in churches. He remained in prison twelve years. During his confinement he wrote his immortal **Pilgrim's Progress**, a book which is the first of allegories. It has been translated into more languages, and gone through more editions than any book, except the Bible.

In this allegory, Christian, being dreadfully burdened with a load of sin, starts on a pilgrimage from the town of Destruction to the Celestial City. On the way, he is compelled to pass through the town of Vanity, where Vanity Fair is held. Here he and his conrade Faithful are arrested. The abuse which Bunyan and other dissenters often received in courts of justice is set forth in the narrative of this trial.

11. For the act of Pharaoh, see Exodus, chap. i. For the decree of Nebuchadnezzar, see Daniel, iii. For the act of Darius, see Daniel, vi.

CXIII. WILLIAM WORDSWORTH, a distinguished English poet, was born in 1770, died in 1850. He was poet-laureate of England from 1843 to 1850. His best-known works are Lyrical Ballads, The White Doe of Rylstone, Yarrow Revisited, and The Excursion. His poems are very unequal in merit. Some are almost silly in their simplicity, while others are full of thought and beauty. The ode given here is by many considered his master-piece.

LIST OF WORDS

MARKED FOR

PRONUNCIATION,

ACCORDING TO THE

NOTATION IN WEBSTER'S DICTIONARY.

The following list contains all words not usually found in an English dictionary, such as foreign words and proper names, whose pronunciation is not obvious and easy. It also includes other more common words, introduced for the purpose of illustrating various peculiarities, as well as the more ordinary usages of our English pronunciation. The intention has been to insert every word in each lesson that would be likely to trouble the student. Nearly every selection is represented in the list by a group of words marked with the number of the selection. By this arrangement it is made an easy matter to find any word that occurs in any exercise.

Every student of reading ought to become familiar with the notation,—the marks used to indicate sounds, as they are found in some good dictionary. Without such familiarity it will be impossible to determine with entire accuracy the pronunciation of many words. The thorough mastery of the notation in Webster is therefore strongly recommended to every reader. That notation is exhibited in the following table.

VOWEL SOUNDS.

 \bar{a} as in \bar{a} le, \bar{e} as in \bar{e} ve, \bar{i} as in pine, \bar{o} as in tone, \bar{u} as in flue, \bar{y} as in lye, are long vowels.

ă as in ăt, ĕ as in těn, ĭ as in sĭt, ŏ as in hŏt, ŭ as in cŭt, y̆ as in ly̆mph, are short vowels.

â as in câre, a as in fall, a as in far, ê as in thêre, e as in veil, e as in term, r as in prque, r as in firm, ô as in fôr, o

as in do, $\overline{\infty}$ as in food, \overline{u} as in rude, \hat{u} as in fûrl, are also more or less long.

And a as in last, a as in what, o as in done, o as in wolf, oo as in foot, u as in push, are more or less *short*. But these last two groups are not usually known as *long* and *short*, but by other names. The following sounds in the above table are exactly, or very nearly, identical with each other.

a = e,	a=ô,	$\tilde{e} = \hat{u} = \tilde{i}$,	∞=ų=o
ē=ï,	ą=ŏ,	ċ=ŭ,	
$i=\bar{y}$.	â=ê,	$0 = ii = \underline{\omega}$	

CONSONANT SOUNDS.

Nothing needs to be said concerning the sounds of b, d, f, h, j, k, l, m, n, p, r, t, v, z. These are not often ambiguous.

C is not used to represent any sound in the respelling in the subjoined list. G shows always, in this list, the sound it has in gun. Q is not used. S shows in every case, the sound it has in sun. W at the beginning of syllables shows a sound like ϱ . X is not used. Y at the beginning of syllables shows a sound like $\bar{\varrho}$.

ch is always used as in church, th shows the sound of th in thing, the shows the sound of th in thine, \underline{n} shows the sound of ng in sing, and of n in link.

The diphthong ou shows the sound of ou in round, or ow in down. And oi shows the sound of that diphthong in oil, coin.

Vowels unmarked show an obscure or uncertain pronunciation, or indicate different pronunciations by different authorities.

	I.	Patriotism	Pā'trī ŏt īzm
Opinion	Ō pĭn'yŭn	Foreign	Fŏr'In
Measure	Mězh'yur	Concentered	Kŏn sĕn'tĕrd
Coercion	Kō ēr'shŭn	Forfeit	Fôr'sit
Parliament	Pär'lĭ mĕnt		П.
Tyrannical	Ty răn'ik ăl		
Legislature	Lěj'is lāt yur	Ishmael	Ish'ma ĕl

Corse	Kôrs	Porteous	Pōr'tē ŭs
Wearied	Wē'rĭd	Conscience	Kŏn'shĕns
Despicable	Děs'pĭ ka bl	Gane	Gān
Cincinnatus	Sĭn sĭn ā'tŭs	Auld	Ôld
Bequeathed	Bē kwēthd'	Ain	Ān
Leonidas	Lē ŏn'ĭ dăs	Lang	Lă <u>n</u>
Servile	Sērv'ĭl	Isna	Iz'na
Dirge	Dērj	Dune	Dūn
Repair	Rē pâr'	Maist	Māst
Ensign	Ĕn'sīn	Puir	Pūr
Danced	Dånst	Ae	Ā
Vanquished	Vă <u>n</u> 'kwĭsht	Pathos	Pā'thŏs
Conquered	Kŏ <u>n</u> ′kẽrd	Housewife-case	Hous'wif-kās
Threadbare	Thrĕd'bâr	Leisure	Lē'zhur
		Richmond	Rĭch'mŭnd
I	III. /	St. James's	$\mathrm{S\bar{a}nt}\ J\bar{a}\mathrm{m}z'\check{e}z$

Jeanie	Jē'nĭ	J	V.
Precision	Prē sĭzh'ŭn		
Habitually	Ha bīt'yu ăl ĭ	Facilitates	Fa sĭl'ĭ tāts
Presumptuous	Prē zŭmt'yu ŭ	sGranite	Grăn'it
Conscious	Kŏn'shŭs	Certainly	Sēr'tīn lī
Inevitably	Ĭn ĕv'i ta blĭ	Physical	Fĭz'ik ăl
Condescend	Kŏn dē sĕnd'		X
Acquiesce	Ăk kwĭ ĕs'		V.
Awe struck	Ô'strŭk		
Leddyship	Lěďí shĭp	Polished	Pŏl'ĭsht
Argyle	Är gīl'	Nova Zembla	Nōvà Zĕm blå
Sae	Sā	Conveyed	Kŏn vād'
A'thegither	Ä'thĭ gĭth'ēr	Acquaintance	Ăk kwānt'ăns
Haill	Hal	Passion	Păsh'ŭn
Fatiguing	Fa tēg'ĭ <u>n</u>	Beneficial	Bĕn e fĭsh'ăl
Delicate	Děl'ĭ kāt	Preferred	Prē fērd'
Baith	Bāth	Persian	Pēr'shăn
Metropolis	Mē trŏp'ō lĭs	Advantages	Ăd vàn'tāj ĕz
Perpetrators	Pēr pe trā'torz	Ceremony	Sĕr'e mō nĭ
Depositary	Dē pŏz'i ta ri	Flourishing	Flŭr'ĭsh ĭ <u>n</u>

VI.		IX.	
Sonorous Dissonant Clangor Ceiling Casement Soldiers Answered Grievous Solstice Strewing Allegiance Felician Mien Gesture Forgotten Ave Maria	So nō'rŭs Dīs'o nant Klăn'gor Sēl'īn Kās'mĕnt Sōl'jērz Ăn'sērd Grēv'ŭs Sŏl'stIs Stru'in Ăl lēj'ăns Fē līsh'yan Mēn Jest'yur For gŏt'n Ä'vā Mä rē'ä	Hesiod Voyage Napoleon Chivalry Steadily Unconscious Surgeon	Ka tăs'trō fē Bīz'něs Kāv a lēr'lī Läft Fā'vor īts Kī'rō Hĕm'ī sfēr Pï'rä gwī entÅd vēr'tīz měnt He'zī od Vọi' ĕj Na pō'lē ŏn Shīv'āl rī Stěd'ī lī ly Ŭn kŏn'shŭs lī
Sinai	Sī'nā	Mediterranean	Mědí těr rā'nē ăn
Angelus	Ăn'je lŭs	Festivities	Fĕs tǐv'ĭ tĭz
	VII.	Cotillons	Kō tĭl'yŭnz X.

Somnambunst	A grik o la		
New Orleans	Nū Ôr'lē ănz	Discretion	Dis krë'shun
Helena`	Hĕl ē'nā		Dis těm'pěr a tūr
Arkansas	Är kăn'săs	Enthusiasm	
Curtained	Kēr'tind	Shortlived	Shôrt'livd
Furnaces	Fēr'na sĕz	Holiday	Hŏl'ī dā
Steadied	Stěď id	Coral	Kŏr'ăl
Leads	Lĕdz	Grandeur	Grănd'yur
		Decorous	De kā'rŭs

Leisure

Lē'zhur

Gyves	Jīvz	X1.	
Launched	Läncht	Alnaschar	Ăl na shār
Dungeon	Dŭn'jŭn	Drachmas	Drăk' mâz

VIII.

		,	
Diamonds	Dī'a mŭndz	∤Cæsar	Sē'zār
Vizier	Vĭzh'yēr	Chalices	Chăl'ĭ sĕz
Sofa	Sō'fà	Sardanapalus	Sär då nå pā'lŭs
Chimerical	Kĭ mĕr'ĭ kăl	Pageant	Păj'ănt
Σ	KII.	X	CV.
Prayer	Prâr	Mirza	Mēr'zā
Conscience	Kŏn'shĕns	Bagdat	Bäg dät'
Jehovah	Jē hō'và	Paradise	Păr'a dīs
		Familiarized	Fā mil'yar īzd
X	III.	Soliloquies	Sō lĭl'o kwĭz
Leicester	Lĕs'tēr	Examine	Ĕgz ăm'in
Tressilian	Trĕs sĭl'yăn	Leisurely	Lē'zhur lĭ
Sepulcher	Sĕp'ŭl kĕr	Melancholy	Měl'ăn kŏl ĭ
Shrewsbury	Shruz'běr i	Scimitars	Sĭm'ĭ tårz
Villainy	Vil'ĕn ĭ	Vultures	Vŭlt'yurz
Burleigh	Bûr'lĭ	Discovery	Dĭs kŭv'ēr ĭ
'S death	S dĕth		
Sovereign	Sŭv'ēr in	XVI.	
Lambourne	Lam'bûrn	Hood	Hụd
Pincers	Pĭn'sērz	Fashioned	Făsh' ŭnd
Cumnor	Kŭm'nôr	Cerements	Sēr'mĕnts
Kenilworth	Kĕn'ĭl wĕrth	Dishonor	Diz ŏn'or
Marriage	Măr'ij	Scrutiny -	Skru'tĭ nĭ
Patriarchal	Pā trī ärk'ăl	Rarity	Răr'ĭ tĭ
Designed	Dē sīnd'	Casement	Kās'mĕnt
Exhausted	Ĕgz hôsťěd	*Contumely	Kŏn'tū mē lĭ
Courtesy	Kûr'tē sĭ	Humbly	Hŭm'blĭ
Deference	Dĕf'ēr ĕns	Dumbly	Dŭm'lĭ
Taunting	Tänt'in	***	****
Courtier	Kōrt'yēr	X	VII.
Walsingham	Wal'sin hăm	Dialogue	Dī'a lŏg
77	177	Alexander	Ăl ĕgz ăn'dēr
X	IV.	Vaga	Vā'gā
Pyramids	Pĭr'a mĭdz	Severn	Sĕv'ērn
Myrtle	Mēr'tl	-Columns	Kŏl'ŭmz

^{*}The poet in this selection accents this word on the second syllable, but without authority.

Echoes	Ek'ōz	Gloucestershire	Glös'ter sher
Causeway	Kaz' wā	Douglas	Dŭg'lăs
Apprenticed	Åp prěn'tist	Prelate	Prěľ ět
Almshouse	Ämz'hous	Glendower	Glěn dou'er
Medicine	Měďí sin	Uncertainty	Ŭn sēr'tīn ti
Attorneys	Ăt tûr'nĭz		
37.		XX.	
7	VIII.	Scythe	Sith
Ruth	Ruth	Stubborn	Stăb' ûrn
Triangular	Trī ă <u>n</u> 'gū làr	Cheerful	Chēr'ful
Chiffonier	Shif fon ēr'	Haggard	Hăg'ard
Cupboards	Kŭb'ĕrdz	Meadows	Měďoz
Musically	Mū'zĭ kǎl ĭ	Cover	Kŭv'ēr
Facetious	Fā sē'shŭs	Yeoman	Yō'măn
Rallied	Răl'ĭd	Savage	Săv'ĕj
Anxious	Ank'shus	Sinews	Sĭıı'yuz
Saucepan	Sas'păn	Bastile	Bàs tēl'
Anecdotes	Ăn ĕk dōts	Gaol	Jāl
Frayed	Frād	Spital	Spĭt'ăl
Steak	Stāk		
Delicacy	Děľi ka si	X	X1.
Cabbage	Kăb'ĕj		
Mysterious	Mis tē'ri ŭs	Ambassador	Ăm băs'a dor
Drudgery	Drŭj'ēr i	Valmond	Văl'mŏnd
		Allemaine	Ál'lē mān
2	IX.	Embroidered	Ĕm broi'dērd
Worcester	Wus'tēr	Ermine	Ēr'nıIn
Veins	Vānz	Urbane	Ûr bān'
Bolingbroke	Bŏ'li <u>n</u> bryk	Cavalcade	Kāv'āl kād
Scandalized	Skăn'dăl îzd	Piebald	Pī'bald
Predicament	Prē dĭk'a mĕm	Jeweled	Jn'ĕld
Chronicles	Krŏn'i klz	Solemn	Sől'ĕm
Cankered	Kă <u>n</u> kẽrd	Sicily	Sis'i li
Adventurous	Ăd věnt'yur ŭ	s Journeyed	Jûr'nîd
Corrival	Kör rīv'āl	Salerno	Sa lēr'nō
Unsteadfast	Ŭn stěď fåst	Palermo	Pa lēr'mō
Forbade	For băd'	Shriven	Shrīv'n

Beckoned	Běk'nd	Düffeld	Dē'fĕld
Courtiers	Kōrt'yērz	Mecheln	Měk'ěln
	*****	Aerschot	Är'skŏt
X	XII.	Looz	Lōz
Armada -	Är mā'dà	Roos	Rōs
Weathering	Wěth'ěr ĭ <u>n</u>	Tongres	Tōngr
Coruña -	Ko run'yä	Dalhem	Däl'hĕm
Reckoning	Rĕk'n i <u>n</u>	373	V7 1 1 7
Sidonia ~	Si dō'nĭ â	X_{2}	XIV.
Calderon ~	Käl dā rōn'	Hiawatha	Hī a wä'thả
Santander -	Sän tän'dêr	Cheemaun	Chē môn'
Recalde -	Rā käl'dā	Taquamenaw	Tä kwä mē'nô
St. Sebastian-	Sānt Se bast'yŭ	nTamarack	Tăm'a răk
Madrid-	Mä drēd'	Resin –	Rĕz'ĭn
Egyptians-	Ē jĭp'shănz	Kagh	Kä
Bernardino-	Bĕr när dē'nō	Kwasind	Kwäs'ind
Seine-	Sān	Pauwating	Pô wä'tĭ <u>n</u>
Calais	Kăl'ĭs	371	3737
Snaphance	Snăp'hâns	XXV.	
Escurial	Ĕs kū'rĭ ăl	Nokomis	Nō kō'mĭs
Castilian	Kăs tĭl'yăn	Mondamin	Mŏn dä'mĭn
Galleons	Găl'lē ŏnz	Disheveled	Dĭ shĕv'ld
Thanet	Thăn'ĕt	Shuh-shuh-gal	n Shụ shụ'gä
Ascoli	Äs'kō lē	Melancholy	Měľan kŏl ĭ
Manrique	Män rē'kā	Kahgahgee	Kä gä′gē
Dunkirk	Dŭn'kîrk	Iagoo	I ä'gu
De Valdez	Dě Väl'děz		
Monçada	Mŏn sä'dä	XΣ	KVI.
Da Leyva	Dä Lī'vä	Minstrel	Mĭn'strĕl
Oquendo	Ō kān'dō	Palfrey	Pôl'frĭ
Juan	Hwän	Caroled	Kăr'ŏld
373	comme	Yarrow	Yăr'rō
X	XIII.	Birchen	Bērch'n
Ghent	Gĕnt	Duchess	Dŭch'ĕs
Aix	Āks	Monmouth	Mŏn'mŭth
Roland	Rō'lănd	Buccleuch	Bŭk klū'
Lokeren	Lō kār'ĕn	Ecstasy	Ĕk'sta sĭ

			~~~
XX	XVII.	Presage	Prē'sāj
~		Marauder	Ma rôd'ēr
Eulogy	Yu'lo jĭ	Vengeance	Věnj'ans
Miraculous	Mĭ răk'ū lŭs	Visage	Vĭz'ĕj
Simultaneous	Sī mŭl tā'ne ŭ		J
Domine	Dŏm' ĭ nē	X	XX.
Compatriot	Kom pā'trī et	11	4141.
		Parliament	Pär'li ment
XX	V111.	Levee	Lĕv'ē
Cuthell	Kū'thĕl	Pensions	Pĕn'shŭnz
Erskine	Ĕrs'kin	Douceurs	Du sûr'
Blasphemous	Blăs'fē mŭs		•
177	T TAT	X	XXI.
	XIX.		
Flodden	Flŏd'n	Achilles	À kĭl'ēz
Blount	Blount	Peleus	Pē'lūs
Eustace	Yus'tās	Hades	Hā'dēz
Clare	Klâr	Atrides	À trī'dēz
Portentous	Pôr tĕn'tŭs	Latona	Là tō'nà
Anxious.	Ă <u>n</u> k'shŭs	Atreus	A'trus
Falchions	Fôl'chŭnz	Chryses	Krī'sēz
Falcon	Fô'kn	Calchas	Kăl'kăs
Chieftains	Chēf'tīns	Apollo	Á pŏľō
Marmion	Mär'mĭ on	Phoebus	Fē'bŭs
Fitz-Eustace	Fĭts-Yus'tĕs	Argives	Är'jīvz
Housing	Houz'in	Achaian	A kā' yān
Plumage	Plūm'ěj	Sovereign	Sŭv'ēr In
Casque	Kásk	Agamemnon	Ág a měm'nŏn
Dacre	Dā'kēr	Hecatomb	Hěk'a tom
Lancashire	Lănk'a shēr	Augur	A'gûr
Tunstall	Tŭns'tăl	Clytemnestra	Člī těm něs'trá
Surrey	Sŭr'ĭ	Phthia	Thī'à
Buried	Bĕr'ĭd	Menelaus	Měn e lā'ūs
Anguish	An'gwish	Measure	Mězh'yyr
Piteous	Pīt'ē ŭs	Myrmidons	Mēr'mī dönz

Myrmidons Mēr'mī donz Man - queller Măn'- kwěl êr

Pe lī'dēz

Pelides

Mŭnk

Shrīv

Monk

Shrive

## XXXII.

# 3 XXXV.

12		-	
Hamelin -	Hăm'e lĭn	Hugo	Hū'gō
Weser	Wē'zēr	Boisberthelot	Bwä běrt lō'
Shrieking	Shrēk'ĭ <u>n</u>	Lieutenant	Lū těn'ănt
Ermine	~Er'mĭn	Carronades	Kăr ŏn ādz'
Obese	Ō bēs'	Indescribable	Ĭn de skrīb'a bl
Guilder	Gĭl'dēr	Exterminates	Ĕks tēr'mĭ nāts
Cham	Kăm	Cyclone	Sī'klōn
Grandsire	Grănd's <b>ī</b> r	Bronze	Brŏnz
Nizam	Nĭ zăm'	Fascinate	Făs'sĭ nāt
		Boa	Bō'à
XX	XIII.	Carriage	Kăr'rĭj
		Intrepid	Ĭn trĕp'ĭd
Cæsar	Sē'zār	Inaccessible	Ĭn ăk sĕs'ĭ bl
Psaltery	Sal'tēr ĭ	Catastrophe-	Ka tăs'trō fē
Nuncheon	Nŭn'shŭn	Fragile	Frăj'ĭl
Bagdat	Bäg dät'	Simultaneous	Sī mŭl tā'nē ŭs
Pottage	Pŏt'ĕj	Assignats	Ăs'ĭn yäz'
Caliph	Kā'lĭf	Maneuver	Ma nū'vēr
Stiver	Stī'vēr	Avalanche	Ăv a lănsh'
Ribald	Rĭb'ăld	Mastodon	Măs'to dŏn
Piebald	Pī'bald	Impossible	Ĭm pŏs'ĭ bl
Scorpions	Skôr'pĭ ŏnz	VV	VVI
Koppelberg	Kŏp'ĕl bĕrg	$\Lambda \Lambda$	XXVI.
Honey - bees	Hŭn'ĭ - bēz	Corvette	Kôr věť
Transylvania	Trăn sil vā'nī	åIrremediable	Îr re mē'dĭ a bl
Alien	Āl'yĕn	Chevalier	Shĕv a lēr'
Outlandish	Out lănd'ĭsh	LaVienville	Lä Vē ă <u>n</u> 'vēl
Subterraneous	s Sŭb tĕr rā'nē ŭ	sSaint Louis	Sānt Lo'ĭs
Trepanned	Trē pănd'	Ambuscade	Åm bŭs kād'
VV	XIV.	Reparable	Rĕp'a ra bl
		Solemnly	Sŏl'ĕm lĭ
Boatswain	Bōt'swān	Inexorable	Ĭn ĕks'o ra bl
Feint	Fant	Sergeant	Sär'jĕnt
Mermaid	Mēr'mād	Hurricane	Hŭr'rĭ kān

Vendee

Vŏ<u>n</u> dā'

Băk'kā

Bacca

		D	
XXXVII.		Deceit	De sēt'
D. II	D	Calaveras	Kä lä vā'rās
Panther	Păn'thêr	Abdomen	Åb dö'měn
Earthquake	Ērth'kwāk	Paleozoic	Pā le o zō'īk
XXXVIII.		XLII.	
Furrowed	Fŭr'rōd	Mischief	Mis'chif
Comrade	Kŏm'rād	Extraordinary	Ĕks trôr'di na ri
Petals	Pěťálz	<b>I</b> pswich	Ĭps'wich
Village	Vĭl'ĕj	Yarmouth	Yär'mŭth
Bruised	Bryzd	Chimneys	Chim'niz
		Abyss	À bĭs'
XX	XIX.	Herring	Hĕr'rĭ <u>n</u>
Canonized	Kăn'on izd	Surveying	Sûr vā'In
Lyres	Līrz	Tremendous	Trē měn'dŭs
Scrolls	Skrōlz	Valleys	Văl'ĭz
Poesy -	Pō'e sĭ	Tumultuously	Tŭ mŭlt'ū ŭs lī
Alloway	Ăl'ō wā	Horizon	Hō rī'zn
Witch - haunted	Wich'-hänt ěc	1	
Witten-Haunten	TT ICH HALITO CC	Y T	111
Pathos	Pā'thŏs	XI	III. ·
Pathos	Pā'thŏs	XI Schooner	Skon'ēr
Pathos		XI	Skon'ēr Port'ā gāl
Pathos	Pā'thŏs XL. Mŏn'ārk	XI Schooner	Skon'ēr Pōrt'ū găl Pēs'ěz
Pathos  Monarch Pantomime	Pā'thŏs KL. Mŏn'ärk Păn'tō mīm	Schooner Portugal Pieces Clamoring	Skon'ēr Pōrt'ū găl Pēs'ĕz Klăm'ôr īŋ
Pathos Monarch	Pā'thŏs KL. Mŏn'ärk Păn'tō mīm	Schooner Portugal Pieces	Skon'ēr Pōrt'ū găl Pēs'ěz
Pathos  Monarch Pantomime	Pā'thŏs XL. Mŏn'ärk Păn'tō mīm Kûr de lī'ŏn Sīn'yụ ī	Schooner Portugal Pieces Clamoring	Skon'êr Port'n găl Pēs'ēz Klăm'ôr in Kăn ŏn ād'in Tĕr rīf'īk
Pathos  Monarch Pantomime Cœur de Lion Sinewy Argo	Pā'thŏs  XL.  Mŏn'ärk  Păn'tō mīm  Kûr de lī'ŏn  Sīn'yu ī  Är'gō	Schooner Portugal Pieces Clamoring Cannonading Terrific Tattooed	Skon'er Port'n găl Pēs'ez Klăm'ôr in Kăn ŏn ād'in Těr rif'ik Tăt tod'
Pathos  Monarch Pantomime Cœur de Lion Sinewy	Pā'thŏs XL. Mŏn'ärk Păn'tō mīm Kûr de lī'ŏn Sīn'yụ ī	Schooner Portugal Pieces Clamoring Cannonading Terrific Tattooed Inconceivable	Skon'er Pört'n găl Pēs'éz Klăm'ôr in Kăn ŏn ād'in Těr rīf'ik Tăt tod' Ĭn kŏn sēv'a bl
Pathos  Monarch Pantomime Cœur de Lion Sinewy Argo Napoleon Festival	Pā'thŏs  XL.  Mŏn'ārk Păn'tō mīm Kûr de lī'ŏn Sīn'yụ ĭ Är'gō Nå pō'lē ŏn Fĕs'tī văl	Schooner Portugal Pieces Clamoring Cannonading Terrific Tattooed Inconceivable Conspicuous	Skon'ēr Pört'ū găl Pēs'ēz Klām'ôr īn Kān ŏn ād'in Těr rīf'īk Tāt tod' Ĭn kŏn sēv'a bl Kŏn spīk'ū ŭs
Pathos  Monarch Pantomime Cœur de Lion Sinewy Argo – Napoleon Festival Sepulchers	Pā'thŏs  XL.  Mŏn'ārk  Păn'tō mīm  Kûr de lī'ŏn  Sīn'yu ī  Är'gō  Nå pō'lē ŏn	Schooner Rortugal Pieces Clamoring Cannonading Terrific Tattooed Inconceivable Conspicuous Cordage	Skon'ēr Pört'ū găl Pēs'ēz Klām'ôr in Kān ŏn ād'in Těr rīf'ik Tāt tod' Ĭn kŏn sēv'a bl Kŏn spīk'ū ŭs Kôrd'aj
Pathos  Monarch Pantomime Cœur de Lion Sinewy Argo Napoleon Festival	Pā'thŏs  XL.  Mŏn'ārk Păn'tō mīm Kûr de lī'ŏn Sīn'yụ ĭ Är'gō Nå pō'lē ŏn Fĕs'tī văl	Schooner Rortugal Pieces Clamoring Cannonading Terrific Tattooed Inconceivable Conspicuous Cordage Buffeting	Skon'ēr Pört'ū găl Pēs'ēz Klăm'ôr in Kān ŏn ād'in Těr rīf'īk Tāt tod' Ĭn kŏn sēv'a bl Kŏn spīk'ū ŭs Kôrd'aj Bŭf'ēt In
Pathos  Monarch Pantomime Cœur de Lion Sinewy Argo – Napoleon Festival Sepulchers	Pā'thŏs  XL.  Mŏn'ārk Păn'tō mīm Kûr de lī'ŏn Sīn'yu ī Är'gō Nā pō'lē ŏn Fēs'tī văl Sĕp'ŭl kērz	Schooner Rortugal Pieces Clamoring Cannonading Terrific Tattooed Inconceivable Conspicuous Cordage	Skon'ēr Pört'ū găl Pēs'ēz Klām'ôr in Kān ŏn ād'in Těr rīf'ik Tāt tod' Ĭn kŏn sēv'a bl Kŏn spīk'ū ŭs Kôrd'aj
Pathos  Monarch Pantomime Cœur de Lion Sinewy Argo Napoleon Festival Sepulchers Patriarch Clenched Tomahawk	Pā'thŏs  XL.  Mŏn'ārk Păn'tō mīm Kûr de li'ŏn Sin'yu i Är'gō Nā pō'lē ŏn Fĕs'tī văl Sĕp'ŭl kērz Pā'tri ärk Klĕncht Tŏm'a hak	Schooner Rortugal Pieces Clamoring Cannonading Terrific Tattooed Inconceivable Conspicuous Cordage Buffeting Hurriedly	Skon'ēr Pört'ū gāl Pēs'ēz Klām'ôr īŋ Kān ŏn ād'iŋ Těr rīf'īk Tāt tod' Ĭn kŏn sēv'a bl Kŏn spīk'ū ŭs Kôrd'aj Bŭf'ēt īŋ Hŭr'īd lī
Pathos  Monarch Pantomime Cœur de Lion Sinewy Argo Napoleon Festival Sepulchers Patriarch Clenched	Pā'thŏs  XL.  Mŏn'ārk Păn'tō mīm Kûr de li'ŏn Sin'yu i Är'gō Nā pō'lē ŏn Fĕs'tī văl Sĕp'ŭl kērz Pā'tri ärk Klĕncht Tŏm'a hak	Schooner Portugal Pieces Clamoring Cannonading Terrific Tattooed Inconceivable Conspicuous Cordage Buffeting Hurriedly	Skon'er Pört'n găl Pēs'ēz Klăm'ôr in Kăn ŏn ād'in Těr rif'ik Tāt tod' Ĭn kŏn sēv'a bl Kŏn spik'n ŭs Kôrd'aj Bŭf'ēt in Hŭr'id li
Monarch Pantomime Cœur de Lion Sinewy Argo Napoleon Festival Sepulchers Patriarch Clenched Tomahawk Rifle-trophies	Pā'thŏs  XL.  Mŏn'ārk Păn'tō mīm Kûr de lī'ŏn Sīn'yu ī Är'gō Nā pō'lē ŏn Fĕs'tī văl Sĕp'ŭl kērz Pā'trī ārk Klĕncht Tŏm'a hak s Rī'fl-trō fīz	Schooner Portugal Pieces Clamoring Cannonading Terrific Tattooed Inconceivable Conspicuous Cordage Buffeting Hurriedly  Whirl-dance	Skon'er Pört'n găl Pēs'éz Klăm'ôr in Kăn ŏn ād'in Těr rif'ik Tăt tod' Ĭn kŏn sēv'a bl Kŏn spik'n ŭs Kôrd'aj Bŭf'ēt in Hŭr'id li LIV.
Monarch Pantomime Cœur de Lion Sinewy Argo Napoleon Festival Sepulchers Patriarch Clenched Tomahawk Rifle-trophies	Pā'thŏs  XL.  Mŏn'ārk Păn'tō mīm Kûr de li'ŏn Sin'yu i Är'gō Nā pō'lē ŏn Fĕs'tī văl Sĕp'ŭl kērz Pā'tri ärk Klĕncht Tŏm'a hak	Schooner Portugal Pieces Clamoring Cannonading Terrific Tattooed Inconceivable Conspicuous Cordage Buffeting Hurriedly	Skon'er Pört'n găl Pēs'ēz Klăm'ôr in Kăn ŏn ād'in Těr rif'ik Tāt tod' Ĭn kŏn sēv'a bl Kŏn spik'n ŭs Kôrd'aj Bŭf'ēt in Hŭr'id li

		_	
Pellicle	Pĕl'ĭ kl	Fancying	Făn'sĭ ĭ <u>n</u>
Meteor	Mē'tē or	Raspberries	Răz'bĕr ĭz
—Pisa	Pē'zà	Bunyip	Bŭn'yĭp
Chinese	Chī nēz'	Kangaroo	Kă <u>n</u> ga rọ'
Aladdin	Å lăd'ĭn	Precipitous	Prē sĭp'ĭ tŭs
Wondrous	Wŭn'drŭs	Unconsciously	Ŭn kŏn'shŭs lĭ
X	LV.	Eyry	Ā'rĭ
Ouphe	Of	XJ	LIX.
- Fay	 Fa	Cecil	Sē'sĭl
Jocund	Jŏk'ŭnd	Fairies	Fâr'ĭz
Sentry-elf	Sĕn'trĭ-ĕlf	Stirrup	Stŭr'ŭp
·		Tuckerimbid	Tŭk er im bid'
L	XVI.	Handkerchief	Hă <u>n</u> 'kēr chĭf
Diamond	Dī'a mŭnd	Holiday	Hŏl'ĭ dā
Precious	Prĕsh'ŭs	·	*
Condemn	Kŏn dĕm'		L.
Deficiency	Dē fī'shĕn sĭ	Bucentaur	Bū sĕn'tar
Accessible	Ăk sĕs'ĭ bl	Fiercely	Fērs'lĭ
, V.T	7777	Plaintively	Plān'tĭv lĭ
ΔI	VII.	Echo	Ĕk'ō
Desperate		-Doge	Dōj
Acquiesce	Ăk wĭ ĕs'	Paralyze	Păr'ăl īz
Project	Prŏj'ĕkt	Mechanically	Mē kăn'i kăl i
Harangue	Ha ră <u>n</u> ′	Gunwale	Gŭn'ĕl
Fashion	Făsh'ŭn	Floe	Flō
Proselytes	Prŏs'e līts	Sympathetic	Sĭm pa thĕt'ĭk
Superiority	Sū pē rĭ ŏr'ĭ tĭ		Lū'mĭ nŭs
Weather-beaten	Wěth'er - bet		Ăm a zō'nĭ ăn
XL	VIII.	Stampede	Stăm pēd'
- Garoopna	Găr gp'nâ	I	JI.
Knoll	Nol	Iskander	Ĭs kăn'dēr
Columns	K-ŏl'ŭmz	Hunniades	Hŭn ī'a dēz
Shepherd	Shĕp'ērd	Disraeli	Dĭz rā'ĕl ē
Religion	Rē lĭj'ŭn	Anatolian	Ăn a tō'lĭ ăn
Paradise	Păr'a dīs	Hæmus	Hē'mŭs

	Christendom -	Kris'n dăm	-Gordian	Gôr'di ăn
	Polish-	Pō'lĭsh	Irrevocably	Ĭr rĕv'ō ca blī
	Pelisse	Pe lēs'	Perilous	Pĕr'ĭl ŭs
	Esquire	Ĕs kwīr'	Gibbet	Jĭb'ĕt
	Leckinski	Le kin'ski	Miraculously	Mī rāk'ū lūs lī
	Pavilion	Pa vil'yŭn	Undissembled	Ŭn dĭs sĕm'bld
	Moslemin	Mŏz'lĕm ĭn	Pirouetted	Pĭr o ĕt'ĕd
_	Amurath	Ăm'u răth	Cavalcade	Kăv'ăl kād
	Iduna-	Ī dū'nā	, .	1.57
	Vaivode	Va'vōd	L	IV.
•	Karam	Kä räm'	Thackeray	Thăk'ēr ā
	Bey +	Bā	Aristocrats	A rĭs'tō krăts
	Epirots	Ē pī'rŏts	Physician	Fĭ zĭsh'ăn
	Uladislaus	Ū lăd is lā'ŭs	Flaunting	Flänt'in
			Supercilious	Sū pēr sĭl'ī ŭs
	1.	П.	Invalides	Ĭn va lēd'
	Mediæval	Mē dĭ ē'văl	Gewgaws	Gū'gaz
	Coronet	Kŏr'o nět	Sarcasm	Sär'kăzm
	Forehead	Fŏr'ĕd	Parvenu	Pär've nū
	Menace	Mĕn'ĕs	Ney	Nā
	Ceiling	Sēl'ĭ <u>n</u>	Lannes	Lăn
	Legend	Lē'jĕnd	Desaix	Dā sā'
	Avarice	Ăv'a rĭs	Marengo	Mà rĕn'gō
			Londonderry	Lŭn dŭn dĕr'ĭ
	L	П.		T. P.
	Lalor-	Lā'lor	1.	V.
	Shiell-	Shēl	Stephenson	Stē'vn sn
	Tithe - proctor	Tīth'- proc tor	Literature	Lĭt'ēr a tūr
	Barony	Băr'o ni	Exigency	Ĕk'sĭ jĕn sĭ
	Assizes	Ăs sīz'ĕz	Banshee	Băn'shē
	Unconscious	Ŭn kŏn'shŭs	Factitious	Făk tish'ŭs
	Dispatched	Dis păcht'	Paradoxes	Păr'a dŏk sĕz
	Attorney	Ăt tûr'ni	Comte	Kōnt
	Physiognomy	Fiz i ŏg'no mi	Lauraguais.	Lō ra gā'
	Illicit	Ĭl lĭs'ĭt	Mediterranean M	ěd i těr rā'nē ău
	Alibi	Ăl'ī bī	Lincolnshire	Lĭ <u>n</u> 'kŭn shēr
	Alertness	À lert'nes	Cambridgeshire	Kām'brīj shēr

Gutta percha	Gŭt'à pêr chả	Fashion	Făsh'ŭn
Parliament	Pär'lĭ mĕnt	Messana	Měs sā'nà
Ponchos	Pŏn'chōz	Rhegium	Rē'jĭ ŭm
Ginseng	Jĭn'sĕ <u>n</u>	Citizen	Sĭt'ĭ zn
Munich	Mū'nĭk	Verres	Vĕr'ēz
Berlin	Bēr'lĭn	Accomplice	Ăk kŏm'plĭs
Paris	Păr'ĭs	Syracuse	Sĭr a kūs'
Romilly	Rŏm'ĭl ĭ	Malice	Măl'ĭs
Birmingham	Bēr'mĭ <u>n</u> hăm	Anxiously	Ank'shŭs lĭ
Manchester	Măn'chĕs tẽr	Flashed	Flăsht
T	***	Stripped	Strĭpt
L	VI.	Campaign	Kăm pān'
Currents	Kŭr'rĕnts	Pretius	Prē'shŭs
Played	Plād	Sicily	Sĭs'ĭ lĭ
Catalpa	Ka tăl'på	Scourged	Skûrjd
Cataracts	Kăt'a răkts	Suspicion	Sŭs pĭ'shŭn
Villages	Vĭl'la jĕz	Wretched	Rĕch'ed
Ocean	O'shăn	Anguish	A <u>n</u> 'gwĭsh
Pinions	Pĭn'yŭnz	Deprecating	Děp're kāt ĭ <u>n</u>
Wrenched	Rĕncht	Porcius	Pōr'shŭs
Unmeasured	Ŭn mĕzh'yurd	Sempronius	Sĕm prō'nī ŭs
Warriors	Wôr'yurz	Anything	Ĕn'ĭ thĭ <u>n</u>
Isles	Īlz	т х	7777
Europe	Yū'rŭp	LV	III.
Solemn	Sŏl'ĕm	Excalibar	Ĕks kăľi bår
Ancient	Ān'shĕnt	Twinkled	Twĭ <u>n</u> ′kld
Eyes	Īz	Diamond	Dī'a mŭnd
Unconscious	Ŭn kŏn'shŭs	Subtlest	Sŭt'lĕst
Prison	Prĭz'n	Swallow	Swŏl ō
Genial	Jē'nĭ ăl	Yellow	Yĕl'ō
Hymnings	$H$ im'ni $\underline{n}z$	Slumbrous	Slŭm'brŭs
т т	777	Pinnacles	Pĭn'a klz
L	VII.	Casement	Kās'mĕnt
Requisites	Rěk'wĭ zĭts	Imageries	Ĭm'aj rĭz
Credible	Krĕd'ĭ bl	Heraldries	Hĕr'ăld rĭz
Atrocious	À trō'shŭs	Scutcheon	Skŭtch'ŭn
Exhausted	Ĕgz hast'ĕd	Amethyst	Åm'e thĭst

Charioteer Keats	Chăr ĭ ŏt ēr' Kēts	Regiments Sterile	Rěj'ĭ měnts Stěr'ĭl
Shelley	Shěl'ĭ	Sterne	Ster II
Xanadu	Zăn'a do		LX.
Kubla Khan	Kū'bla Kan	LA.	
Fertile	Fēr'tĭl	Written	Rĭt'n
Echoes	Ĕk'ōz	Imperishable	
Sinuous	Sĭn'yu ŭs	Characters	Kăr'ăk têrz
	···	Beneficent	Be něf'i sěnt
L	IX.	Conquests	Kŏnk'wĕsts
-		Fugitives	Fū'jī tīvz
Wondrous	Wŭn'drŭs	Egypt	Ē'jĭpt
Tongue	Tŭ <u>n</u>	Destined	Děs'tĭnd
Ruinous	Ru'ĭn ŭs	Quenched	Kwĕncht
Landscape	Lănd'skāp	Colleges	Kŏl'ĕj ĕz
Crouches	Krouch'ěz	Eighteen	Ā'tēn
League	Lēg	Plymouth	Plĭm'ŭth•
Crumbling	Krŭm'blĭ <u>n</u>	Municipal	Mū nĭs'ĭ păl
Appledore	Ăp'l dōr	Judaism	Jū'da ĭzm
Emerald	Ĕm'e răld	Devil	Děv'l.
Avalanche	Ăv a lănsh'	Admirable	Ăd'mĭ ra bl
Deafening	Dĕf'n ĭ <u>n</u>	Unpicturesque	Ŭn pikt yur ěsk'
Enorme or		Sympathies	Sim'pa thiz
Enorm	Ē nôrm'	Peaceable	Pēs'a bl
Monadnock	Mo năd'nŏk	Apotheosis	Ăp o thể o sĩs
Granite	Grăn'it	Fairy	Fâr'ĭ
Rocked	Rŏkt	Poetry	Pō'ĕt rĭ
Lowell	Lō'ĕl	Plebeian	Plē bē'yăn
Mountain	Mount'in	General	Jĕn'ēr ăl
Nations	Nā'shŭnz	Court	Kort
Byron	Bī'ron	Exhalation	Ĕgz hā lā'shŭn
Farragut	Făr'a gŭt	Nature	Nāt'yur
Broadsides	Brôd'sīdz	Personal	Pēr'son ăl
Pallor	Păl'or	Teague	Teg
Palmy	Päm'ĭ	Accomplishe	
*Niger	Nī'jēr	Superstitious	Sū pēr stĭsh'ŭs

^{*}The author makes this word Niger.

Deliberately	De lĭb'ērāt lĭ	Appetite	Ăp'ē tīt
Magistracy	Măj'is trā sĭ	Harangued	Ha ră <u>n</u> d'
Clergy	Clēr'jĭ	Eloquent	Ĕl'ō kwĕnt
3,	·	Minstrelsy	Mĭn'strĕl sĭ
L	XI.	Beautify	Bū'tĭ fī
Thanatopsis	Thăn a tŏp'sĭs	Released	Rē lēst'
Language	Lă <u>n</u> 'gwĕj	Sectaries	Sĕk'ta rĭz
Gayer	Gā'ēr	Discern	Dĭz zērn'
Images	Ĭm'ĕj ĕz	Devour	Dē vour'
Nourished	Nŭr'ĭsht	Somewhere	Sŭm'whâr
Surrendering	Sûr rĕnd'ēr i <u>n</u>	Studiously	Stū'dĭ ŭs lĭ
Elements	Ĕl'e mĕnts		and the same of th
Couch	Kouch	L	XIII.
Pierce	Pērs	Vicious	Vĭsh'ŭs
Patriarchs	Pā'trĭ ärks	Untouched	Ŭn tŭcht'
Sepulcher	Sĕp'ŭl kēr	Opinion	Ō pĭn'yŭn
Melancholy	Měľán kŏl ĭ	Practice	Prăk'tĭs
Unnoticed	Ŭn nō'tĭst	Inquiry	Ĭn quīr'ĭ
Departure	Dē pārt'yur	Equally	Ē'quăl ĭ
Laugh	Läf	Whole	Hōl
Solemn	Sŏl'ĕm	Partial	Pär'shăl
Ages	$ar{\mathrm{A}}'$ jĕz	Friends	Frĕndz
Matron	Mā'tròn	Particulars	Par tĭk' ū làrz
Summons	Sŭm'monz	Garnished	Gär'nĭsht
Innumerable	Ĭn nū'mẽr a bl	Analogous	À năl'ō gŭs
Mysterious	Mĭs tē'ri ŭs	Sincerity	Sĭn sĕr'ĭ tĭ
Dungeon	Dŭn'jŭn	Disconcert	Dĭs kŏn sērt'
Pleasant	Plěz'ănt -	Theirs	<del>Th</del> ârz
		Travelers	Trăv'ĕl ẽrz
L	XII.	Excellent	Ĕk'sĕl ĕnt
*Cowper	Kow'pēr	Curious	Kū'rĭ ŭs
Nightingale	Nīt'ĭn gāl	Stranger	Strān'jēr
Eagerly	Ē'gēr lĭ	Behavior	Bē hāv'yur
Something	Sŭm'thĭ <u>n</u>	Certainly	Sēr'tīn lī
Hawthorn	Hô'thôrn	Emphasis	Ĕm'fa sĭs
Village	Vĭľĕj	Hospitality	Hŏs pĭ tăl'i tĭ

Courtesy Exhibit	Kûrt'e si Ĕgz hib'it	L	XV.
Heroism	Hĕr'ō ĭzm	Untrodden	Un trŏd'n
Efficient	Ĕf fĭsh'ĕnt	Enough	E nŭf'
Household	Hous'hold	Doth	Dŭth
Plutarch	Plū'tärk	Piteous	Pit'ē ŭs
Rehearsed	Rē hērst'	Comfort	Kŭm'furt
			Pŏv'ēr tĭ
Fatigue	Fa tēg' Sŏl'ĭ ta rĭ	Poverty Threshold	Thrěsh'öld
Solitary	Sorr ta rī Ád vēr′tĭz mĕnts		Í'sĭ klz
Macready	Ma krē'dĭ	Sunken	Sŭ <u>n</u> k'n
Booth	Both	Heaven	Hěv'n
Kemble-	Kĕm'bl	Earthly	Ērth'lĭ
Discourses	Dĭs kōrs'ĕz	Descends	Dē sĕndz
Affectionate	Ăf fĕk'shŭn āt	Patient	Pā'shĕnt
Business	Bĭz'nĕs	Earthquake	Ērth'kwāk
Honey	Hŭn'i	Trouble	Trŭb'l
Early	Ĕr'lĭ	Beneath	Bē nēth'
Treasures	Trĕzh'urz	r x	7 7 7 7
Treasures Advantage	Trězh'urz Ăd vàn'ta jěz	LX	XVI.
		LX Dickens	XVI. Dĭk'ĭnz
Advantage	Ăd vàn'ta jĕz		
Advantage Premature Laurels	Ăd vân'ta jĕz Prē ma tūr' - Lô'rĕlz	Dickens	Dĭk'ĭnz
Advantage Premature Laurels	Ăd vàn'ta jĕz Prē ma tūr' —	Dickens Thoroughly	Dĭk'ĭnz Thŭr'ō lĭ
Advantage Premature Laurels	Ăd vân'ta jĕz Prē ma tūr' - Lô'rĕlz	Dickens Thoroughly Chambers	Dĭk'ĭnz Thŭr'ō lĭ Chām'bērz
Advantage Premature Laurels	Ăd vân'ta jĕz Prē ma tūr' - Lô'rĕlz XIV.	Dickens Thoroughly Chambers Passage	Dĭk'ĭnz Thŭr'ō lĭ Chām'bērz Păs'aj
Advantage Premature Laurels LN Jean Ingelow	Ăd ván'ta jĕz Prē ma tūr' - Lô'rĕlz XIV. Jēn Ĭn'je lō	Dickens Thoroughly Chambers Passage Usually	Dĭk'īnz Thŭr'ō lī Chām'bērz Păs'aj Yu'zhu ăl ī
Advantage Premature Laurels LX Jean Ingelow Service	Ăd ván'ta jĕz Prē ma tūr' - Lô'rĕlz XIV. Jēn Ĭn'je lō Sērv'ĭs	Dickens Thoroughly Chambers Passage Usually Articled	Dīk'īnz Thŭr'ō lī Chām'bērz Păs'aj Yu'zhu āl ī Är'tīk ld
Advantage Premature Laurels LX Jean Ingelow Service Parson	Ăd ván'ta jĕz Prē ma tūr' - Lô'rĕlz XIV. Jēn Ĭn'je lō Sērv'īs Pär'sn	Dickens Thoroughly Chambers Passage Usually Articled Sky - blue Suit	Dík'inz Thŭr'ō li Chām'bērz Pãs'aj Yu'zhu äl i Är'tik ld Skî'-blū Sūt
Advantage Premature Laurels LY Jean Ingelow Service Parson Younger	Ăd vàn'ta jĕz Prē ma tūr' - Lô'rĕlz  (IV. Jēn Ĭn'je lō Sērv'ĭs Pär'sn Yŭ <u>n</u> 'gĕr	Dickens Thoroughly Chambers Passage Usually Articled Sky-blue	Dík'inz Thŭr'ō li Chām'bērz Păs'aj Yu'zhu äl i Är'tik ld Skî'- blū
Advantage Premature Laurels  LY Jean Ingelow Service Parson Younger Wrecked	Äd ván'ta jěz Prē ma tūr' - Lô'rělz  (IV. Jēn Ĭn'je lō Sērv'īs Pär'sn Yŭn'gēr Rěkt	Dickens Thoroughly Chambers Passage Usually Articled Sky-blue Suit Acknowledge	Dík'inz Thǔr'ō li Chām'bērz Pās'aj Yu'zhu āl i Är'tik ld Skī'-blū Sūt Ák nŏl'ĕj
Advantage Premature Laurels  LY Jean Ingelow Service Parson Younger Wrecked Ne'er	Äd ván'ta jěz Prē ma tūr' - Lô'rělz  (IV. Jēn Ĭn'je lō Sērv'ĭs Pär'sn Yŭn'gēr Rěkt Nâr	Dickens Thoroughly Chambers Passage Usually Articled Sky-blue Suit Acknowledge Creakle	Dík'inz Thŭr'ō li Chām'bērz Pās'aj Yu'zhu āl ī Är'tik ld Skī'-blū Sūt Åk nŏl'ēj Krē'kl
Advantage Premature Laurels  LY Jean Ingelow Service Parson Younger Wrecked Ne'er Tossed	Ăd van'ta jĕz Prē ma tūr' — Lô'rĕlz  KIV. Jēn Ĭn'je lō Sērv'ĭs Pär'sn Yŭ <u>n</u> 'gēr Rěkt Nâr Tŏst	Dickens Thoroughly Chambers Passage Usually Articled Sky-blue Suit Acknowledge Creakle Brute	Dik'inz Thŭr'ō li Chām'bērz Pās'aj Yu'zhu āl i Är'tik ld Skī'-blū Sūt Åk nŏl'ĕj Krē'kl Brut Rē'āl li
Advantage Premature Laurels  LY Jean Ingelow Service Parson Younger Wrecked Ne'er Tossed Breakers Crushed	Äd ván'ta jěz Prē ma tūr' – Lô'rělz  KIV. Jēn Ĭn'je lō Sērv'īs Pär'sn Yŭn'gēr Rěkt Nâr Tŏst Brāk'ērz Krŭsht	Dickens Thoroughly Chambers Passage Usually Articled Sky-blue Suit Acknowledge Creakle Brute Really Uncle	Dík'inz Thăr'ō li Chām'bērz Pās'aj Yu'zhu āl ī Är'tik ld Skī'-blū Sūt Åk nŏl'ēj Krē'kl Brut
Advantage Premature Laurels  LY  Jean Ingelow Service Parson Younger Wrecked Ne'er Tossed Breakers Crushed Captain	Ăd van'ta jĕz Prē ma tūr' — Lô'rĕlz  KIV. Jēn Ĭn'je lō Sērv'īs Pär'sn Yŭn'gēr Rěkt Nâr Tŏst Brāk'ērz	Dickens Thoroughly Chambers Passage Usually Articled Sky-blue Suit Acknowledge Creakle Brute Really	Dík'inz Thǔr'ō li Chām'bērz Pās'aj Yu'zhu āl ī Är'tīk ld Skī'-blū Sūt Åk nŏl'ēj Krē'kl Brut Rē'āl li Un'kl
Advantage Premature Laurels  LY Jean Ingelow Service Parson Younger Wrecked Ne'er Tossed Breakers Crushed	Äd ván'ta jěz Prē ma tūr' Lô'rělz  KIV. Jēn Ĭn'je lō Sērv'ĭs Pär'sn Yŭn'gēr Rěkt Nâr Tŏst Brāk'êrz Krŭsht Kăp'tĭn	Dickens Thoroughly Chambers Passage Usually Articled Sky-blue Suit Acknowledge Creakle Brute Really Uncle Always	Dik'inz Thŭr'ō li Chām'bērz Pās'aj Yu'zhu āl i Är'tik ld Ski'- blū Sūt Ák nŏl'ēj Krē'kl Brut Rē'āl li Un'kl Ôl'wāz

		part .	
Stomach	Stŭm'ăk	Autumnal	Ô tŭm'năl
Profession	Prō fĕsh'ŭn	Envied	-Ĕn'vĭd
Newspaper	Nūz'pā pēr	Wealthiest	Wěl'thĭ ĕst
Exactly ·	Ĕgz ăkt′lĭ	Conjecture	Kŏn jĕkt'yur
Therefore	Ther'for	Metella_	Mē tĕl'là
Walked	Wôkt	T 37	
Circumference	e Sēr kŭm'fēr ĕr	$_{ m ns}$	VIII.
Discourage	Dĭs kŭr'aj	Waterloo	Wô tẽr lọ′
Iron - mongery	$\sqrt{\mathrm{I}'}$ ûrn mŭ <u>n</u> g $ ilde{\mathrm{e}}$ r	¡¡Chivalry	Shĭv'ăl rĭ
Micawber	Mĭ kô'bēr	Voluptuous	Võ lŭpt'ū ŭs
Intimately	Ĭn'tĭ māt lĭ	Marriage	Măr'ĭj
		Windowed	Wĭn'dōd
LX	IVII.	Niche	Nĭch
Selections	Sē lĕk'shŭnz	Sate-	Săt
Mellowed	Mĕl'ōd	Chieftain	Chēf'tĭn
Deep-mouthed	l Dēp'mouthd	Bloody	Blŭďĭ
Country	Kŭn'trĭ	Vengeance	Vĕnj'ăns
Fragile	Frăj'ĭl	Opening	Õ'pn ĭ <u>n</u>
Niobe	Nī'ō bē	Squadron	Skwŏd'ron
Scipio	Sĭp'ĭ ō	Impetuous	Ĭm pĕt'yu ŭs
Empty	Ĕmp'tĭ	Soldier	Söl jer
Alpine	Ăl'pĭn	Cameron	Kăm'er ŏn
Friuli	Frē g'lē	Lochiel-	Lŏk ēl'
Adria	Ā'drĭ ā	Albyn	Ăl'bĭn
Azure	Ăzh'ur	Pibroch	Pī'brŏk
Rhætian	Rē'shăn ·	Mountaineers	Mount ĭn ērz'
Odorous	Ó'dor ŭs	Evan's	Ĕv'ăn'z
Tomb	Tom	Ardennes	Är'dĕn
Fortress	Fôr'trĕs	E'er	Âr
Palace	Păl'as	Burial	Bĕr'ĭ ăl
Chaste	Chāst		
Worthy	Wûr'fhĭ	LX	XIX.
Daughter	Da'têr	Lycidas	Lĭs'ĭ dăs
Honored	Ŏn'ērd	Myrtles	Mēr'tlz
Conspicuously	Kŏn spĭk'ū ŭs l	ĭEre	Âr
Weighed	Wad	Damœtas_	Da mē'tăs
Hesperus	Hĕs'pe rŭs	Shepherd	Shĕp'ērd
-1		-	

Satyrs	Sā'tûrz	Mercenary	Mēr'se nā rī
Druids	Dru'ĭdz	Fragrant	Frā'grănt
Mona _	Mō'nà	Peasantry	Pěz'ănt rĭ
Deva-	Dē'vā	Destroyed	Dē stroid'
Orpheus	Ôr'fūs	Unwearied	Ŭn wē'rīd
Hideous	Hĭd'ē ŭs	Delicacies	Děl'ĭ ka sĭz
Lesbian	Lěz'bĭ ăn	Thomson	Tŏm'sn
Hebrus-	He'brŭs	Ignoble	Ĭg nō'bl
Amaryllis	Ăm a rĭl'lĭs	Golden	Göld'n
Neæra	Nē ē'rā	Plagues	Plāgz
Phœbus	Fē'bŭs	Haunt	Hänt
		Nothing	Nŭth'ĭ <u>n</u>
L	XX.	Incautious	Ĭn kô'shŭs
Reasonest	Rē'zn ĕst	Jealous	Jěl'ŭs
Existence	Ĕgz ĭst'ĕns	Rapine	Răp'in
Flourish	Flŭr'ish	Constitutes	Kŏn'stĭ tūts
Influence	Ĭn'flū ĕns	Sovereign	Sŭv'ēr in
Astrology	Ăs trŏl'ō jĭ	Patriotism	Pā'trī ŏt ĭzm
Beaumont -	Bō'mŏnt		
	U	LX	XII.
Beaumont -	Bō'mŏnt	LX Scorpion	
Beaumont – Dismayed	Bō'mŏnt Dĭs mād'		XII.
Beaumont Dismayed Faltering	Bō'mŏnt Dĭs mād' Fôl'tēr ĭ <u>n</u>	Scorpion	XII. Skôr'pĭ on
Beaumont Dismayed Faltering Accents	Bō'mŏnt Dĭs mād' Fôl'tēr ĭ <u>n</u> Ăk'sĕnts	Scorpion Pierpont	XII. Skôr'pĭ on Pēr'pŏnt
Beaumont Dismayed Faltering Accents Fortune	Bō'mŏnt Dīs mād' Fôl'tēr īn Ăk'sĕnts Fôrt'yun	Scorpion Pierpont Ambitious	XII. Skôr'pĭ on Pēr'pŏnt Ăm bĭsh'ŭs
Beaumont Dismayed Faltering Accents Fortune Picture	Bō'mŏnt Dīs mād' Fôl'tēr in Ăk'sĕnts Fôrt'yṇn Pīkt'yṇr	Scorpion Pierpont Ambitious Deserted	XII. Skôr'pĭ on Pēr'pŏnt Ăm bĭsh'ŭs Dē zērt'ĕd
Beaumont Dismayed Faltering Accents Fortune Picture Spheres	Bō'mŏnt Dīs mād' Fôl'tēr in Äk'sĕnts Fôrt'yṇn Pīkt'yṇr Sfērz	Scorpion Pierpont Ambitious Deserted Hyperboles	XII. Skôr'pĭ on Pēr'pŏnt Ăm bĭsh'ŭs Dē zērt'ĕd Hī pēr'bo lēz
Beaumont Dismayed Faltering Accents Fortune Picture Spheres Joyous	Bō'mŏnt Dīs mād' Fôl'tēr in Āk'sĕnts Fôrt'yun Pīkt'yur Sfērz Joi'ŭs	Scorpion Pierpont Ambitious Deserted Hyperboles Self-conceit	Skôr'pī on Pēr'pŏnt Ăm bĭsh'ŭs Dē zērt'ēd Hī pēr'bo lēz Sělf-kŏn sēt'
Beaumont Dismayed Faltering Accents Fortune Picture Spheres Joyous Decayed	Bō'mŏnt Dīs mād' Fôl'tēr īn Ăk'sĕnts Fôrt'yun Pīkt'yur Sfērz Joi'ŭs Dē kād'	Scorpion Pierpont Ambitious Deserted Hyperboles Self-conceit Condescend	Skôr'pĭ on Pēr'pŏnt Ăm bĭsh'ŭs Dē zērt'ēd Hī pēr'bo lēz Sělf-kŏn sēt' Kŏn de sĕnd'
Beaumont — Dismayed Faltering Accents Fortune Picture Spheres Joyous Decayed Campbell=	Bō'mŏnt Dĭs mād' Fôl'tēr in Ăk'sĕnts Fôrt'yun Pĭkt'yur Sfērz Joi'ŭs Dē kād' Kăm'ĕl	Scorpion Pierpont Ambitious Deserted Hyperboles Self-conceit Condescend Purchase	Skôr'pĭ on Pēr'pŏnt Ăm bĭsh'ŭs Dē zērt'ēd Hī pēr'bo lēz Sĕlf-kŏn sēt' Kŏn de sĕnd' Pûr'chĕs
Beaumont Dismayed Faltering Accents Fortune Picture Spheres Joyous Decayed Campbell= Always	Bō'mŏnt Dĭs mād' Fôl'tēr in Ăk'sĕnts Fôrt'yun Pīkt'yur Sfērz Joi'ŭs Dē kād' Kăm'ĕl Ôl'wāz	Scorpion Pierpont Ambitious Deserted Hyperboles Self-conceit Condescend Purchase Pleasures	Skôr'pĭ on Pēr'pŏnt Ăm bĭsh'ŭs Dē zērt'ēd Hī pēr'bo lēz Sĕlf-kŏn sēt' Kŏn de sĕnd' Pûr'chĕs Plĕzh'urz
Beaumont Dismayed Faltering Accents Fortune Picture Spheres Joyous Decayed Campbell= Always Expatiates	Bō'mŏnt Dīs mād' Fôl'tēr in Āk'sĕnts Fôrt'yun Pīkt'yur Sfērz Joi'ŭs Dē kād' Kăm'ĕl Ôl'wāz Ĕks pā'shī āts	Scorpion Pierpont Ambitious Deserted Hyperboles Self-conceit Condescend Purchase Pleasures Diseased	Skôr'pĭ on Pēr'pŏnt Ăm bĭsh'ŭs Dē zērt'ēd Hī pēr'bo lēz Sĕlf-kŏn sēt' Kŏn de sĕnd' Pûr'chĕs Plĕzh'urz Dĭz ēzd'
Beaumont Dismayed Faltering Accents Fortune Picture Spheres Joyous Decayed Campbell= Always Expatiates Happier	Bō'mŏnt Dīs mād' Fôl'tēr In Ăk'sĕnts Fôrt'yun Pīkt'yur Sfērz Joi'ŭs Dē kād' Kăm'ĕl Ôl'wāz Ĕks pā'shī āts	Scorpion Pierpont Ambitious Deserted Hyperboles Self-conceit Condescend Purchase Pleasures Diseased Voyage	Skôr'pī on Pēr'pŏnt Ăm bīsh'ŭs Dē zērt'ĕd Hī pēr'bo lēz Sělf-kŏn sēt' Kŏn de sĕnd' Pûr'chĕs Plĕzh'urz Dīz ēzd' Voi'ĕj
Beaumont Dismayed Faltering Accents Fortune Picture Spheres Joyous Decayed Campbell= Always Expatiates Happier Shakspeare	Bō'mŏnt Dīs mād' Fôl'tēr In Āk'sĕnts Fôrt'yun Pīkt'yur Sfērz Joi'ŭs Dē kād' Kām'ĕl Ôl'wāz Ĕks pā'shī āts Hāp'ī ēr Shāks'pēr	Scorpion Pierpont Ambitious Deserted Hyperboles Self-conceit Condescend Purchase Pleasures Diseased Voyage Miseries Passions Seize	Skôr'pī on Pēr'pŏnt Ăm bīsh'ŭs Dē zērt'ĕd Hī pēr'bo lēz Sělf-kŏn sēt' Kŏn de sĕnd' Pûr'chĕs Plĕzh'urz Dīz ēzd' Voi'ĕj Mĭz'ēr ĭz
Beaumont Dismayed Faltering Accents Fortune Picture Spheres Joyous Decayed Campbell= Always Expatiates Happier Shakspeare Courage Conquer	Bō'mŏnt Dīs mād' Fôl'tēr In Ăk'sĕnts Fôrt'yun Pīkt'yur Sfērz Joi'ŭs Dē kād' Kăm'ĕl Ôl'wāz Ěks pā'shī āts Hāp'ī ēr Shāks'pēr Kŭr'ĕj Kŏnk'ēr	Scorpion Pierpont Ambitious Deserted Hyperboles Self-conceit Condescend Purchase Pleasures Diseased Voyage Miseries Passions Seize Dryden	Skôr'pī on Pēr'pŏnt Ăm bīsh'ŭs Dē zērt'ĕd Hī pēr'bo lēz Sĕlf-kŏn sēt' Kŏn de sĕnd' Pûr'chĕs Plĕzh'urz Dīz ēzd' Voi'ĕj Mīz'ēr ĭz Păsh'ŭnz
Beaumont Dismayed Faltering Accents Fortune Picture Spheres Joyous Decayed Campbell= Always Expatiates Happier Shakspeare Courage Conquer	Bō'mŏnt Dīs mād' Fôl'tēr in Āk'sĕnts Fôrt'yun Pīkt'yur Sfērz Joi'ŭs Dē kād' Kām'ĕl Ôl'wāz Ěks pā'shī āts Hāp'ī ēr Shāks'pēr Kŭr'ĕj	Scorpion Pierpont Ambitious Deserted Hyperboles Self-conceit Condescend Purchase Pleasures Diseased Voyage Miseries Passions Seize	Skôr'pī on Pēr'pŏnt Ăm bĭsh'ŭs Dē zērt'ĕd Hī pēr'bo lēz Sĕlf-kŏn sēt' Kŏn de sĕnd' Pûr'chĕs Plĕzh'urz Dĭz ēzd' Voi'ĕj Mĭz'er ĭz Păsh'ŭnz Sēz

Tongue	Tŭ <u>n</u>	Erebus-	Ĕr'ē bŭs
Pensioner	Pĕn'shŭn ēr	Nourishes Perfumed	Nŭr'ĭsh ĕz Pēr'fūmd
LX	XIII.	Ruffian	Rŭf'i ăn
D1	Plā'ērz		Dĕf'n ĭ <u>n</u>
Players Monstrous	Mŏn'strŭs	Deafening Tired	Tīrd
Hecuba	Hĕc'ū bà	Intrudes	Ĭn trudz
			Să <u>n</u> kt'yụ ā r
Presage	Prē sāj'	Sanctuary Pearl	Pērl
Gauge	Gāj Ī dē' à	Twinkling	Twĭnk'lin
Idea Whate'er		9	Rē sēt'
.,	Hwot ar Zē'nō	Receipt Solaced	Sŏl'āst
Zeno		Conscious	Kŏn'shŭs
Aurora	A rō'rà	Conscious	Kon snus
Fashioned	Făsh'ŭnd	LX	XXV.
Companion	Kom pan'yun	T 1	T ~ 1/
Familiar	Fa mĭl'yar	Leaden	Lĕd'n
Foreign	Fŏr'ĭn	Unknelled	Ŭn nĕld'
Zephyr	Zĕf'ēr -	Image	Ĭm'ĕj
Ajax	Ā'jāks	Obeys	Ō bāz'
Camilla	Ka mĭl'lå	Wedges	Wĕj'ĕz
τv	XIV.	Anchors	Ă <u>n</u> k'orz
LA	Δ1 ۷ .	Unvalued	Ŭn văl'ūd
Dangerous	Dān'jēr ŭs	Prophesy	Prŏf'e sī
Pierian	Pī ē'rĭ ăn	Prophecy	Prŏf'e sĭ
Draughts	Dräfts	Dropped	Drŏpt
Height	Hīt	Shadowy	Shăd'ō ĭ
Adversity	Ăd vēr'sĭ tĭ	Chestnut	Chĕs'nŭt
Precious	Prĕsh'ŭs	Platane~	Plăt'ān
Atomies	Ăt'om ĭz	Italian-	Ĭ tăl'yăn
Friendship	Frĕnd'shĭp	Ancient	Ān'shĕnt
Vase	Vās	Genial	Jē'nĭ ăl
Lenient	Lē'nĭ ĕnt	Exquisite	Ĕks'kwĭ zĭt
Chastened	Chā'snd	Ivy	Ī'vĭ
Sceptered	Sĕp'tērd	Towering	Tou'er ĭ <u>n</u>
Bethune	Be thon'	Holm-	Hōm
Montgomery	Mont gum'er i	Paramours	Păr'à morz
Concord	Kŏn'kôrd	Glorious	Glō'rĭ ŭs

LX	XVI.	Nathaniel Carriages	Na thăn'i ĕl Kăr'ij ĕz
Whittier	Hwĭt'ĭ ēr	Picturesque	Pĭkt yur ĕsk'
Apuleius's	Ăp ū lē'yŭs ĕz		Gā'e tĭ
Golden	Göld'n	Area	Ā'rē ā
Calender	Kăl'ĕn dēr	22.00	111011
Islam	Ĭz'lăm	LX	XIX.
Al Borak	Ăl bō răk'	Strayed	Strād
Muscle	Mŭs'l	Grievously	Grēv'ŭs lĭ
Tongue	Tŭn	Society	Sō sī'e tĭ
Wrinkled	Rĭ <u>n</u> k'ld	Patriarchs	Pā'tri ärks
Bacchus	Băk'ŭs	Radiance	Rā'di ăns
Kerchief	Ker chif	Fountains	Fount'inz
Ankles	Ă <u>n</u> 'klz	Cascades	Kăs kādz'
Conch-shells	Kŏnk'shĕlz	Appreciable	Ăp prē'shĭ a bl
Mænads	Mĕn'ădz	Antique	Ăn tēk'
Chaleur	Shä lor'	Illusions	Ĭl lū'zhŭnz
Feathered	Fĕth'ērd		
Either	Ē'thēr	LΣ	XXX.
Windows	Wĭn'dōz	Twinkled	Twĭ <u>n</u> k'ld
Orchard	Ôr'chård	Flourished	Flŭr'ĭsht
Lilac	Lī'lăk	Menagerie	Men ăzh'ēr ĭ
Neighbors	Nā'bûrz	Conscious	Kŏn'shŭs
Rude	Rud	Tourist	Tor ist
		Botte	Bŏt
LX.	XVII.	Kitmudgar	Kit'mŭd gär
Exceptional	Ĕk sĕp'shŭn ăl	Behemoth	Bē'hē mŏth
Asylum	Á sī'lŭm	Sahib	Sa hĭb'
Senates	Sĕn'āts	Saturnine	Săt'ûr nîn
Recruited	Rē krut'ed	Howdah	How'då
Nursery	Nûrs'ēr ĭ	Monkeys	Mŭ <u>n</u> k'ĭz
Comeliness	Kŭm'lĭ nĕs	Laughter	Läf'tēr
Yachting	Yŏt'ĭ <u>n</u>		Kŏn tĕmpt'yu ŭs
Chemistry	Kĕm'ĭst rĭ	Extraordinary	Ĕks trôr'dĭ na rĭ
1 373	7 1 7 1 1 1	Doubled	Dŭb'ld
LAX	CVIII.	Treacherous	Trěch'er ŭs
Coliseum	Kŏlĭ sē'ŭm	Stomach	Stŭm'āk

Cairo

Kī'rō

Idiosyncrasy	Id ĭ o sĭn'kra s	ĭ Prudhoe	Pro'dō
Palkee	Pôl'kē	Voyage	Voi'ĕj
Galliot	Găl'ĭ ŏt	Gizeh	Jē'zĕ or Gē'zĕ
Jehu	Je'hū	Rhoda	Rō'dà
Cheroot	Che rot'	Persian	Pēr'shăn
Researches	Rē sērch'ĕz	Isis	Ī'sĭs
Monotonous	Mō nŏt'o nŭs	Typify	Tĭp'ĭ fī
Jungle	Jŭ <u>n</u> 'gl	Pageant	Pāj'ănt
T 37	37377	Minarets	Mĭn'a rĕts
LX	XXI.	Jackal	Jăk'ôl
Eliot	Ĕľĭ ŏt	Pharaohs	Fā'rōz
Valleys	Văl'ĭz	Cleopatra	Klē o pā'trà
Gorges	Gôrj'ĕz	Saladin	Săl'a dĭn
Disheartening	Dĭs härt'n ĭ <u>n</u>	Moslem	Mŏz'lĕm
Delicious	Dē lĭsh'ŭs	Yallough	Yăl lọ'
Mosque-domes	Mŏsk'dōmz	Capotes	Ka pōts'
Mezze	Mĕz'zĕ	Koran	Kō'răn
Abana	Ăb'a na –	Quivering	Kwĭv'ēr ĭ <u>n</u>
Pharpar	Fär'pår	1 373	737 FTT
Delicate	Děľ i kāt	LX2	XXIII.
Variegated	Vā'rĭ e gāt ĕd	Schiller	Shĭl'ĕr
Cyclopean	Sī klo pē'ăn	Grisly	Grĭz'lĭ
Luxurious	Lŭgz yu'ri ŭs	Grommelling	Grŏm'ĕl ĭ <u>n</u>
Bazaar	Ba zär'	Leopards	Lĕp'ardz
Khan	Kăn	Crouching	Krouch'ĭ <u>n</u>
Sherbet	Shēr'bĕt	Cunigonde	Kū'nĭ gŏnd
Reservoirs	Rĕz ēr vwôrz'	Delorges	Dě lŏrzh′
Chibouques	Chĭ boks'	Guerdon	Gēr'dŏn
LX	XXII.	Ladye	Lā dē'
		· LXX	XXIV.
Dragoman	Drăg'o măn		
Pyramids	Pĭr'a mĭdz	Athens	Åth'ĕnz
Tarboosh	Tär bosh'	Macaulay	Ma ca'lĭ
Rais	128780	Subtlety	Sŭt'l tĭ
3 5 1 2	Rä'is		
Mahmoud	Mä mod'	Cicero	Sĭs'e rō
Mahmoud Peasant			

Dante

Dăn'tĕ

Cervantes Encouraging	Sēr văn'těz Ĕn kŭr'ěj ĭ <u>n</u>	LXXXVIII.	
Erasmus	Ē rāz'mŭs	Citizens	Sĭt'ı znz
Mirabeau	Mĭr a bō'	Assiduous	Ăs sĭd'ū ŭs
Galileo	Găl ĭ lē'ō	Parthenon	Pär'thē nŏn
Assuages	Ăs-swāj'ĕz	Propylæa	Prŏp ĭ lē'ā
Bondage	Bŏnd'aj	Demosthenes	Dē mŏs'thē nēz
Dervise	Dēr'vĭs	Isæus	I sē'ŭs
Mysterious	Mĭs tē'ri ŭs	Isocrates	I sŏk'ra tēz
Comrade	Kŏm'rād	Aristotle	Ăr'ĭs tŏt l
	Děp re dā'shŭn:	zStagira	Sta jī'rā
1	•	Agora	Ăg′ō rà
LXX	XXV.	Pnyx	Nĭks
Cinque	Sĭnk	Palæstra	Pa lěs'trà
Sandwich	Sănd'wich	Rude	Rud
Romney	Rŏm'nĭ	Callistratus	Kăl lĭs'tra tŭs
Hastings	Hāst'i <u>n</u> z	Peloponnesian I	Pěl ō pŏn nē'zhăn
Hithe	Hīth	Thucydides	Thū sĭd'ĭ dēz
Couchant	Kouch'ănt	Pericles	Pěr'ĭ klēz
Dissemble	Dĭs sĕm'bl	T 373	******
Tr. ses	737371	LX	XXIX.
LX	XXVI.	Æschines	Ĕs'kĭ nēz
Hemans	Hĕm'ănz	Pythias	Pĭth'e ăs
Exiles	Ĕks'īlz	Cerameicus	Sĕr à mī'kŭs
Conqueror	Könk'er ur	Rhodes	Rōdz
Aisles	Īlz		KC.
LVV	XVII.		10.
17377		Boisterous	Bois'ter ŭs
Emerson	Ĕm'ēr sn	Derision	Dē rĭzh'ŭn
Causationists	Kô zā'shŭn ĭsts		Môr'gĕj
Bonaparte	Bō'nā pärt	Correggio	Kŏr rĕd'jō
Courteous	Kûrt'e ŭs	Languid	Lă <u>n</u> 'gwid
Aplomb	À plŏ <u>n</u> ′	Sybaritic	Sĭb å rĭt'ĭk
	Ĕn sī klō pē'di a	Touched	Tŭcht
Buoyancy	Bwoĭ'ăn sĭ	Y	CI.
Cicatrize	Sĭk'a trīz		
Tougher	Tŭf'èr	L'Allegro	L'À lā'grō

	TT 11	B 1	D /
Hebe	Hē'bē	Ruin	Ru'in
Liveries	Lĭv'ĕr ĭz	Ruthless	Ruth'lĕs
Daisies	Dā'zĭz	Hauberk	H <u>a</u> 'bērk
Cynosure	Sĭn'ō shur	E'en	Ēn
Livelong	Lĭv'lŏ <u>n</u>	Cambria	Kăm'brĭ å
Rebec	Rē'bĕk	Snowdon	Snō'don
V	OTT.	Hoel	Hō'ĕl
X	CII.	Llewellyn	Lū ĕl'ĭn
Dudgeon	Dŭd'jŭn	Obsequies	Ŏb'sē quĭz
Jealousies	Jěľ ŭs ĭz	Zephyr	Zĕf'ēr
Chivalry	Shĭv'ăl rĭ	Azure	Ăzh' ûr
Howsoe'er	Hou sō âr'	77	OTT
Outweighed	Out wād'	X	CV.
Montaigne	Mŏn tān'	Imagination	Ĭm ăj ĭ nā'shŭn
Distinguish	Dis tin'gwish	Knowledge	Nŏl'ĕj
Justice	Jŭs'tĭs	Pernicious	Pēr nĭsh'ŭs
Holidays	Hŏl'ĭ dāz	Faubourg	Fō'borg
	ísh í ós í nā'shŭr		Sānt Jēr mān'
Rhetoric	Rĕt'ō rĭk	Loire	Lwär
Babylonish	Băb ĭ lō'nĭsh	Escutcheons	Ĕs kŭch'ŭnz
Counterfeit	Koun'ter fit	Heritage	Hĕr'ĭt ĕj
Cerberus	Sēr'be rŭs	Religion	Rē lĭj'ŭn
		Patriotism	Pā'trī ŏt ĭzm
XC	ZIII.	Drama	Drä'må
Philip	Fĭl'ĭp	Dialogue	Dī'à lŏg
Alexander	Ăl ĕgz ăn'dēr	Wolsey	Wul'zĭ
Persia	Pēr'shĭ à	Falconbridge	Fôk n'brĭj
Thais	Thā'ĭs	Covetousness	Kŭv'ĕt ŭs nĕs
Timotheus	Tĭ mō'thē ŭs	Gaberdine	Găb ēr dēn'
Hautboys	Hō'boiz	Conquests	Kŏnk' wĕsts
Darius	Da rī'ŭs	Schiller	Shĭl'ēr
Lydian	Lid'i ăn	Viscous	Vĭs'kŭs
Vengeance	Vĕnj'ăns	Inversions	In vēr'shŭnz
Cecilia	Sē sĭl'ĭ à	Sufficient	Sŭf fĭsh'ĕnt
		Peruse	Pē ruz'
XC	CIV.	Miscellaneous	Mĭs sĕl lā'nē ŭs
Seize	Sēz	D'Alembert	Dä lŏn bâr'

Voltaire	Vŏl târ'	Hercules	Hēr'kn lēz
Petit Carême	Pe tē' ka râm	'Extempore	Ĕks těm'pō rē
Massilon	Măs' il ŏn	•	
Racine	Rä sēn'	X	CVII.
/ Dugald	Dā'găld	Warrior	Wôr'yûr
Moiety	Moi'e tĭ	Yield	Yēld
Villars	Vĭl'lärz	Moscow	Mŏs'kō
Eugene	Yū'jēn	Barricades	Băr ĭ kādz'
/Repartee	Rĕp år tē'	Pultowa	Pol tō'wā
Louis	Lo'is		
Damiens	Dä me ă <u>n</u> '	X	CVIII.
Lenient	Lē'nī ĕnt	Weel	Wēl
Women	Wim'ĕn	Wark	Wärk
Russia	Rŭsh'i à	(At a'	Ăt ä'
Language	Lă <u>n</u> 'gwĕj	Nae	Nā
Distinguished	Dis ti <u>n</u> 'gwisht	Awa	À wä'
Monkeylike	Mŭ <u>n</u> k'i līk	Slaes	Slaz
Grimacing	Grīm ās'ī <u>n</u>		
Mephistopheles	Mĕf ĭs tŏf'ē lēz	(	С.
Soame Jenyns	Sōm Jĕn'ĭnz	Clydesdale	Klīdz'dāl
Bettesworth	Běť ěs wûrth	Glasgow	Glăs'gō
Pompignan	Pom pēn yŏ <u>n</u> '	Smollett	Smŏl'lĕt
Acquaintance	Åk kwānt'ans	Pavior	Pāv'yûr
Mechanic	Mē kăn'īk	Bairn	Bârn
Parliament	Pär'lĭ mĕnt		
Venetian	Vē nē'shăn	(	SI.
Oligarchy	Ŏl'ī gärk ĭ	Raillery	Răl'ēr ĭ
Stadtholder	Stăt'hōld ēr	Cowardice	Kou'ärd is
Geneva	Jē nē'vā	Tedious	Tē'dī ŭs
**		Festino	Fěs të'nō
X.	IVI.	Cassino	Kăs sē'nō
Ere	Âr		
Villainous	Vil'in ŭs	C	11.
Doublet	Dŭb'lĕt		
Ecce Signum	Ĕk'sē Sig'nŭm	Mackenzie	Mă kěn'zē
Target	Tar'gĕt	Delicacies	Děl'i ka siz
Prythee	Prith'ē	Assizes	Ás sīz'ĕz

	Amours	À morz'	Sassanagh	Săs'sĕn äh
	Sergeant	Sär'jĕnt	Cavalier	Kăv à lēr'
		III.	Fantassin /	Făn'ta sēn
	-		CI	7III.
	Burke	Běrk		
	Bathurst	Băth'ûrst	Westminster	-Wĕst'mĭn stĕr
	Series	Sē'rēz —	Farnham	Färn'am
		IV.	Crooksbury	Kruks'bĕr ĭ
ŀ	, C		0	IX.
	Hohenlinden	Hō ĕn lĭnd'ĕn	C	1Α,
	Campbell	Kăm'ĕl	Post-chaise	Pōst'-shāz
	Iser	Ē'zēr	Suggested	Sŭg jĕst'ĕd
	Sulphurous	Sŭl'fûr ŭs	Rochester	Rŏch'ĕs tēr
	Munich	Mū'nĭk	Hardihood	Härd'ĭ hụd
	(	777	Breakfast	Brěk'fåst
	(	CV.	Vehicle	Vē'hĭ kl
	Lochinvar	Lŏk ĭn vär'	Symmetry	Sĭm'ē trĭ
	Weapon	Wěp'ŭn	Hostler	Hŏs'lēr
	Dauntless	Dänt'lĕs	Indisputable	Ĭn dĭs'pū ta bl
	Netherby	Nĕ'thēr bĭ	Quadruped	Kwŏd'ro pĕd
	Measure	Mĕzh'yur	Encouragingly	yĔn kŭr'ā jĭ <u>n</u> lĭ
	Galliard	Găl'yard	Playfulness	Plā'ful nĕs
	Scaur	Skôr	Presentiment	Prē sĕnt'ĭ mĕnt
	Græmes	Grāmz	Leisure	Lē'zhur
			Maneuver -	Ma nū'vēr
	C	VI.	Twentieth	Twĕn'tĭ ĕth
	Naseby	Nāz'bĭ	Recreation	Rěk'rē ā'shŭn
	2,0000		Touched	Tŭcht
	C	VII.	Coaxing	Kōks'ĭ <u>n</u>
	TD /	Ta~ /= '/	Distressed	Dĭs trĕst'
	Fontenoy	Fŏn tē noi'	Retrograde	Rē'trō grād
	Saint Antoine Palisade	Sănt Ŏn twän' Păl ĭ sād'	23110110000	Ĕks'trĭ kāt
	Zuyder Zee	Zī'dēr Zē	Lacerations	Lăs ẽr ā'shŭnz
	Liege	Lē ₁	. (	ex.
	Bayonets	Bā'ō nĕts	Picturesque	Pĭkt yor ĕsk'
	Limerick	Lim'er ik	Balaclava	Bal a kla'va
	Limetter	THU CL IK	Dalaciava	Dar a Kia va

Managana	Mxa/xa = ==	Dl	101- / - /
Necessary	Něs'ěs ā rī	Plymouth	Plīm'ŭth
Chasseurs d'	Afrique năs'ûr d' Å frēk	Difference	Dĭf'er ĕns
		Neighborhood	
Kadikoi	Kā dī koi'	England	Ĭn'glănd
Crimean	Kri mē'ān	Basset Lawe	Băs'ĕt Lô
	sFēld băt'ēr ĭz	Luxury	Lŭk'shu rī
Ancient	Ān'shĕnt	Court	Kort
Discussion	Dis küsh ün	Pillow	Pĭl'ō
Peacefully	Pēs'ful ĭ	Implements	Ĭm plē měnts 🆠
Stirring	Stēr'ĭ <u>n</u>	Scarcity	Skâr'sĭ tĭ
Aide-de-camp		Yeomen	Yō'mĕn
Artillery	Är tĭl'ēr ĭ	Middle	Mĭd'l
Sonorous	Sō nō'rŭs	Chief	Chēf
Privilege	Prīv'ī lĕj	Acquired	Ăk kwīrd'
Noblesse obli	ge	Separatists	Sĕp'a rā tīsts
	Nō blĕs' ō blēzh	Healthy	Hěl'thĭ
Energy	Ĕn'ēr jī	Religious	Rē lĭj'ŭs
Resolutely	Rĕz'ō lūt lī	Congregation	Kŏn grē gā'shŭn
Sulphurous	Sŭl fûr ŭs	Sympathy	Sim'pa thi
Comrade	Kŏm'rād —	Brewster	Bru'ster
Gabions	Gā'bĭ ŏnz	Conveyance	Kŏn vā'ans
Begrimed	Bě grīmď	Residence	Rěz'i děns
Steadily	Stěďí li	Official	Ŏf'fĭsh ăl
Tremendous	Trē mĕn'dŭs		
Stalwart	Stŏl'wart	C	XII.
Devastated	Dĕv'ăs tāt ĕd	Convenient	Kön vēn'yĕnt
Disastrous	Diz ăs'trŭs	Enemies	Ĕn'ē mĭz
Exultation	Ĕgz ŭl tā'shŭn	Arraigned	Ăr rānd
		Indictment	Ĭn dīt'mĕnt
(	CXI.	Whereof	Whâr ŏf'
Nottinghams	hire	Dangerous	Dān'jēr ŭs
0	Nŏt'ĭn ăm shē.		Bē ĕl'zē bŭb
Manor	Măn'or	Proclamation	Prŏk la mā'shŭn
Archbishop	Ärch bish'ŏp	Forthwith	Forth with'
Treasurer	Trězh'ar er	Prisoner	Priz'n ēr
Virginia	Vēr jīn'ī à	Superstition	Sa pēr stīsh'ŭn
Scrooby	Skrg'bi	Honorable	Ŏn'ar a bl

People	Pē'pl		37777
Possess	Pŏs sĕs'	Morri	XIII.
Disloyal	Dĭs loi'ăl	Intimations	Ĭn tì mā'shŭnz
Christianity	Krĭst yăn'i tĭ	Meadow	Mĕd'ō
Diametrically	Dī a mět'rĭk ă	il ĭAppareled	Ăp păr'ĕld
Particular	Pär tĭk'ū lär	Celestial	Sē lĕst'yăl
Laudable	Lôd'a bl	Whereso'er	Whâr sō'âr'
	(37.T.T	Rainbow	Rān'bō
	XII.	Lovely	Lŭv'li
Tedious	Tē'dĭ ŭs	Starry	Stär'ĭ
Knowledge	Nŏl'ĕj	Joyous	Joi'ŭs
Discourse	Dĭs kōrs'	Young	$Y$ ŭ $\underline{\mathbf{n}}$
Necessarily	Něs'ěs ā rī lī	Grief	Grēf
Appointed	Ăp point'ĕd	Utterance	Ŭt'ēr ăns
Villain	Vĭl'ĭn	Relief	Rē lēf'
Luxurious	Lŭgz yo'ri ŭs	Cataracts	Kăt'a răkts
Lechery	Lĕch'ēr i	Season	Sē'zn
Vilifying	Vĭl'ĭ fī ĭ <u>n</u>	Jollity	Jŏl'ĭ tĭ
Renegade	Rĕn'ē gād	Fields	Fēldz
Contrary	Kŏn'trā rĭ	Shepherd	Shĕp'ērd
Pharaoh	Fā'rō	Creatures	Krēt'yorz
Nebuchadnez	zar	Festival	Fĕs'tĭ văl
1	Něb ū kăd něz'	årCoronal	Kŏr'ō năl
Apparent	Ăp pâr'ĕnt	Sullen	Sūl'ĕn
Worship	Wûr'shĭp	Heard	Hērd
Malice	Măl'ĭs	Valleys	Văl'ĭz
Implacable	Ĭm plā'ka bl	Many	Mĕn'ĭ
Verdict	Vēr'dĭkt	Pansy	Păn'zĭ
Heretic	Hĕr'ē tĭk	Doth	Dŭth
Unanimously	U năn'i mus l	ĭ Visionary	Vĭzh'ŭn a rĭ
Rogue	Rōg	Birth	Berth
Cruelty	Kru'ĕl tĭ	Cometh	Kŭm'ĕth
Reconciled	Rěk'ŏn sild	Elsewhere	Ĕls'whâr
Condemned	Kŏn dĕmd'	Entire	Ĕn tīr'
Scourged	Skērjd	Infancy	Ĭn'făn sĭ
Pricked	Prĭkt	Youth	Yoth

Vision	Vĭzh'ŭn	Inevitable	Ĭn ĕv'ī ta bl
Perceives	Pēr sēvz'	Fugitive	Fa'ji tiv
Yearning	Yērn'ĭ <u>n</u>	Perpetual	Per pěť a al
Natural	Năt'yo răl	Benedictions	Běn e dik'shŭnz
Mothers	Mŭth'ērz	Liberty	Līb'ēr tī
Unworthy	Ŭn wer'thi	Childhood	Chīld'hụd
Glories	Glō'rĭz	Obstinate '	Ŏb'stĭ nāt
Imperial	Ĭm pē'rĭ ăl	Surprised	Sēr prīzd'
Palace	Păl'ās	Shadowy	Shăd'ō ĭ
Mourning	Mōrn'ĭ <u>n</u>	Recollections	Rěk ŏl lěk'shŭnz
Funeral	Fūn'ēr ăl	Neither	Nē thēr
Tongue	Tŭn	Endeavor	Ĕn dĕv'or
Humorous	Hū'mor ŭs	Abolish	À bŏl'ĭsh
Palsied	Pôl'zĭd	Radiance	Rā'dī ăns
Equipage	Ĕk wĭ pěj	Forever	Fôr ĕv'ēr
Exterior	Ĕks tē'rĭ or	Grieve	Grēv
Immensity	Ĭm mĕn'sĭ tĭ	Soothing	Soth'ĭ <u>n</u>
Philosopher	Fĭl ŏs'ō fēr	Philosophic	Fĭl ō sof'ĭk
Heritage	Hĕr'ĭt ĕj	Fountains	Foun'tinz
Deaf	Dĕf	Relinquished	Rē lĭ <u>n</u> 'kwĭsht
Haunted	Hänt'ěd	Lovely	Lŭv'lĭ
Presence	Prěz'ěns	Coloring	Kŭl'ēr i <u>n</u>

# PRONUNCIATION TO NOTES.

	II.	Acadie	Ä kä dē'
Marmion	Mär'mĭ ŏn	Acadia	A kā'dĭ å
Idyll	Ī'dĭl	Utrecht	Ū'trĕkt
Slidell	Slī dĕl'	Louisiana	Lọ'ē zē ä'nà
Noel	Nō'ĕl	Nova Scotia	Nō và Skō'shē à
	Chīld Hăr'ŏld	Sinai	Sī'nā
	Kôr'sâr	Angelus	Ăn'jē lŭs
Corsair	À bī'dŏs		
Abydos	Kŏr'inth	7	II.
Corinth		Clemens	Klĕm'ĕnz
Don Juan	Dŏn Jū'ăn		
Napoleon	Na pō'lē ŏn	. V	III.
Leonidas	Lē ŏn'ĭ dăs	Thanatopsis	Thăn â tŏp'sĭs
Persian	Pēr'shăn	Iliad	Ĭľĭ ăd
Thermopylæ	Ther mop'e le	Odyssey	Ŏd'ĭ sĭ
Cincinnatus	Sĭn sĭn nā'tŭs	Odybboy	Ou I Di
Cambridge	Kām'brĭj	X	III.
	Kām'brĭj II.	Dunciad	III. Dün'sĭ ăd
		Dunciad	-
I	II.	Dunciad X	Dŭn'sī ăd III.
I Mid-Lothian	II. Mĭd-Lō'thĭ ăn	Dunciad X Cecil	Dŭn'sī ăd III. Sē'sĭl
I Mid-Lothian Edinburgh	II. Mĭd-Lō'thĭ ăn Ĕd'ĩn bŭr rŭh	Dunciad X Cecil Alasco	Dŭn'sī ăd III. Sē'sĭl Ä läs'kō
I Mid-Lothian Edinburgh Argyle	II. Mĭd-Lō'thĭ ăn Ĕd'ĭn bŭr rŭh Är gīl'	Dunciad X Cecil	Dŭn'sī ăd III. Sē'sĭl Ä läs'kō
Mid-Lothian Edinburgh Argyle Jeanie Porteous	II. Mĭd-Lō'thī ăn Ĕd'în bŭr rŭh Är gīl' Jē'nĭ Pōr'tē ŭs	Dunciad  X Cecil Alasco Cumnor-place	Dŭn'sī ăd III. Sē'sĭl Ä läs'kō
Mid-Lothian Edinburgh Argyle Jeanie	II. Mĭd-Lō'thī ăn Ĕd'în bŭr rŭh Är gīl' Jē'nĭ Pōr'tē ŭs	Dunciad X Cecil Alasco Cumnor-place	Dŭn'sī ăd III. Sē'sĭl Ä läs'kŏ Kŭm'nôr-plās
Mid-Lothian Edinburgh Argyle Jeanie Porteous	II. Mĭd-Lō'thī ăn Ĕd'în bŭr rŭh Är gīl' Jē'nĭ Pōr'tē ŭs	Dunciad  X Cecil Alasco Cumnor-place	Dŭn'sī ăd III. Sē'sīl Ä läs'kō Kŭm'nôr-plās
Mid-Lothian Edinburgh Argyle Jeanie Porteous  V Guardian	II.  Mĭd-Lō'thĭ ăn Ěd'in bŭr rŭh Är gīl' Jē'nĭ Pōr'tē ŭs . Gärd'ĭ ăn	Dunciad  X Cecil Alasco Cumnor-place  X Trowbridge	Dŭn'sī ăd III. Sē'sīl Ä läs'kō Kŭm'nôr-plās IV. Trō'brīj
Mid-Lothian Edinburgh Argyle Jeanie Porteous  V Guardian	II.  Mid-Lō'thi ăn  Ĕd'în bŭr rŭh  Är gīl'  Jē'ni  Pōr'tē ús  Gärd'ī ăn	Dunciad  X Cecil Alasco Cumnor-place  X Trowbridge Cassius Assyrian	Dŭn'sī ăd  III.  Sē'sīl  Ä läs'kō  Kŭm'nôr-plās  IV.  Trō'brīj  Kăs'sī ŭs  Ås sĭr'ī ăn
Mid-Lothian Edinburgh Argyle Jeanie Porteous  V Guardian	II.  Mid-Lō'thi ăn  Ĕd'în bŭr rŭh  Är gīl'  Jē'ni  Pōr'tē ús  Gärd'ī ăn	Dunciad  X Cecil Alasco Cumnor-place  X Trowbridge Cassius Assyrian	Dŭn'sī ăd III. Sē'sīl Ä läs'kō Kŭm'nôr-plās IV. Trō'brīj Kăs'sĭ ŭs

•	****		
X	VII.	Sault	Sō
Kyrle	Kērl	St. Marie	Sĕnt Mā'rī
	Hěr'e fěrd shē	r XX	XVI.
Vaga	Vā'gā		
Wye	Wī	Holyrood	Hŏl'ĭ rod
XX	VIII.	XX	VIII.
Chuzzlewit	Chŭz'l wit	Chancellor	Chản'sĕl ôr
X	XIX.	XX	XIX.
Macbeth	Măk běth'	Lindisfarne	Lĭn dĭs färn'
Lear	Lēr	Abbey	Ăb'ĭ •
Othello	Ō thĕl'lō	Iliad	Ĭľĭ ād
Romeo	Rō'mē ō	Zeus	Zūs
Juliet	Jū'lĭ ĕt	Dardanelles	Där da nělz'
Coriolanus	Ko rĭ ō lā'nŭs	Ilion	Ĭl'ĭ ŏn
Cleopatra	Klē ō pā'trà	Chrysa	Krī'sā
•	Vĕn'ĭs	Priam	Prī'ăm
Verona	Vā rō'nā	Thessaly	Thĕs'a lĭ
Bolingbroke	Bŏl'ĭ <u>n</u> bruk	Helen	Hĕl'ĕn
Homildon	Hō'mĭl dŭn	XXXII.	
Mortimer	Môr'tĭ mĕr		
v	· VI	Alexandria	Ăl ěgz ăn'drī à
	IXI.	Hindoo	Hĭn'do
Sovereign	Sŭv'er in	XX	XIV.
X	XII.	Zodiac	Zō'dĭ ăk
Wolsey	Wul'zĭ	Queue	Ku
Medina	Mā dē'nā		
Sidonia	Sē dō'nē à	XX	XV.
		Les Miserable	sLā Mĭz ĕ rä′bl
X	XIII.	Mythology	Mĭ thŏl'ō jĭ
Dramatis	Drăm'a tĭs	37.37	*
Personæ	Pēr sō'nē		XIX.
V	XIV.	Lyric	Lĭr'ĭk
		Ayrshire	Âr'shēr
Schoolcraft	Skol'kråft	Tam O'Shanter	Tăm O'Shăn'têr

	XL. Sĕn'e ka	Napoleon Viscount	Na pō'lē ŏn Vī'kount
Seneca Legend	Lē'jĕnd	Castlereagh	Kăs sl rā'
Colchis	Kŏl′kĭs		**
Colems	IXOI KIS	1	LV.
X	LIV.	Literature	Lĭt'ēr a tūr
Haverhill	Hā'vēr ĭl	L	VII.
XI	VIII.	Philosophical	Fĭl ō sŏf'ĭk ăl
Geoffrey	Jĕf'rĭ	Prætor	Prē'tôr
Hamlyn	Hăm'lĭn	Caius	Kā'yŭs
Ravenshoe	Rā'vnz hō	Messina	Mĕs sē'nä
Australian	Ôs trā'lĭ ăn	Privilege	Prĭv'ĭ lĕj
		Fasces	Făs'ēz
3.5	L.	LV	7III.
Magazine	Măg a zēn'	Laureate	Lô'rē āt
	LI.	Enoch	Ē'nŏk
Beaconsfield	Běk'nz fēld	Brigade	Brĭ gād'
Lothair	Lō thâr'	Harold	Hăr'ŏld
Scanderbeg	Skăn'dêr běg	Legendary	Lĕj'ĕnd a rĭ
Epirus	E pī'rŭs	Idylls	Ī'dĭlz
Epirus	L pri us	St. Agnes	Sānt Ăg'nēz
1	LII.	Endymion	Ĕn dĭm'ĭ on
Bowdoin	Bō'dn	Hyperion	Hī pē'rĭ on
130 11 010/111		Madeline	Măd'ē līn
L	III.	Gules	Gūlz
Druids	Dru'ĭdz	Percy Bysshe	Pēr'sĭ Bĭsh
Indictments	Ĭn dīt'mĕnts	Alastor	A lăs'tôr
Gordius	Gôr'dĭ ŭs	Prometheus	Prō mē'thūs
Phrygia	Frĭj'ĭ à	Lyrics	Lĭr ĭks
	v	Christabel	Krĭs'ta bĕl
· L	IV.	т	IX.
Pendennis	Pĕn dĕn'ĭs		1.4.
Michael	Mī'ka ĕl	Talavera	Tä lä vā'rä
Angelo	Án'jā lō	Brownell	Broun'ĕl

LXII.		LXX.	
Receipt	Rē sēt'	Cato	Ka'tō
receipt	ite set	Vicar	Vīk'ār
L	XIII.	Conquer	Kŏ <u>n</u> ķ'ēr
-		Gertrude	Ger'trud
Biographer	Bī ŏg'ra fēr	Wyoming	Wī ō'min
т.	XIV.	Lochiel	Lŏk ēl'
L	X1 V .	Lalla Rookh	Läl'å Rok
Heroism	Hěr'ō ĭzm	1.3	277
Latona	La tō'nà		XXI.
Diana	Dī ā'nā	Peasantry	Pěz'ănt ri
Cecilia	Sē sïl'ī à	Norfolk	Nôr'fok
Appian	Ăp'ī ăn	Horace	Hŏr'ās
	·	Physician	Fĭ zĭsh'ăn
LX	VIII.	Arabic	Ār'a bĭk
Allies	Ăl līz'	Hindoo	Hĭn'do
Blücher	Blē'kĕr	Horatius	Hō rā'shī ŭs
Brussels	Brŭs'ělz LXXII.		TIX
Celtic	Sĕl'tĭk		
Certic	Ser tik	Pierpont Matthew	Pēr'pŏnt Math'ū
L	XIX.	Gulliver	Gŭl'li vêr
		Melancholy	Měl'ăn köl i
Epic	Ĕp'ĭk	Rokeby	Rōk'bĭ
Comus	Kō'mŭs	37:	Vēr'jīl
Il Penseroso	Ēl Pĕn sā rō'sō	virgii	verjii
L'Allegro	La lā'grō	LX	XIII.
Agonistes	Åg o nĭs'tēz	Æneid	E në'id
Solemn	Sŏl'ĕm	Village	Vĭľěj
Fauns	Fônz		
Castalia	Kăs tā'li ā	LX	XIV.
Parnassus	Pär năs'sŭs	Sleave	Slēv
Anglesea	Ă <u>n</u> 'gl sē	Bruyere	Brī yâr'
Calliope	Kăl lī'o pē	L	XXV.
Eurydice	Yū rīd'ī sē		
Maritza	Mä rīt'sä		Mŏg Mēgōn'
Archipelago	Ār kī pěľa gō		rNīk'ēr bŏk ēr
Atropos	Åt'rō pŏs	Spenserian	Spěn sē'rī ăn

#### LXXVI.

#### LXXXI.

Marblehead	Mär bl hĕd'	Crescent	Krĕs'ĕnt
Bacchus	Băk'ŭs	Symbol	Sĭm'bŏl
Numidian	Nū mĭd'ĭ ăn	Damascus	Da măs'kŭs
Northumbria	nNôrth ŭm'brĭă	nCyclops	Sī'klŏps
Satirical	Sa tĭr'ĭk ăl	Architecture	Är'kĭ tĕkt yuı

## LXXVIII.

Luncheon

Dagon

Lŭnch'ŭn

Dā'gŏn

### LXXXII.

Gladiators Manfred Crucifixion	Hô'thôrn Fôn Trăj'ē dī Ăm fǐ thē' a tēn Glăd'ī ā tôrz Măn'frěd Kro sĩ fik'shŭn	LXX	In těr'prět ěr Ān'shěnt Sŭl'tăn Kŏn spĭk'ū ŭs KrΩ sād' XXIII. Wŏl'ĕn stīn Krīs'tō fēr Lĭr'īk
Celtic Examples Exercise	Sĕlt'īk Ĕgz ăm'plz Ĕks'ēr sīz XXX.	Edinburgh Divina Commedia	XXIV. Ĕd'īn bŭr rŭ Dē vē'nä Kŏm ā'dī ä
Magazine Excursion Physician Rangoon Mauritius Hindostanee Phrenologists Palanquin Golden	Măg a zēn' Eks kûr'shŭn Fi zīsh'ăn Răn gọn' Mô rīsh'i ŭs Hĭn dọ stăn'ē Frē nŏl'ō jīsts Păl ăn kēn' Gōld'n	Don Quixote Jesuits Influential Italian Sculptures Elgin Frieze Parthenon LX	Dŏn Kwiks'öt Jěz'ū its Ĭn flū ĕn'shăl Ĭ tăl'yăn Skŭlpt'yurz Ĕl'gĭn Frēz Pär'thē nŏn

Conqueror

Wellesley

Könk'êr ûr

Wĕlz'lĭ

Wellington Napoleon	Wểl'ĩ <u>n</u> tŏn Na põ'lē ŏn	XCIV.	
Waterloo	Wô tẽr lọ'	Longshanks	Lŏn'shānks
LXX	XXVIII.	Minstrels	Mĭn'strĕlz
~ u	CT . 11	Countrymen	Kŭn'tri mĕn
College	Kŏl'ĕj	Suggested	Sŭg jĕst'ĕd
Acropolis	A krŏp'ō lĭs	*	7/177
Stagira	Stā jī'rā	2.	CCV.
Dicasts	Dī'kāsts	Clergyman	Klēr'jī mān
Gymnasium	Jim nā'zi ŭm	Aristocratic	Ăr is tō krăt'ik
Rhetoric	Rěťo rik	Residence	Rěz'i děns
	XC.	Sartor	Sär'tôr
		Resartus	Rē sär'tŭs
Essayist	Ĕs'sā ĭst	Pamphlets	Păm'flěts
Humorist	Hū'mor ĭst	Irregular	Ĭr rĕg'ū lär
Impediment	Îm pĕd'ĭ mĕnt	Carlyle	Kär līl'
XCI.			nMět á fĭ zĭsh'ăn
4	XC1.	Jeremy	Jĕr' e mĭ
Apostrophe	À pŏs'trō fē	Poictiers	Poi tērz'
Landscape	Lănd'skāp	Fanatic	Fa năt'ik
Sirius	Sĭr'ĭ ŭs	Chivalry	Shĭv'ăl rĭ
Stringed	Strĭ <u>n</u> d	Kenelm	Kĕn'ĕlm
Sumgea	20114	Ledyard	Lĕd'yard
XCII.		Achieved	À chēvd'
		Faust	Foust
Presbyterian	Prěz bi tē'ri ăn	Fairy	Fâr'I
Grievances	Grēv' ăns ĕz	Shakspeare	Shāks'pēr
Essayist	Ēs'sā ĭst	Salisbury	Sôlz'běr ĭ
Hades	Hā'dēz	Parliamentar	y Pär li měnt'a ri
XCIII.		Bolivia	Bō lǐv'ī â
	.0111.	Areopagitica	Ā rē op ā jīt'ī kā
Macedon	Măs'ē dŏn	Eminent	Em'i nënt
Conquered	Kŏ <u>n</u> k'ērd	Discipline	Dīs'ī plīn
Flatterers Flăt'ēr ērz		XCVI.	
Vengeance	Vĕnj'ăns		
Plaintive	Plānt'Iv	Falstaff	Fôl'ståf

		THE STUDE		<b>t.</b>
	Demi-god		Hungarian	Нй <u>п</u> gā'rĭ ăn
	Westmoreland	dWĕst'mōr lặnd	0	VI.
XCVII.			C	V 1.
	Λ	) V 11.	Puritan	Pū'rĭ tăn
	Vanity	Văn'i ti	Ireton	Īr'tŏn
	Sweden	Swē'dĕn	Decisive	Dē sī'sĭv
_	Disastrous	Dĭz ăs'trŭs	Skippon	Skĭp'ŏn
	Frederickshal	l Frĕd'ēr ĭks häl	O.	VII.
1	vo	VIII.	C	V 1.1.
	AU	V 111.	Saxe	Săks
	Mickle	Mĭk'l	Cumberland	Kŭm'bēr lănd
	Lusiad	Lū'sĭ ăd	Exile	Ĕks'īl
	Descent	Dē sĕnt'	Culloden	Kŭl ō'dĕn
	Portūgal	Pōrt'ū găl	Tirailleurs	Tē rāl yur'
		O	Voltigeurs	Vŏl tē zhûr'
C.		CVIII.		
	Smollett	Smŏl'ĕt	0	111.
	Peregrine	Pĕr'ē grĭn	Opinionated	Ō pĭn'yŭn ā tĕd
	Coarseness	Kōrs'nĕs	Vigorous	Vig'or ŭs
	Fashionable	Făsh'ŭn <b>å</b> bl	Chatham	Chăt'ăm
	(	CI.	Younger	Yŭ <u>n</u> 'gēr
	Brinsley	Brĭnz'lĭ	Earl	<b>Ē</b> rl
	Sheridan	Shĕr'i dăn	C	IX.
	Pizarro	Pí zăr'ō		
	Brilliant	Brĭl'yănt	Bachelor	Băch'e lor
	Hastings	Hāst'i <u>n</u> z	(	CX.
	- C	III.	Inseparable	Ĭn sĕp'ā ra bl
		·		lle Whīt-Mĕl'vĭl
	Conciliatory	Kŏn sĭl'ĭ ā tō rĭ	Crimean	Krĭ mē'ăn
	Chancellor	Chan'sĕl ôr	Interpreter	Ĭn tēr'prĕt ēr
	Brunswick	Brŭnz'wik	Algeria	Ăl jē'rī à
	Great Britain	Grät Brit en	Depot	Dē pō'
		Brigade	Brĭ gād'	
	Moreau	Mō rō'	Sebastopol	Sĕb ăs tō'pŏl
	Austrians	Ôs'trĭ ănz	Lucan	Lū'kăn

Soldiers	Sōl'jērz	Tinker	Tīnk'ēr
Light-guards	Līt'gärdz	Extraordinary	Ĕks trôr'di nā ri
Batteries	Băt'ēr īz	Preaching	Prēch'ī <u>n</u>
,	171	Allegories	Ál'ē gō rīz
CXI.		Editions	E dīsh'ŭnz
Supervision	Sũ pêr vĩzh'ŭn	Pilgrimage	Pīl'grīm ěj
Cardinal	Kär'di năl	Celestial	Sē lěst'yăl
Dignitary	Dĭg'nĭ tā rĭ	Justice	Jŭs'tis
Chancellor	Chan'sĕl or	Received	Rēs
Disgraced	Dĭs grāst'	Narrative	Năr a
Protestants	Prŏt'ĕst ănts	Decree	Dē krē'

Congregationalists

Kŏn grē gā'shŭn ăl ĭsts

Established Es tăb'līsht Wordsworth Wêrdz'wêrth Independents Ĭn dē pĕnd'ĕntsDistinguished Dīs tīn'gwīsht

CXIII.

Poet-laureate Po'ét-lô'rē āt Yarrow Yār'ō Bunyan Bun'yan Excursion Eks kêr'shun Master-piece Más'tēr-pēs









